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BUNYAN'S

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS,

IN VERSE.

BY

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Who has not read the immortal dreamer's dream?
Or who hath read that would not read it o'er?
How beautiful and charming is his theme,
Which while we read delights us more and more!
The Muse, enraptured, spreads her wing to soar
And trace the heavenward Pilgrim's wondrous story;
Attempting task scarce dared by muse before
To weave in song the beauteous allegory
Which shows how Pilgrim sped along the way to Glory.

BOSTON:
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P R E F A C E.

WHEN this metrical version of Pilgrim's Progress was commenced, years ago, I did not think of making a book, though I have always shared with the multitude in the admiration of the genius of Bunyan. While meditating on the duties and trials of the Christian life, I took up Pilgrim's Progress, and began to read, pen in hand, for my own benefit. The more fully to enter into the spirit of the allegory, and the more easily to remember what I read, it occurred to me, as I went on, to throw portions of the narrative into verse. I did so, till I found, to my surprise, that my scraps of versification covered many pages.

Finding my children interested in the perusal of my manuscript, as, from time to time, a few stanzas were added, I continued, at intervals, to read and meditate and write. At length it occurred to me that I would write out the entire allegory as I had begun, in a round hand, and leave the written volume a simple legacy to

my children. To furnish each a written copy would involve much manual labor, for which I had neither time nor inclination. I wrote out one copy, and had it bound. Numerous friends to whom portions of it had been read, and clergymen who had read parts of the work in my study, urged its publication, and requested copies.

By request I read portions of the manuscript to my people at the Wednesday evening lectures. Finding my meetings much increased in numbers, both of old and young, I concluded to assume the expense and responsibility of putting the book in print, in the earnest hope that this metrical version may be to the reader, as it has been to the writer, a source of pleasure and spiritual profit. My hope is that it may prove a readable and useful volume, both in private and Sabbath school libraries, in the parlor and closet, for the aged and the young, a pleasant and profitable companion in travel, and a neat, safe, entertaining, and valuable gift-book. I am aware that many imperfections cleave to the work,—

“But all is in His hand whose praise I seek;
In vain the poet sings and the world hears,
If He regard not, though divine the theme.
‘Tis not in artful measures, in the chime
And idle tinkling of a minstrel’s lyre,
To charm His ear whose eye is on the heart,
Whose frown can disappoint the proudest strain,
Whose approbation—prosper even mine.”

E. P. D.



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TRIBUTE TO BUNYAN.

“O Thou, whom borne on fancy’s eager wing
Back to the season of life’s happy spring,
I pleased remember, and, while memory yet
Holds fast her office here, can ne’er forget ;
Ingenious Dreamer, in whose well-told tale
Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail ;
Whose humorous vein, strong sense, and simple style
May teach the gayest, make the gravest smile ;
Witty, and well employed, and like thy Lord
Speaking in parables his slighted word ;
I name thee not, lest so despised a name
Should move a sneer at thy deservéd fame,
Yet e’en in transitory life’s late day,
That minglest all my brown with sober gray,
Revere the man, whose *Pilgrim* marks the road,
And guides the *Progress* of the soul to God.”

COWPER.





P R O E M.

I sing the pilgrimage from earth to heaven !
The snares and perils of that thorny road,
The sinner travels, ere — his sins forgiven —
His weary footsteps reach the Mount of God ; —
How, when he spies the Cross, he drops his load,
And lifts his voice the Savior's praise to sing ; —
Pursuing thence the path by pilgrims trod,
With all the fears, doubts, terrors, everything
Which tries him while he seeks the City of the King.





PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

CANTO I.

The man, when first awakened
To see his lost estate,
Is bidden by Evangelist
To seek the wicket gate.

I.

As I walked through the world's wide wilderness,
(A lowly stranger in mine own esteem,) I lighted once upon a certain place,
Where was a den, which very dark did seem ; There, where the sun withheld his cheering beam, I laid me down — as weary travellers can — To sleep ; and, as I slept, I dreamed a dream ! I dreamed, and lo ! — for thus my dream began, — I in a certain place beheld a lonely man !

II.

I saw him stand in filthy garments clad,
 His face averted from his native land ;
 A little volume in his hand he had,
 And on his back a burden contraband.
 He read, wept, trembled, till he scarce could stand :
 His burden every moment heavier grew,
 And when his grief he could no more command,
 He lamentably cried, “ What shall I do ? ”
 But none could him direct, for none his anguish knew.

III.

In this plight, therefore, went he home apace,
 And tried his inward anguish to restrain,
 Lest wife and children see his sore distress ;
 But growing trouble gave him growing pain,
 Nor could he long his anxious lips refrain ;
 Wherefore he brake his mind, and thus began :—
 “ O, my dear wife and children, it is plain,
 I, your dear friend, do whatsoe'er I can,
 Am wretched and undone — a burdened, ruined man !

IV.

“ Moreover, this sad city, now our home,
 With fire from heaven I learn shall burnéd be ;
 And in its fearful overthrow shall come
 Ruin to our sweet babes, and me and thee,
 Except some way, which now I cannot see,
 For our deliverance shall be brought to view.”
 His friends expressed amaze in high degree ;
 Not that their hearts believed his story true :
 They thought distemper sad had turned his brain askew.

v.

Night coming on, in hope that slumber deep
His brain might settle, and allay his fears,
They hastened him to bed, but not to sleep,
For all the night he spent in sighs and tears ;
And when the morning light once more appears,
And they of his condition fain would know,
He told them, " Worse and worse," and filled their ears
With words of warning and entreaty so,
That they began, from that, more hardened still to grow.

vi.

To drive his sad distemper quite away,
They tried derision, and neglect, and scorn ;
But to his chamber he retired to pray,
To pity them, and mourn his case forlorn.
Sometimes at eve, and sometimes in the morn,
He walked the solitary fields, intent
On reading in the book which did him warn,
Or pouring forth in prayer his anguish pent :
And thus for several days his precious time he spent.

vii.

Now, on a time, when he a ramble took,
As he was wont, in fields to meditate,
I saw that he was reading in his book,
And greatly in his mind distressed thereat ;
And as he read, he burst out, as of late,
" What shall I do to save my soul from hell ? "
I also saw he looked this way and that,
As if he fain would run ; yet could not well,
Because which way to go, I saw, he could not tell.

VIII.

One named Evangelist the man then met,
 Who kindly asked him, " Wherefore dost thou cry ? "

" Sir, I perceive," said he, " the day is set
 For judgment, and condemned am I to die ;
 But most unwilling for the last am I,
 Because this heavy burden which I bear
 Will sink me down to Tophet ; so I sigh,
 For fear of sinking in that deep despair ;
 For from my book I learn there's no deliverer there."

IX. .

" If this thy sad state be, why linger here ? "

Evangelist inquired. " Because I know,"
 He answered, as he brushed away a tear,
 " I know not whither from this spot to go."
 Then kind Evangelist, his way to show,
 Gave for his guide a written parchment roll,
 Which warned him of the fiery deeps below ;
 And, lest the wrath to come o'erwhelm his soul,
 Bade him escape for life, and seek salvation's goal.

X.

He read, then asked he, " Whither must I fly
 To reach salvation ere it be too late ? "

Pointing, Evangelist thus made reply :
 " Seest thou across the field yon wicket gate ? "
 The man said, " No ; " nor did his fear abate.
 " Then dost thou see," said he, " yon shining light ? "
 " I think I do," groaned he, beneath his weight.
 " Then keep that light in view, and speed thy flight,
 And knock thou at the gate, and one shall guide thee right."

xi.

Then ran the man apace ; but scarce began,
 Ere wife and children begged him to return ;
 But he put fingers in his ears, and ran.
 His household mourned to be thus left forlorn,
 But on he pressed, and left them still to mourn.
 " Life ! life ! eternal life ! " he cried amain,
 Nor looked behind ; but on, by swift feet borne,
 He hasted towards the middle of the plain,
 If he by any means the wicket gate might gain.

xii.

His neighbors saw him run, and cried and mocked,
 And two there were who thought to fetch him back ;
 For at his folly Obstinate was shocked ;
 So he and Pliable pursued his track,
 And soon o'ertook him, burdened with his pack.
 He asked them, " Neighbors, wherefore are ye come ? "
 And they to give him answer are not slack :
 " We come to ask you whither you would roam,
 And you by all means urge to turn your footsteps home."

xiii.

" No, never," said the man ; " for where you dwell,
 Destruction is the city's dreadful name ;
 There was I born, and, dying there, will hell
 Seize on your souls with its devouring flame ;
 And when I learned the fact I hither came,
 Determined from such dreadful death to flee.
 So, neighbors, be content, despise the shame ;
 I seek a refuge ; go along with me."
 But Obstinate would not ; not such a fool was he !

xiv.

“ What ! leave behind our comforts and our friends ? ”
 “ Yes,” answered he (now Christian called by some) ;
 “ For what I seek shall more than make amends
 For all the comforts you would leave at home ;
 And if you both along with me will come,
 And follow this rough path, then you shall fare
 As well as I ; for there is ample room,
 Blessings enough for need, and some to spare :
 Come, join me, prove my words, and seek a portion there.”

xv.

“ What are the things you seek,” cried Obstinate,
 “ That you leave all the world to find them, pray ? ”
 “ I seek,” said Christian, “ for a blest estate,
 That’s undefiled, and fadeth not away ;
 ’Twill be bestowed at an appointed day
 On all who seek it diligently now.
 Read in my book, and mark what it doth say.”
 “ Tush ! ” Obstinate replied ; “ say, back wilt thou ? ”
 “ No,” Christian said ; “ not I ! my hand is on the plough.”

xvi.

“ Come, Pliable,” said he, “ then let us go,
 And leave this wilful crazy-brain behind ;
 He’s not alone, but hundreds are, you know,
 Of this same crazy-headed, coxcomb kind,
 Who leave substantial good, and hope to find
 Some fancied bliss that sparkles in their eyes ;
 They seem to worldly good so strangely blind,
 And in their own esteem so strangely wise,
 Seven reasonable men their mad conceit defies.”

xvii.

“ Nay, neighbor Obstinate, pray don’t revile,”
 Said Pliable ; “ for if what Christian speaks
 Is strictly true, I’m thinking, all this while,
 Better than ours are those good things he seeks,
 And half my heart to join this neighbor aches.”
 “ What ! more fools still ! No ; hearken unto me :
 Go back, be wise,” cried Obstinate ; “ he takes
 A dangerous path ; and what its end shall be
 Who knows ? Shall he lead you ? A brain-sick fellow he !”

xviii.

“ Nay, neighbor Pliable,” said Christian then,
 “ Come thou with me ; there are such gifts in store
 As those of which I spake for sinful men ;
 Yes, and ten thousand richer glories more.
 Believe not me, but read the record o’er
 In this my book. Its author with his blood
 Confirmed its truth by sealing it of yore ;
 And by this seal he shows his promise good,
 And count it so I must, as every Christian should.”

xix.

“ Well, neighbor Obstinate,” said Pliable,
 “ With him I mean to go, though you will not ;
 He seems a good man, and, since go he will,
 I think I will with him cast in my lot.
 But one thing, Christian, which escaped my thought :
 Know’st thou the way to this delightful place ? ”
 “ Yes,” Christian said ; “ Evangelist me taught
 Towards yonder wicket gate to set my face.”
 Then both together walked, with earnest, hurried pace.

xx.

While homeward Obstinate, with railing, went,
 Christian and Pliable thus held discourse :
 “ Glad am I, neighbor Pliable, you've bent
 Your footsteps to pursue with me this course ;
 And, O, had Obstinate but felt the force,
 As I have felt, of terrors yet unseen,
 He would have thought it doing vastly worse
 To turn his back, and hasten home again,
 Than join our pilgrim path across this desert plain.”

xxi.

Said Pliable, “ Now we two are alone,
 What things are those, and how enjoyed so well,
 In that blest place to which we journey on ? ”
 “ I know them better than my tongue can tell,”
 Christian replied ; “ but that they far excel
 The joys we leave, I in my book will read.”
 “ And think you that the words,” said Pliable,
 “ Of your book certainly are true indeed ? ”
 “ Yes, for He cannot lie who spake them,” Christian said

xxii.

“ Well, then,” said Pliable, “ what are those things ? ”
 “ An endless kingdom,” Christian said, “ of rest ;
 An endless life, where Christians reign as kings ;
 And crowns of glory for the good and blest ;
 And garments bright in which they all are dressed,
 And which for lustre with the sun may vie :
 There is no sorrow there, none there distressed ;
 For he who owns the place in love draws nigh,
 And kindly wipes all tears from every weeping eye.”

xxiii.

“ Well, this,” said Pliable, “ most pleasant seems.
 And how think we for company shall fare?”
 “ There we shall be,” said he, “ with seraphims
 And cherubims of dazzling brightness rare ;
 Thousands and tens of thousands, too, meet there,
 Who, gone before us to that blissful land, —
 Loving and holy, beautiful and fair,
 Now walking in God’s sight, a joyous band, —
 Forever with acceptance in his presence stand.

xxiv.

“ There, in a word, the elders we shall see,
 Arrayed in raiment white, with crowns of gold ;
 The holy virgins, from defilement free,
 With golden harps, we there, too, shall behold ;
 And men who suffered agonies untold, —
 Who died by sword, flames, beasts, or in the sea,
 For love they bare to Him who was from old
 Lord of the place, — all well ; henceforth to be
 As with a garment clothed with immortality.”

xxv.

“ O, ’tis enough to ravish all one’s heart,”
 Said Pliable, “ to hear what you declare ;
 But will the Ruler all these things impart?
 And how shall we obtain of them a share?”
 “ The Lord who governs all the country there,”
 Christian replied, “ hath written, long ago,
 All in this book, in record plain and fair,
 All we could ask, and all we need to know,
 That, if we will receive, he freely will bestow.”

xxvi.

“ Well, glad am I, companion true and good,
 These things to hear ; come, let us not be slack.”
 “ I cannot speed,” said Christian, “ as I would,
 By reason of this burden on my back.” —
 Now saw I in my dream, as Christian spake,
 They both drew nigh the middle of the plain,
 Where lurked a miry slough, deep, foul, and black ;
 But, heedless both, they onward pressed amain,
 As if to hearts like theirs all caution would be vain.

xxvii.

So in this bog they suddenly both fell ; —
 This miry slough Despond is rightly named ; —
 Here wallowed they, how long I cannot tell,
 Bedaubed with dirt, and wofully ashamed ;
 And Christian, conscious he was justly blamed,
 The burden on his back began to rue,
 And sink in mire ; when Pliable exclaimed,
 “ Ah, neighbor Christian, tell me — where are you ? ”
 “ That,” Christian said, “ is what I do not know, 'tis true.”

xxviii.

At this poor Pliable began to be
 Offended, and to Christian sharply said,
 “ Is this the joy of which you spake to me ?
 If, setting out, so ill our journey speed,
 It may, before the end, be sad indeed.
 May I get out with life, my journey's o'er ;
 You'll seek alone the land of which you read.”
 Then, struggling, got he out towards his own door,
 And homeward went ; and him sad Christian saw no more.

xxix.

Wherfore poor Christian all alone was left,
To tumble in the slough of deep Despond ;
But, though of his companion thus bereft,
He seemed not of his native land so fond,
But struggled towards the wicket gate beyond ;
Yet he could not get out, with all his care,
Because his back still felt his burden's bond.
But then I saw a man to him repair,
Whose name was Help, who asked what he was doing
there.

xxx.

“Sir,” answered Christian, “I was bid to go,
By one Evangelist, this very way ;
He bade me seek yon wicket gate, and so
Escape the wrath of Heaven's avenging day ;
And as I thither went, without delay,
I fell in here.” Then answered Help, “But why
Did not you look to find the steps, I pray ?”
“Fear followed me so hard,” said Christian, “I,
Fleeing the nearest way, fell in, and here I lie !”

xxxI.

“Give me thine hand,” said Help. So Christian gave
His hand to Help, who from the miry clay
Outdrew, and saved him from a dismal grave ;
Set on firm ground, he bade him go his way.
Then stepped I unto Help, and thus did say :
“Sir, wherfore, since the path to yonder gate
From old Destruction's city leads for aye
Across this place, do not they mend the plat,
That travellers might go in some securer state ?”

xxxii.

Help answered me, " Because this miry slough
 Is such a place as cannot mended be ;
 It always has been, as you see it now,
 A low descent, wherein, as you may see,
 The scum and filth do run continually,
 Which evermore from sin's conviction rise ;
 And hence called Slough Despond 'tis rightfully ;
 For when to his lost state the sinner's eyes
 First opened are, alas ! what doubts and fears arise !

xxxiii.

" His apprehensions and his doubts and fears
 Together run, and settle in this place ;
 The reason for the badness hence appears
 Of this bad ground, upon its very face.
 'Tis not the pleasure of the King of Grace
 That this bad place should always bad remain ;
 His Majesty's surveyors, for the space
 Of sixteen hundred years have viewed this plain,
 In hopes to mend this slough, but all has been in vain.

xxxiv.

" And laborers thus long employed have been
 To mend this patch, if mended it might be ;
 Two thousand cart-loads multiplied by ten
 Have to my knowledge here been swallowed, yea !
 Instructions wholesome, and the best," said he,
 " By millions at all seasons, hither brought
 From all the King's dominions constantly,
 To fill this miry place in vain have sought,
 Though best materials these to make good ground, 'tis
 thought.

xxxv.

“ And hence Despond this miry slough is, still,
 And will be so when they have done their best,
 For no materials can the deep bog fill ;
 'Tis true that, by the Lawgiver's behest,
 E'en through its midst substantial steps are placed ;
 But when the place spews filth, they are not seen,
 Or, if they are, through giddiness or haste
 Men step aside, and are bemired therein,
 Although the ground is good when once the gate they win.”

xxxvi.

And now by this time saw I in my dream
 That Pliable, returning, had got home ;
 And so his neighbors came to visit him :
 Some called him wise for coming back, and some
 A fool so far with Christian thus to roam ;
 Some mocked his cowardice, and, taunting, cried,
 “ Since you began, 'twas base thus back to come.”
 So Pliable sat sneaking by their side ;
 But soon they all began poor Christian to deride.

xxxvii.

Now Christian, walking by himself alone,
 Espied one crossing o'er the field, who came
 And met him, where their ways athwart did run.
 And Mr. Worldly Wiseman was his name ;
 He dwelt in Carnal Policy — the same
 A very great town, noted far and near
 For men illustrious for worldly fame.
 This Worldly Wiseman had his dwelling here,
 Hard by the city doomed whence Christian fled in fear.

XXXVIII.

This man, then, meeting Christian on the road,
 And having got some inkling of the man,—
 For Christian's setting out was noised abroad,
 Not in his own town only, but his plan
 In other towns to be town talk began,—
 This Mr. Worldly Wiseman, having guessed,
 By marking how laboriously he ran,
 With sighs and groans, that he was sore oppressed,
 Sought thus from Christian's lips the secrets of his breast :

XXXIX.

“ How now, good fellow? whither, say, dost thou,
 After this burdened manner, haste away? ”
 Said Christian, “ ‘Tis a burdened manner now
 As e'er poor creature had, I well may say;
 And since you ask me whither now I stray,
 I tell you, sir, I aim to go with care
 To yonder wicket gate, which, plain as day,
 Lies just before me. I am told I there
 Shall learn how I may lose this burden which I bear.”

XL.

“ Hast thou,” thus Worldly Wiseman to him spake,
 “ A wife and children? ” Christian answered, “ Yes,
 But cannot now such pleasure in them take
 As formerly I took, I must confess,
 So much this burden doth my back oppress.
 They are to me as if they all were dead.”
 Said Worldly Wiseman, “ Wilt thou acquiesce
 If now I give thee counsel? ” Christian said,
 “ If it be good, I will; good counsel much I need.”

XL.I.

“ This, then,” he said, “ is my advice to thee :
 Get rid of this thy burden now with speed ;
 Till then in mind thou wilt not settled be.
 Therefore make haste ; to my advice give heed ;
 For till then this thy burden will forbid
 Enjoyment of the blessings God bestows.”

“ That,” Christian said, “ I seek for — to be freed
 From this sad burden which more heavy grows ;
 But how to lift it off none in our country knows.

XL.II.

“ I therefore, as I told you, go this way
 To get rid of my burden, if I can.”

“ Who bade thee go this way for riddance, pray ? ”
 Said Worldly Wiseman. Christian answered plain,
 “ A very great and honorable man,
 As I remember, named Evangelist.”

Him answering, Worldly Wiseman thus began :
 “ Then I beshrew him for his counsel’s gist,
 For that he’s madly wrong I earnestly insist.

XL.III.

“ There’s not a way in all the world, I know,
 More dangerous and troublesome than that
 In which he hath directed thee to go,
 Though he may honorable be, and great ;
 And thou wilt find it so, perhaps too late,
 If thou wilt by his counsel governed be.
 Thou hast, as I perceive, already met
 With something evil, for Despond, I see,
 Hath left the filthy dirt of its deep slough on thee.

XLIV.

“ That slough, I tell thee, — and my words are true, —
 Is but the dawn of sorrows that attend
 Those who go on that way ; — nay, hear me through,
 For I am older than thyself, my friend ; —
 Thou in that way mayst wearied be, and pained ;
 Art like to meet with nakedness and sword,
 With lions, and strange perils without end ;
 Darkness and fiery dragons ; — in a word,
 Death, and I know not what dread evils for thee stored.

XLV.

“ These things are certain ; they confirmed have been
 By testimonies many, and are true ;
 And should a man be rash and careless, then,
 And cast himself away, as many do,
 By giving heed to such a stranger, too ? ”
 “ Why, sir,” said he, “ my burden is, of late,
 More terrible than all that’s named by you ;
 So that I care not what may me await,
 If I deliverance find from this my burdened state.”

XLVI.

“ How cam’st thou, Christian, burdened first to be ? ”
 Said he, “ By reading this book in my hand.”
 “ Ah, yes,” said Worldly Wiseman, tauntingly,
 “ I thought as much, and now I understand ;
 As other weak men have been all unmanned,
 So now the same has happened to thy lot ;
 By meddling with high things, distractions and
 Bewilderment they on themselves have brought,
 And desp’rate ventures run t’ obtain they know not what.”

XLVII.

“ I know what I,” said Christian, “ would obtain ;
 From this sore burden I desire release.”
 “ But why,” said Worldly Wiseman, “ seek to gain
 Ease by this way, where dangers never cease ?
 Especially since I, who seek thy peace,—
 Hadst thou but patience my advice to hear,—
 Could presently direct thee to that ease
 Thou seekest for in vain, as doth appear,
 By this way, thronged with doubts, with dangers, and with
 fear.

XLVIII.

“ Yes, and the remedy which I propose
 As near at hand brings safety and content.”
 “ To me this secret, sir, I pray disclose,”
 Said Christian, in whose breast was anguish pent.
 So Worldly Wiseman signified assent,
 And sought at once the secret to reveal ;
 His poor advice, no doubt, was kindly meant,
 Since Christian to his pity made appeal,
 But, ah ! he knew not how the bleeding heart to heal.

XLIX.

“ In yonder village, named Morality,
 There dwells a very sage, judicious man,
 Whose name is always called Legality,
 Who certainly will help you all he can ;
 For he has wondrous skill relief to plan
 From heavy burdens, such as thine must be ;
 Yea, to my knowledge, since my life began,
 He has from heavy loads set many free ;
 In curing crazy brains few have such skill as he.

L.

“ To him thou now mayst go, and help obtain ;
 The distance to his house is scarce a mile ;
 If he be absent, there's a nice young man,
 His son Civility, at home the while,
 Who of its burden can thy back beguile,
 As well as he : thou there relief mayst find ;
 And if to go back to thy home so vile
 (As I would wish thee not) thou hast no mind,
 Then thou mayst send for wife and children left behind.

LI.

“ For in this village houses empty stand,
 And thou canst have one at a moderate rate ;
 And good and cheap provision is at hand ;
 And what will render happier still thy state
 Is, thou shalt live, if not among the great,
 At least by honest neighbors, who will pay
 Their honest debts, and not one jot abate ;
 And thou shalt live in credit day by day,
 In fashion and in style, at least as good as they.”

LII.

Now what was wisest Christian hardly knew,
 Yet came to this conclusion presently :
 “ If what this gentleman has said be true,
 Then his advice to take is best for me.
 To this man's house which is my way ? ” said he.
 “ Dost thou see yon high hill ? ” said Worldly Wise.
 “ Yes, ” Christian said, “ that hill I plainly see.”
 “ By that hill go, ” the gentleman replies ;
 “ The very first house there which you come at is his.”

LIII.

So Christian turned, in hope of help so nigh,
 And sought for old Legality's abode ;
 But coming by the hill, it seemed so high,
 And did so fearfully o'erhang the road,
 That Christian trembled every step he trod,
 And dared not farther venture, lest the hill —
 Which seemed like beetling precipice to nod —
 Should fall upon his head, and work him ill.
 Wherefore he wot not what to do, and there stood still.

LIV.

Now Christian's burden heavier to him seemed
 Than while he in his way did persevere ;
 Now fire from out the hill in flashes gleamed,
 Which made him much afraid of burning here.
 Here, therefore, did he sweat, and quake for fear ;
 Now he began to be in sorry frame,
 That he to Worldly Wiseman's words gave ear ;
 When, lo ! Evangelist to meet him came,
 At sight of whom he then began to blush for shame.

LV.

Near and more near Evangelist then drew,
 And on him looked with countenance severe ;
 With Christian he began to reason, too ;
 Said he, " What art thou doing, Christian, here ? "
 At which words, as they fell on Christian's ear,
 He knew not what to answer ; wherefore he
 Before Evangel stood in speechless fear,
 And, for the present, seemed abashed to be
 Found in the way which led to old Legality.

LVI.

Evangelist said further, "Art thou not
The man I found who cried, with bitter cry,
Without Destruction's walls, and safety sought?"
"Yes," Christian said, "dear sir, that man am I."
"Did not I bid thee to the wicket fly?"
"Yes," answered Christian; "yes, dear sir, you did."
"How is it," said Evangelist, "or why,
That thou hast been so quickly turned aside?
For from the way, I see, thy feet have wandered wide."

LVII.

Said Christian, "Just so soon as I had got
Over the Slough Despond, by chance I met
A gentleman, who, knowing what I sought,
Persuaded me I might, without regret,
Within the village that's before me yet,
Find one who could this heavy load remove."
"What was he?" said Evangelist, beset
With fears lest Christian's pilgrimage should prove
A way of snares and gins, instead of peace and love.

LVIII.

"He looked," said Christian, "like a gentleman,
Talked much, and got me finally to yield.
So came I hither; but when I began
This hill to see, my heart with fear was filled,—
So hangs it o'er the way,—lest I be killed,
If it, perchance, should fall upon my head;
So suddenly I stopped, with terror thrilled."
"What was it," said Evangelist, "he said?"
"He asked where I was bound, and I true answer made."

LIX.

“What said he then?” Evangelist inquired.
 “He asked me if I had a family;
 I answered him in truth, as he desired,
 ‘But cannot now,’ said I, ‘as formerly,
 Take pleasure in them, for I am, you see,
 With this back-burden laden sore indeed.’”
 Evangelist inquired, “What then said he?”
 “He bade me,” Christian said, “with utmost speed
 Of this my heavy load upon my back get rid.

LX.

“And then I told him it was ease I sought,
 And therefore I to yonder gate do go,
 In hope that there I may be further taught
 How I may reach deliverance. And so
 He said that he a better way would show,
 And shorter, sir, than that you set me in,
 Where I might find less difficulties, too;
 A way whereby deliverance I might win,
 As others have obtained who in that way have been.

LXI.

“‘The way leads near a gentleman’s abode,
 Who, skilled,’ said he, ‘the burdened to release,
 Can thee, no doubt, relieve of this thy load.’
 So turned I out of that way into this,
 If haply I might speedily find peace,
 For I believed that all he said was true;
 But when I came to this terrific place,
 And saw things as they are, the hill in view,
 I stopped for fear; but now I know not what to do.”

LXII.

Then said Evangelist, "Here stand thou still,
While I expound the words of God to thee." So Christian, who had shuddered at the hill,
Stood trembling. Then Evangelist said, "See
That ye refuse not Him who speaks (through me). If they escaped not who refused t' obey
His word who spake on earth, much more shall we
Find no escape, in Heaven's avenging day,
If we from Him who speaks from heaven shall turn away."

LXIII.

He said, moreover, "Now the just shall live
By faith ; and yet if any man draw back,
My soul no pleasure shall from him receive." Nor to apply these scriptures was he slack,
For of true faithfulness had he no lack :
"Thou art the man that hasteth to be lost ;
Thy feet have swerved from heavenly wisdom's track ;
God's counsel thou rejectest to thy cost ;
Perdition to thy soul thou hazardest almost."

LXIV.

Then Christian at his feet fell down as dead,
And cried, "Alas ! a woful case I'm in." To whom Evangelist thus kindly said,
And caught him by the hand, "All kinds of sin
And blasphemies forgiven unto men
Shall be. O, be not faithless, but believe." Again did Christian on his feet begin
To stand, and seemed a little to revive,
But trembled as at first, like one but half alive.

LXV.

Thus, therefore, did Evangelist proceed :
 " To things that I shall tell thee of, I pray,
 Give thou, O trembling one, more earnest heed.
 I now will show thee who led thee astray,
 And unto whom he sent thee in this way.
 The man by whom this way to thee was shown,
 Deluding thee, is Worldly Wiseman, yea,
 Rightly so called ; partly, 'tis not unknown,
 He savors of the doctrine of this world alone.

LXVI.

" (He therefore always to the church resorts
 Which standeth in the town Morality) ;
 Partly its doctrine with his views comports,
 And saves him from the cross ; and since, you see,
 He's of this carnal temper, therefore he
 Upon my ways, though right, doth seek to pour
 Contempt, by thus perverting them to thee.
 Three things is this man's counsel noted for,
 Which three, O Christian, thou must utterly abhor.

LXVII.

" And first, abhor his turning thee aside,
 Yea, and thine own consenting thereunto ;
 Because this is God's counsel to diffide,
 And deem a Worldly Wiseman's counsel true.
 The Lord says, speaking both to me and you,
 ' Strive ye to enter at the strait gate in ;'
 That is the gate I bade thee enter through.
 ' Strait is the gate that leads to life, from sin,
 And few there be that find that gate, and that life win.'

LXVIII.

“Now from this wicket gate and narrow way
 This wicked man hath turned aside thy feet,
 And venturing his counsel to obey,
 Has brought thee almost to destruction's gate ;
 Therefore do thou upon my counsel wait.
 Hate thou his words, which might have cost thee dear,
 And thine own ignorance and folly hate,
 By which he turned thy feet, as doth appear ;
 And, O, abhor thyself for lending him thine ear.

LXIX.

“And secondly, thou must his toil abhor
 To make the cross seem odious to thee ;
 For thou art to prefer it far before
 All Egypt's treasures : such is Truth's decree.
 Besides, the King of Glory saith that he
 Who loves his life shall lose it ; and that if
 The Lord's disciple any man will be,
 He must hate father, mother, children, wife,
 Brethren and sisters, yea, and also his own life.

LXX.

“Wherefore for man to labor to persuade
 That that shall minister but death to thee
 Without which, God's eternal truth hath said,
 Thou canst not live in heaven eternally, —
 This doctrine, too, I say, abhorred must be.
 And thirdly, hate the counsel he bestowed,
 Which led thy feet to death's dark ministry ;
 Yea, think to whom he sent thee down this road,
 And how unable he to rid thee of thy load.

LXXI.

“ For he to whom thou here wast sent for ease,
 Legality, is son of that bondmaid
 Who still in bondage with her children is,
 And is in mystery Mount Sinai dread,
 Which thou hast feared will fall upon thy head ;
 Now, if her children, and, moreover, she,
 Are even now in legal bondage led,
 How cast thou hope to be by them made free ?
 No power to lift thy load hath this Legality.

LXXII.

“ No man was ever of his burden rid
 By him as yet, nor e'er is like to be ;
 Ye cannot by the law be justified ;
 The law sets no man from his burden free.
 And therefore Mr. Worldly Wiseman, he
 Is nothing but an alien, though he yet
 So wise a gentleman doth seem to thee ;
 Legality himself is but a cheat,
 Civility, his son, a heartless hypocrite.

LXXIII.

“ Believe me, there is nothing, all this while,
 These sottish men have said, but a design
 Thy soul of its salvation to beguile,
 By turning thee from counsel such as mine.”
 Then did Evangelist, in prayer divine,
 Call Heaven to verify what he had said.
 Forthwith there flashed out fire, with dazzling shine,
 And words came from the mountain overhead,
 Which made poor Christian's hair stand up with fear and
 dread.

LXXIV.

“As many as are of the works of law,”
 Thus were the words pronounced which gave him pain,
 “Are under curse ;” for written ’tis, he saw,
 “Curséd is each one that doth not remain
 In all things written in the law book plain,
 To do them.” Now the mount seemed like to fall,
 And Christian piteously to cry began ;
 A thousand fools he deigned himself to call,
 That Worldly Wiseman’s words he hearkened to at all.

LXXV.

Greatly ashamed was he, too, as he thought
 How this man’s arguments, though poor and weak,
 And flowing only from the flesh, had wrought
 On him so far that they should even make
 His feet incline the right way to forsake.
 This done, he asked Evangelist again,
 “What think you, sir? may I again go back?
 O, does there aught of hope for me remain,
 Or shall I seek henceforth the wicket gate in vain?

LXXVI.

“Shall I not be from thence sent back ashamed?
 Shall I not, sir, for this abandoned be?
 For heark’ning to this man I’m justly blamed ;
 But may my sin be yet forgiven me ?”
 Evangelist replied, “The sin by thee
 Committed is twofold, and therefore great ;
 Thou hast forsaken right for wrong, I see :
 Yet will the man receive thee at the gate,
 Only take heed henceforth lest wrath thy sin await.”



CANTO II.

Goodwill receives the pilgrim,
When he the gate doth win;
Th' Interpreter doth show him
Strange sights his house within.

I.

THEN Christian back to go himself addressed,
With heavy heart, and sore ashamed indeed;
Evangelist on him a kiss impressed,
Gave him one smile, and bade him then God-speed.
So on with haste went he, nor did he heed
Any who chanced to meet him by the way;
To no man spake who might his haste impede;
And if one asked him, made he no delay
To answer him, but fled as if he must not stay.

II.

He went like one who all the while doth feel
That he is treading on forbidden ground,
And cannot possibly his safety seal,
Till he again that narrow way hath found
He left for Wiseman's counsels so unsound.
So Christian reached at length the gate in view ;
There saw he written over and around,
" Knock, and it shall be opened unto you."
So more than once or twice he knocked there, saying,
too, —

" May I now enter here ? Will he within
Open to sorry me, though I have been
An undeserving rebel ? Then shall I
Not fail to sing his lasting praise on high."

III.

At last there came a grave man to the gate,
Goodwill by name, who asked him who was there,
And whence he came, and what he would, to state.
" A burdened sinner," Christian cried, " is here ;
Destruction's City left I in the rear ;
But going to Mount Zion am I now,
To 'scape the wrath to come, which much I fear.
I learn the way is by this gate to go ;
And will you let me in, is what I wish to know."

IV.

“ I will, with all my heart,” Goodwill replied ;
 And thereupon the wicket opened he.
 As Christian was about to step inside,
 Goodwill gave him a pull. “ And what may be
 The meaning of your act in pulling me ? ”
 Christian inquired, as if 'twere done amiss.
 The other answered him thus wittingly : .
 “ A castle strong there is not far from this,
 Of which Beelzebub the mighty captain is.

V.

“ He and they with him both from thence let fly
 At those who come up here their arrows keen,
 If haply they who reach the gate may die
 Before they possibly can enter in.”
 “ I tremble and rejoice,” said Christian then.
 So when he had the wicket gate passed through,
 Goodwill inquired by whom advised he'd been.
 “ Evangelist,” said Christian, “ told me you,
 If I came here and knocked, would tell me what to do.”

VI.

“ Before thee now,” said he who guarded it,
 “ A door which none can shut is open thrown.”
 “ I now begin to reap the benefit,”
 Said Christian, “ of the hazards I have known.”
 “ But how,” Goodwill said, “ came you here alone ? ”
 “ My neighbors,” Christian said, “ felt no concern ;
 None saw their danger as I saw mine own.”
 “ Did none,” Goodwill said, “ of your coming learn ? ”
 “ Yes,” Christian said, “ they did, and begged me to re-
 turn.

VII.

“ My wife and children saw me at the start,
 And earnestly to call me back began ;
 My neighbors, too, employed their utmost art ;
 But, seeing safety in no other plan,
 I put my fingers in my ears, and ran.”
 “ But did none follow to persuade you back ? ”
 Goodwill inquired. Said Christian, like a man,
 “ Yes, Obstinate and Pliable took track,
 And to persuade me home their very brains did rack.

VIII.

“ Yet when they saw what poor success had they,
 With bitter railing Obstinate withdrew,
 But Pliable kept on a little way.”
 “ But why,” Goodwill said, “ did not he come through ? ”
 “ My answer,” Christian said, “ is sad, but true ;
 We came together till we reached the Slough
 Despond, where in we fell, the first we knew ;
 So neighbor Pliable, discouraged now,
 Resolved no farther he would venture, anyhow.

IX.

“ Wherefore he told me, with a bitter tone,
 On getting out that side next his estate,
 I might possess the brave land all alone ;
 So went he his way after Obstinate,
 And I came mine, which led me to this gate.”
 Then said Goodwill, “ Alas, poor man, how vain
 Celestial glory thus to underrate !
 Is it not worth some hazarding of pain,
 Celestial life to win, and endless bliss to gain ? ”

x.

“Truly,” said Christian, “what I tell thee here
 Of Pliable is truth. Should I tell thee
 The whole truth of myself, it will appear
 There is no betterment 'twixt him and me.
 Back to his own house, it is true, went he,
 But I did also turn aside, and went
 Into the way of death, presumptuously,
 Persuaded thus, because my ear I lent
 To Mr. Worldly Wiseman's carnal argument.”

xi.

Goodwill said, “O, did he upon you light?
 What! he would have you ease and comfort seek,
 As if Legality could set you right!
 They both are cheats! Did you his counsel take?”
 “Yes, fully as I durst.” Thus Christian spake.
 “For Mr. Sage Legality I sought,
 Until the mountain seemed to groan and quake
 That standeth by his house, and, as I thought,
 Might fall upon my head, and I be dashed to nought.”

xii.

“That mountain,” said Goodwill, “has been the death
 Of many, and the death of more will be;
 'Tis well that you escaped being crushed beneath,
 And dashed in pieces by it, suddenly.”
 “I know not what had there become of me,
 Had not Evangelist,” said Christian, “met
 Me, musing in my dumps. But happily,
 He, by God's mercy, did not me forget,
 For never else had I come hither to this gate.”

xiii.

“ But now I am come — I, so self-abhorred,
 More fit, indeed, by that dark mount to die,
 Than thus to stand conversing with my Lord ;
 But, O, what grace admits here such as I ! ”
 “ We ne'er object,” Goodwill said, in reply,
 “ To any, notwithstanding all they may
 Have done before at this gate they apply.
 They are in no wise rudely cast away ;
 Therefore, good Christian, come, and hear what I would
 say.

xiv.

“ For I will teach thee what thou dost not know.
 Before thee look ; dost see this narrow way ?
 That is the way thou must be sure to go.
 Cast up by patriarchs, at an early day,
 Prophets, apostles, Christ, and such as they,
 It is as straight as rule can make it ; mind,
 And careful be from this path not to stray.”
 “ But doth it not,” said Christian, “ turn or wind,
 So that a stranger may his way lose, and not find ? ”

xv.

“ Yes,” said Goodwill, “ the crooked ways and wide
 Which on this way butt down are not a few ;
 But thou canst tell the right from all beside,
 It being straight, and very narrow, too.” —
 Then, in my dream, methought I had a view
 Of Christian, who Goodwill would fain persuade
 The burden on his shoulders to undo ;
 For still his burden did his poor back lade,
 Nor could he get it off without some friendly aid.

xvi.

Goodwill thus told him : “ Be content to bear
 Thy burden till thou comest to the place
 Of sure deliverance ; from thy shoulders there
 Thy burden of itself will fall apace.”
 Then Christian to his journey did address
 Himself with zeal. The other did aver,
 When he had gone beyond the gate a space,
 He would the house reach of th’ Interpreter,
 Where, knocking, he would show things excellent and rare.

xvii.

Then Christian of his faithful friend took leave,
 Who once more bade him cordially God-speed.
 Then on he went, until he did perceive
 The house where dwelt th’ Interpreter indeed ;
 And there he knocked and knocked, but none gave heed.
 At last, “ Who’s there ? ” asked one with accent meek.
 “ A traveller, sir,” said Christian, “ who was bid
 By friend to call here, and my profit seek ;
 I, therefore, with the master of the house would speak.”

xviii.

The servant called the master of the house,
 Who soon came out, without a wish to blame,
 And asked him what he wanted, knocking thus ?
 “ Sir,” Christian said, “ a burdened man I am ;
 I from the City of Destruction came,
 But to Mount Zion am I going now ;
 And I was told by one, Goodwill by name,
 That you, if I called here, to me would show
 Things excellent, which would be helpful as I go.”

xix.

Then said th' Interpreter to him, "Come in ;
I will to thee things profitable show."
So, that those things the better might be seen,
He bade his man a candle's light bestow,
And then bade Christian follow him ; and so
He had him to a private room or hall,
And bade his man a door wide open throw.
Then Christian saw, whereon the light did fall,
A very grave man's picture hang against the wall.

xx.

In fashion, it had eyes uplift to heaven,
And in its hand the best of books it had ;
The law of truth upon its lips was graven,
The world behind ; it stood as if it plead
With men ; a crown of gold hung o'er its head.
Then Christian said, "I pray, what meaneth this ?"
Th' Interpreter, him answering, thus said :
"The man of whom this view a picture is,
Is one among a thousand wondrous prodigies.

xxi.

"He children can beget, and travail, too,
In birth with children ; and, when they are born,
Nurse them himself. And whereas, in thy view,
He doth to heaven his lifted eyes upturn,
As if he would from thence some secret learn,
And in his hand the best of books doth hold,
And as his lips the law of truth discern,
It is to show thee that his work from old
Is first the truth to know, and then dark things unfold.

xxii.

“Even as also thou dost see him stand,
 As if with men he pleaded ; and whereas
 Thou seest the world as cast behind him, and
 A crown above his head, — this meaning has :
 It is to show the wisdom of his ways,
 That, holding present things in light regard,
 And slighting and despising this world's praise,
 For love he bears the service of his Lord,
 Glory in worlds to come will be his sure reward.

xxiii.

“This is his picture,” said th’ Interpreter,
 “Who only duly authorized hath been
 By him who could authority confer,
 To be thy guide when trials intervene ;
 On whom, in doubt, thou mayst with safety lean.
 Wherefore take heed to what I thee have shoun,
 And bear thou well in mind what thou hast seen,
 Lest, meeting thee, some guide of false renown
 Pretend to lead thee right, whose way to death goes down.”

xxiv.

Then to a parlor, large and full of dust,
 Led he, on which when Christian cast his eye,
 Th’ Interpreter called one the room t’ adjust,
 By sweeping it ; but, being very dry,
 The dust began abundantly to fly,
 Till Christian scarce his breathing could resume.
 Then said th’ Interpreter to maid near by,
 “Bring water now, and sprinkle all the room.”
 Which done, the dust was swept, and was not trouble-
 some.

xxv.

Then Christian said, "What means this dusty place?"
 "This parlor is," th' Interpreter replied,
 "The heart of man which never was by grace —
 The sweet grace of the gospel — sanctified ;
 The dust, in-dwelling sin, as lust and pride,
 Which have corrupted and defiled the man ;
 The sweeper, Law, whence none are justified ;
 But she who sprinkled water from her can
 Is Faith, which purifies upon the gospel plan.

xxvi.

"Whereas thou sawest, when the first began
 To sweep, the dust about the room did fly,
 So that the sweeper could not make it clean,
 And thou thyself wast almost choked thereby, —
 This shows the law can never purify
 The heart from sin, but strengthens sin anew,
 Increases in the soul its energy,
 Revives, discovers, and forbids it too,
 But doth not give the power to conquer and subdue.

xxvii.

"And as the damsel sprinkled o'er the room,
 Whereby 'twas cleansed with pleasure, this shows thee
 That when the gospel's influences come,
 Both sweet and precious to the heart, — I say,
 E'en as thou saw'st the dust the damsel lay,
 Sprinkling the floor with water from the spring,
 So sin by Faith is vanquished, purged away ;
 The soul no longer is an unclean thing,
 But fit for the abode of Glory's matchless King." —

XXVIII.

I plainly saw, moreover, as I dreamed,
 Th' Interpreter conducted Christian where
 Sat in a little parlor, as it seemed,
 Two little children, each one in his chair,
 And both were young, and one meek-eyed and fair.
 The elder by the name of Passion went ;
 The name of Patience did the younger bear :
 Patience was quiet ; Passion, turbulent ;
 Said Christian, " What's the cause of Passion's discontent ? "

XXIX.

Him answered thus the kind Interpreter :
 " Their governor would have him moderate
 His greed for his best things until next year ;
 But he says, Now ; while Patience wills to wait." —
 Then saw I one who did compassionate
 Passion's distress, at seeing him forlorn,
 And poured a bag of treasure at his feet.
 Passion, well pleased, laughed Patience then to scorn ;
 But Passion soon became as poor as he was born.

XXX.

Then thus said Christian to the Interpreter :
 " Expound this view more fully unto me." —
 So thus he said : " These lads two figures are :
 In Passion you the men of this world see ;
 In Patience, men of that world yet to be.
 As Passion craves his good the present year,
 Or in this world, so worldly men agree
 They must have all their good things and good cheer
 Not in the world to come ; they choose to have them here.

XXXI.

“ That ancient proverb, that ‘ a bird in hand
 Is worth two in the bush,’ with them hath weight,
 More than all testimonies can command,
 Divine or human, of a future state.
 As Passion seemed to quickly dissipate
 And lavish all away, as thou didst see,
 Until, at last, his poverty was great,
 And nought but rags was left him presently,
 So will it, with such men, at this world’s ending be.”

XXXII.

Then Christian said, “ Yes, now I plainly see
 The wisdom Patience hath is far the best,
 And that on various accounts. First, he
 The best things stays for till they be possessed ;
 And secondly, the glory unexpressed
 Of all his portion he will still retain,
 While Passion’s rags his folly shall attest.”
 “ Nay,” said th’ Interpreter, “ this world is vain ;
 The glory of the next shall evermore remain.

XXXIII.

“ Less reason, therefore, Passion plainly had,
 In having his best first, and squandering fast,
 To laugh at Patience, than, if truth be said, .
 Patience will have, his best things coming last,
 To laugh at Passion for his foolish waste ;
 For first must give his place to last, indeed,
 And last must have his place in future cast ;
 But last gives place to nought, nor has it need,
 For last has not, of course, another to succeed.

xxxiv.

“ Who, therefore, hath his portion first, though vast,
 A time to spend it in he needs must see ;
 But he that hath his better portion last,
 Cannot but have that portion lastingly ;
 Therefore 'tis said of Dives, truthfully,
 ‘ Thy good things in thy life receivedst thou,
 And likewise Lazarus evil things ; but he —
 No more a beggar at thy gate to bow —
 Is comforted at length, and thou tormented now.’ ”

xxxv.

Said Christian, “ I perceive 'tis not best, then,
 To covet present things, but things to be.”
 “ That,” said th' Interpreter, “ is true. Things seen
 Are temporal ; but things we cannot see,
 Eternal. Yet is lust in amity
 With things pertaining to a world like this,
 But doth with things eternal disagree.
 Wherefore springs friendship 'twixt the first, I wis,
 While distance 'twixt the second so continued is.” —

xxxvi.

Then in my dream I saw th' Interpreter
 Led Christian by the hand to where a fire
 Was burning 'gainst the wall ; and, standing near,
 One cast on water ; but it burned the higher
 And hotter. This led Christian to inquire,
 “ What meaneth this ? ” Th' Interpreter thus told :
 “ This fire is grace, which purifies desire ;
 He that casts water is the devil bold :
 Why hotter burns the fire thou shortly shalt behold.”

XXXVII.

Then Christian by th' Interpreter was led
 About the back side of the wall, where he
 A man discovered who a vessel had
 Of oil in hand, of which — though secretly —
 He cast into the fire continually.

Then Christian said, "Pray show me what this means."
 "This," said th' Interpreter, "is Christ you see,
 Who, notwithstanding Satan's toils and pains,
 His work in hearts begun with oil of grace maintains.

XXXVIII.

"And as thou saw'st, behind the wall, how he
 With oil the fire did secretly maintain,
 This shows 'tis hard for tempted ones to see
 How Christ the soul doth with his grace sustain." —
 I also saw th' Interpreter again
 Led Christian where a stately palace graced
 A pleasant spot, upon a beauteous plain ;
 At which sight Christian great delight expressed,
 For on the top walked some in golden garments dressed.

XXXIX.

"May we," said Christian, "thither enter in?"
 Th' Interpreter then towards the palace door
 Him led, and, lo ! a great array of men —
 Assembly vast — the palace stood before,
 Who would, but durst not, enter. Furthermore,
 At little distance from the door there sat
 A man who both a book and inkhorn bore ;
 He, scribe-like, at his table seemed to wait,
 To take the names of those who would go in therat.

XL.

He also noticed in the doorway stood,
 To keep it, many men with armor on,
 Resolved to do whate'er of harm they could
 To those by whom an entrance would be won.
 Now Christian stood amazed at what was done ;
 At last, when all men started back with dread,
 Up to the writer's table came there one
 Of countenance so stout he seemed afraid
 Of nought. "Sir, in your book set down my name," he
 said.

XLI.

Scarce did the scribe this hero's name record,
 Ere Christian saw him put upon his head
 A helmet, and unsheathe his gleaming sword ;
 Then towards the palace door he rushed with speed,
 To meet the armed men, terrible indeed,
 Who laid on him forthwith, with deadly force,
 As if they were determined to impede
 His entrance ; not discouraged, his resource
 Was, with a dauntless heart, to cut and hack the worse.

XLII.

So when the valiant warrior had received
 Wounds many, and had dealt some heavy blows, —
 Resolved that victory should be achieved, —
 He cut his way through all that did oppose,
 And pressed into the palace, through his foes ;
 At which a pleasant voice was heard within,
 Which sounded like the welcome song of those
 Who on the palace-top were walking seen :
 "COME IN, COME IN ; ETERNAL GLORY THOU SHALT WIN."

XLIII.

So in he went, and very soon was clad,
 From head to foot, in garments such as they.
 "Of this the meaning," Christian smiling said,
 "I think I know. Now let me go, I pray."
 "Nay," said th' Interpreter, "a moment stay,
 Till I have shown thee more, since I began;
 And after that thou shalt go on thy way."
 So to a quite dark room he led again,
 Where, in an iron cage, behold, there sat a man, —

XLIV.

Who, wrapped in sadness, seemed himself to chide;
 He sat with eyes cast downward to the ground,
 His hands together folded, and he sighed
 As if his heart would break with grief profound.
 "What meaneth this — this man in sorrow drowned?"
 Said Christian; "of his grief pray tell the cause."
 "That," said th' Interpreter, "let him expound."
 Then Christian with this question near him draws:
 "What art thou, man?" Said he, "I'm not what once I
 was."

XLV.

"What wast thou once?" said Christian, with surprise.
 He answered, "A professor once was I,
 Both flourishing and fair in mine own eyes,
 Also in eyes of others I stood high;
 I once was, as I thought, fast drawing nigh
 The bright Celestial City; and the thought
 That I should reach that city by and by
 Gave me great joy — the very joy I sought."
 "Well, what," said Christian, "art thou now? Why hither
 brought?"

XLVI.

The man replied, “ A victim now am I
 Of fell despair, and in it am I shut,
 As in this iron cage, most hopelessly ;
 Get out I cannot—O, I now can not ! ”
 Then answer to this question Christian sought :
 “ What hath to this condition, man, brought thee ? ”
 The man replied, “ To this myself I brought.
 I left off watching, ceased to sober be,
 And on the neck of lust laid reins presumptuously.

XLVII.

“ I sinned against the light which on me shone ;
 I sinned against God’s goodness wilfully :
 The Spirit have I grieved, and he is gone ;
 The Devil tempted, and he’s come to me ;
 I have provoked to anger God, and he
 Has left me whelmed in misery’s deep abyss.
 My heart I hardened have to such degree,
 Repent I cannot.” “ But,” said Christian, “ is
 No hope in store for such a wretched man as this ? ”

XLVIII.

“ Now ask him,” said th’ Interpreter, “ his view ;
 Let him the question for himself decide.”
 Then Christian asked, “ Is there no hope, but you
 Must in despair’s dark, iron cage abide ? ”
 “ No, none,” said he ; “ all hope is me denied.”
 Said Christian, “ Why, God’s ever-blessed Son
 Is pitiful.” “ But I have crucified
 Him to myself afresh,” the man went on ;
 “ I have despised his person ; therefore, hope there’s none.

XLIX.

“ I likewise have despised his righteousness,
 His blood accounted an unholy thing ;
 Have done despite unto the Spirit of grace,
 Nor can I to his promises now cling.
 Myself have I shut out from every spring
 Of consolation, and before his power
 I tremble, lest his dreadful threatenings bring
 Judgment, and indignation's fiery hour,
 Which as an adversary yet shall me devour.”

L.

Then Christian asked, “ What tempted you, O man,
 To bring upon yourself such fearful harm ? ”
 The man replied, “ With eagerness I ran
 After the world, in each alluring form ;
 Its pleasures, profits, lusts, had each a charm ;
 They promised joy ; but, ah ! too late I learn
 They bite and gnaw me, like a burning worm.”
 “ But canst thou not,” said Christian, with concern,
 “ Canst thou not now repent, and from thine errors turn ? ”

LI.

“ No,” said the man ; “ God hath to me denied
 Repentance. Yea, his everlasting word
 Doth no encouragement for me provide,
 No motive to believe doth me afford ;
 Yea, he himself hath, of his own accord,
 Within this iron cage imprisoned me,
 Nor can I be by human power restored ;
 And, O, eternity ! eternity !
 How shall I grapple with its endless misery ? ”

LII.

Then said th' Interpreter to Christian, " See
 Thou dost not this man's misery forget ;
 Let it a lasting caution be to thee." " Well, this is a fearful state ;
 God help me earnestly to watch and wait,
 And sober be, and pray, that I may shun
 The cause of this man's misery so great.
 Sir, is it not time now that I go on ?" " Tarry for one thing more," said he, " and then I've done."

LIII.

So Christian by the hand again he took,
 And led him to a chamber, where was one
 Rising from out his bed, who greatly shook
 And trembled as he put his raiment on.
 Said Christian then, " And may the cause be known,
 Which so much agitates this trembling man ?"
 To this th' Interpreter makes answer none,
 But bids the man tell Christian, if he can,
 The reason of his trembling. So he thus began : —

LIV.

" This night, as I was in my sleep," said he,
 " I dreamed, and, lo ! the heavens grew very black ;
 It thundered and it lightened fearfully :
 Affrighted, I in agony shrunk back ;
 The clouds at rate unusual did rack ;
 A trump's great sound I heard ; and, in my dream,
 One sat upon a cloud, and in his track
 Thousands of heaven ; in flaming fire they came ;
 Also the heavens above were in a burning flame.

LV.

“ Then heard I an appalling voice, which said,
 ‘ Arise, ye dead, and unto judgment come ! ’
 Then rocks were rent, graves opened, and the dead
 Which were therein came forth : and some
 Looked up with glad surprise; and some from doom
 Under the mountains sought to hide in fear.
 Then He who sat upon the cloud’s deep gloom,
 In glory awful, majesty severe,
 Opened the book, and bade the wondering world draw
 near.

LVI.

“ Yet was convenient space ’twixt him and them,—
 As ’twixt the judge and prisoners at the bar,—
 By reason of a fiercely-issuing flame,
 That came out from before his burning car ;
 A voice I heard, loud as a trump of war,
 Which to his retinue attendant spake,
 Who sat upon the cloud, proclaiming far,
 ‘ Gather the tares, the chaff and stubble take,
 And cast them all as one into the burning lake.’

LVII.

“ With that there opened, whereabout I stood,
 The pit that’s bottomless, whence smoke and flame
 Out of its mouth,— a most abundant flood,—
 With coals of fire, and hideous noises, came ;
 Also to these hosts did the voice proclaim,
 ‘ Into the garner gather now my wheat.’
 With that I saw — and shuddered through my frame —
 Many caught up, cloud-borne, their Lord to meet ;
 But I was left behind, in terror, O, how great !

LVIII.

“ Methought I also sought myself to hide,
 But I could not ; the man upon the cloud
 Still kept his eye on me ; on every side
 My conscience did accuse me, and I bowed
 Beneath my sins, which into mind did crowd.
 On this I woke, with trembling and affright.”
 Said Christian, “ If the truth may be avowed,
 What was it made you tremble at this sight ? ”

Him answered thus the man, his lips with anguish white :

LIX.

“ Why, sir, I thought the judgment day was come,
 And I not ready for it ; but my mind
 Was most affrighted when I saw how some
 The angels gathered, and left me behind ;
 Hell opened at my feet. Conscience inclined
 To trouble me. The Judge, with look austere,
 Still kept on me his eye.” “ Hast thou confined
 Thy thoughts to these things ? ” said th’ Interpreter.

Said Christian, “ Yes ; they put my heart in hope and
 fear.”

LX.

“ Well,” said th’ Interpreter, “ keep all things so
 In mind that they may serve as goads to thee,
 To prick thee on the way that thou must go.”
 Then Christian girded up his loins, that he
 Might ready to pursue his journey be.
 The other said, “ Where’er thy feet may tread,
 The Comforter guide thee continually,
 And light from heaven on all thy pathway shed.”
 So Christian went his way ; but as he went he said, —

“ Here have I seen things rare and profitable,
Things pleasant, dreadful, things to make me stable
In what I have begun to take in hand ;
Then let me think on them, and understand
Wherfore they showed me were, and let me be
Thankful, O good Interpreter, to thee.”





CANTO III.

He leaps to lose his burden,
Yet trials hath he still;
Sees wonders in the Palace
On Difficulty Hill.

I.

Now saw I in my dream that that high way
Up which had Christian now to go was walled
On either side, to guard from beasts of prey ;
Salvation were its walls and bulwarks called.
Up this way, therefore, Christian, still intralled
With his back-burden, ran, — a traveller
Of painful steps, because his burden galled ;
Until before him did a cross occur,
And in a bottom just below, a sepulchre.

II.

Now saw I likewise, just as Christian came
 To view the cross, his loosened burden fell
 From off his back.—So saw I in my dream.—
 Then it began to tumble down the hill,
 Continuing to roll and tumble, till
 It reached the sepulchre named just before,
 Where in it fell, and there remaineth still,
 For aught I know; I never saw it more.
 Thus Christian's back was eased the burden which it bore.

III.

Then lightsome he became, and very glad:
 “He, by his sorrow—he hath given me rest!”
 Thus, with a merry spirit, Christian said.
 “His death brings life to me, and I am blest.”
 Then stood he, for a season, much impressed,
 To look and wonder; nothing more he speaks,
 But marvels how the cross should him divest
 Of all his burden, till his spirit breaks,
 And springs within his head send waters down his cheeks.

IV.

As stood he weeping, came there and conversed
 Three Shining Ones, who said, “Peace be to thee.”
 “Thy sins are all forgiven thee,” said the first;
 The second stripped him of his rags, and he
 Clothed him anew; the last one of the three
 His forehead marked, and bade him meditate
 A sealed roll which he gave, and which should be
 By him given in at the celestial gate.
 Then Christian gave three leaps, and sang with joy elate:

“ Thus far did I come laden with my sin,
 Nor could aught ease the grief that I was in,
 Till I came hither. What a place is this !
 Must here be the beginning of my bliss ?
 Must here the burden fall from off my back ?
 Must here the strings that bound it to me crack ?
 Blest cross ! blest sepulchre ! blest, rather, be
 The Man that there was put to shame for me ! ”

v.

Then saw I in my dream that on went he,
 Singing with lightsome heart along his way,
 Till he the bottom reached, where saw he three
 Poor men beside his path, who fettered lay,
 As if they were three prisoners astray ;
 Simple and Sloth the names to two applied ;
 The third, Presumption. Fast asleep were they.
 When Christian saw them lie the way beside,
 He went to wake them up, and thus to them he cried : —

vi.

“ You are like them who on the topmast sleep,
 For underneath you doth the Dead Sea lie —
 A gulf that hath no bottom, dark as deep ;
 Therefore awake and come away, and I
 Will help your irons off — at least will try.”
 He also told them, “ Surely, now, should he
 Who like a roaring lion roams come by,
 You surely will a prey to his teeth be.”
 All answered : Simple said, “ O, I no danger see.”

VII.

"A little more sleep I," said Sloth, "demand."
"Each tub," Presumption ventured, too, to say,
"On its own bottom evermore must stand."
So down to careless sleep again they lay.
Then Christian thoughtfully went on his way;
Yet was his anxious mind perplexed indeed,
That men in danger such small heed should pay
To kindness, that would gladly serve their need,
And from their irons would their limbs have quickly freed.

VIII.

While he was troubled thereabout, he spied
Two men come tumbling blindly o'er the wall
Which hemmed the narrow pathway's left hand side.
To him they came. Now; Formalist they call
The name of one; Hypocrisy, withal,
The other. As I said, they, meeting so,
With Christian into free discourse did fall.
Said Christian, "Gentlemen, I pray to know
Whence came you o'er this wall, and whither do you go?"

IX.

"Our birth," said they, "was in Vain-Glory's land,
And now for praise to Zion's mount go we."
Said Christian, "Wherefore where the gate doth stand,
At the beginning of the way, tell me,
Entered you not? Or is it true that ye
Know not 'tis written, 'He that entereth in,
Not by the door, but climbeth daringly
Some other way, is counted, for his sin,
A robber and a thief, and shall no favor win'?"

x.

Hypocrisy and Formalist replied,
 " To go for entrance to the little gate,
 Has been by all our countrymen decried,
 As quite too far about ; that way they hate ;
 And therefore 'tis their custom, we may state,
 To take a shorter cut, and climb the wall."
 " But will not this," said Christian, " violate
 The known will of the glorious Lord of all ?
 And will not his stern frown upon such trespass fall ? "

xi.

They told him, as to that, he needed not
 His head to trouble thereabout ; for they
 Could long-established custom plead for what
 They did, and testimony could array,
 If need be, that would witness for that way,
 Above a thousand years. " But," Christian said,
 " Will you at law stand trial ? " " Yea," they say ;
 " For custom, by a just judge, will be made
 Legal, no doubt, when shown t' have been so long obeyed.

xii.

" Besides," they said, " if we get in the way,
 What matter is it which way we get in ?
 If we are in, we're in ; none can gainsay ;
 And thou art only in, who, as we've seen,
 Cam'st by the gate, where we have never been ;
 Yet we, who tumbled o'er the wall, are here ;
 And since there is not now a wall between,
 And in the way are we, let it appear
 Wherein thy case doth ours excel, and we'll give ear."

xiii.

Said Christian, “ By my Master’s rule walk I,
 But by your fancies’ own rude whims walk you ;
 You thieves already are accounted by
 The Lord of this high way ; and, in my view,
 As men you will not, doubtless, be found true,
 When at our journey’s end ; for you came in
 All by yourselves, without his guidance, too,
 And to go out shall by yourselves begin,
 Nor aught of mercy find, nor aught of glory win.”

xiv.

They, answering, bade him to himself look well ;
 Then saw I each one going on his way,
 Without much conference additional,
 Save that these two men said to Christian, they
 All laws and ordinances should obey
 As conscientiously, no doubt, as he ;
 “ Therefore, save in the coat thy neighbors may,
 To hide thy nakedness, have given thee,
 How thou excellest us is what we do not see.”

xv.

“ By laws and ordinances you will not,”
 Christian replied, “ be saved, since by the door
 You came not in ; and as for this my coat
 Upon my back, ’twas given to cover o’er
 My nakedness, as you observed before,
 Not by my neighbors, but by Zion’s Lord,
 Of that place where I go the Governor.
 I take it this his kindness doth accord
 To me, who ne’er till then could aught but rags afford.

xvi.

“ And thus myself I comfort as I go :
 I think, when at the City’s gate I be,
 The Lord thereof, for good, will surely know
 Me with his coat on, for most graciously,
 When he stripped off my rags, he gave it me.
 I have, moreover, in my forehead still
 A mark you have not noticed probably,
 One of my Lord’s associates fixed there well,
 That day my burden’s weight from off my shoulders fell.

xvii.

“ Moreover, I will tell you, too, that day
 I had a sealed roll given to comfort me,
 By reading as I go along my way,
 Which at the city gate given in must be,
 In token of my entering certainly :
 All which to you, I think, are not vouchsafed,
 Because you came not in here lawfully.”
 These things they answered not, however chafed,
 But looked upon each other — merely looked and laughed.

xviii.

Then saw I that they all went briskly on,
 Saving that Christian kept somewhat before,
 Who talked no more but with himself alone ;
 He sometimes sighed as if his grief were sore,
 And sometimes his delight seemed running o’er ;
 The roll the Shining One had given him still
 Refreshed him as he oft on it did pore.
 And thus I saw they all went on, until
 They reached a spring at foot of Difficulty Hill.

XIX.

In this same place two other ways there were,
Besides that coming from the gateway straight ;
One to the left hand turned, which some prefer ;
The other to the right did separate —
Both at the bottom of the hill ; but that
Right up the hill was narrow, and th' ascent
Called Difficulty is, for it is great.

Now Christian, ere he climbed that steep hill, went
Unto the spring, and drank ; then thus his mind found
vent : —

“ The hill, though high, I covet to ascend ;
The difficulty will not me offend,
For I perceive the way to life lies here ;
Come, pluck up heart ; let's neither faint nor fear ;
Better, though *difficult*, the right way go,
Than wrong, though *easy*, where the end is woe.”

XX.

Soon to the hill's foot came the other two ;
But when they saw the hill was steep and high,
And that there were two other ways in view,
Supposing both these ways might, by and by,
Meet that again which Christian chose to try,
Beyond the hill, it was resolved by them
To go those ways, so easy and so nigh ;
Of one of those ways, Danger was the name ;
Destruction, of the other — both of evil fame.

xxi.

And so the way called Danger took the one,
Which led him to a woody wilderness ;
The other took the way directly on,
Unto Destruction, which led him apace
Into a field whose width was measureless,
Full of dark mountains, where he wandered, till
At length he stumbled, and, through weariness,
Fell, and was seen no more. Then up the hill
I looked for Christian, where I saw him climbing still.

xxii.

He fell from running into going, then
From going to clambering on his hands and knees,
Because the place was steep. Now Christian, when
About midway, a pleasant arbor sees,
Built for the sweet refreshment and the ease
Of weary travellers, by the gracious Lord
Who owns the hill. Thither, by slow degrees,
Now, therefore, Christian got, and, in a word,
Sat down to take what rest the arbor might afford.

xxiii.

Forth from his bosom then he gently drew
His roll, and to his comfort read therein ;
Then he began the garment to review,
Which at the cross was given him whole and clean,
So that his nakedness might not be seen :
Thus musing, fell he into slumber light,
Thence into sleep, sound, gentle, and serene,
Which there detained him until almost night ;
And, in his sleep, his roll fell from his fingers quite.

xxiv.

Now came there one, not on his sleep to gaze,
But just to wake him, saying, as he sat,
“ Go to the ant, thou sluggard, and her ways
Consider, and be wise ; ” and so at that
Up started Christian from his drowsy state,
And sped him on his way, and went apace,
Until he reached the hill’s high top. Whereat
When he at length arrived, lo ! towards the place
Two men came running fast, as men who run a race.

xxv.

The name of one was Timorous, and one
Was named Mistrust ; to whom said Christian, “ Sirs,
What is the matter ? You the wrong way run.”
Forthwith, in answer, Timorous avers
They were to Zion’s City travellers,
And up that arduous place had climbed with pain ;
“ But farther on,” said he, “ the way grows worse,
And dangers greater still beyond remain ;
Wherefore we turned, and now are going back again.”

xxvi.

“ Yes,” said Mistrust ; “ for just before us lie
A couple of huge lions in the way ;
Whether they sleep or wake we can’t descry :
We could but think, however, as they lay,
If we within their reach should come, that they
Would pull us both in pieces presently.”
Then, with no small alarm, did Christian say,
“ You surely very much afraid make me ;
But whither now for safety — whither shall I flee ?

xxvii.

“If I to mine own country should repair,
That is to fire and brimstone doomed, I hear,
And I most certainly shall perish there ;
But if I to the City persevere,
I there shall find true safety ; it is clear
I must adventure. Going down the hill,
Back to my home, is death ; true, there is fear
Of death in going forward ; but there still
Is endless life beyond : so forward go I will.”

xxviii.

So down the hill Mistrust and Timorous ran,
And Christian thoughtfully went on his way ;
But pondering what they told him o'er again,
Felt in his bosom for his roll, that he
Might read therein, and comforted might be.
He felt, but found it not ; distressed, alas !
He knew not what to do, for wofully
What used to bring relief he missed ; whereas
That, into Zion's City, should have been his pass.

xxix.

He therefore much perplexed began to be,
And knew not what to do. He thought, at last,
How in the hill-side arbor slumbered he ;
Then down upon his knees himself he cast,
And asked of God forgiveness for the past,
For having acted such a foolish part.
Then for his roll to look returned he fast ;
But all the way he went, what pencil's art
Can paint the grief and shame that burdened Christian's
heart ?

xxx.

He sometimes sighed, and sometimes he would weep,
And oftentimes himself would sternly chide,
For being so foolish as to fall asleep
In that sweet arbor on the steep hill-side,
Which was erected only to provide
A slight refreshment in his weariness :
Thus went he back, still looking, anxious-eyed,
If haply he might once again possess
The roll which comfort gave, and did his journey bless.

xxxI.

Thus went he, till again appeared in view
The pleasant arbor where he sat and slept ;
But that sight did afresh his grief renew,
As o'er his mind the guilt of sleeping crept.
Still on he went, and as he went he wept ;
Bewailing much his sinful sleep, he cried,
“ O, wretched man I am, that have not kept
Myself awake by day ! woes me betide,
That I should fall asleep on Difficulty's side !

xxxII.

“ Why should I use that rest to ease my flesh .
Which this hill's Lord erected, it is plain,
Poor pilgrims' spirits only to refresh ?
How many steps have I now tak'n in vain !
It happened thus to Israel ; back again
Were they, for their sin, sent, by the Red Sea,
And I am made to tread, with grief and pain,
Those steps which might have been trod joyfully,
Had not this sinful sleep been so indulged by me.

XXXIII.

“ How far might I have been upon my way
 By this time ! Now, these steps must be by me
 Trod over thrice, with sorrow and dismay,
 Which needed not but once, assuredly,
 To have been trod. Yea, I am like to be
 Benighted ; O that I had not thus slept,
 For now the day is almost spent, I see.”
 By this time he within the arbor stepped,
 Where, for a little time, he sat him down and wept.

XXXIV.

As Providence would have it, he at last
 Looked sadly 'neath the settle where he sat ;
 There he his roll espied, which he with haste
 Catched up, and trembling joyfully thereat,
 Hid in his bosom. Who can tell how great
 Was this man's joy to get his roll again ?
 For this his passport was at Zion's gate,
 Th' assurance of the life he would attain,
 And his acceptance at the haven he would gain.

XXXV.

He therefore in his bosom laid it up ;
 Gave thanks to God, who did direct his eye
 To that place where it lay ; and, not to stop,
 With tears of joy resumed his journey high ;
 But, O, how nimbly he his feet did ply,
 As upward went he to the steep hill's crown.
 And yet, before the top his feet drew nigh,
 On Christian's path the glorious sun went down,
 And shadows of the night approaching seemed to frown.

xxxvi.

The setting sun made him recall to mind
The vanity of sleeping. Thus grieved he :
“ O, sinful sleep ! I am for thee, I find,
Benighted in my journey like to be ;
I now must walk without the sun, I see ;
Darkness must shroud my pathway as I go,
The noise of doleful creatures startle me,
Because my sinful sleep delayed me so.”
Thus stern reproach did he upon himself bestow.

xxxvii.

Now, also, he remembered very well
The story that Mistrust and Timorous told ;
What terrible affright upon them fell,
As in the way they lions did behold ;
Then Christian with himself did converse hold :
“ These wild beasts range by night, in search of prey,
And should they meet me in the darkened wold,
How should I dodge them ? How escape, if they
In pieces me would tear ? ” Thus went he on his way.

xxxviii.

But while bewailing his mistake and shame,
He lifted up his eyes, and, lo ! he spied
A stately palace just before, whose name
Was Beautiful ; 'twas by the highway side.
So in my dream I saw he onward hied,
If he might there find lodging for the night.
A furlong from the porter's lodge he tried
A narrow passage, where, to his affright,
Right in that narrow way two lions lay in sight.

XXXIX.

“I now,” thought he, “can see the danger plain,
 Which drove Mistrust and Timorous back with haste.”
 (The beasts were chained, but he saw not the chain.)
 Then feared he greatly ; yea, he thought it best
 To go back, too ; before was death, at least.
 The porter at the lodge, beholding all,
 Whose name was Watchful, seeing now the test
 Christian was put to, after him did call,
 To rouse his courage up, “What ! is thy strength so small ?

XL.

“Fear not the lions ; they are chained to stone,
 And placed there for their trial who have faith,
 And also to discover who have none ;
 Keep thou, with care, the middle of the path,
 And neither lion power to hurt thee hath.”
 The porter’s words did not his fears disarm ;
 But, trembling still, he feared the lions’ wrath ;
 Yet went he on, nor did they do him harm,
 Although he heard them roar, and shuddered with alarm.

XLI.

The lions passed, he clapped his joyful hands,
 And went on till he came before the gate,
 Where evermore the porter Watchful stands.
 “Sir,” to the porter Christian said, “please state
 What house is this ; and, since the hour is late,
 May I lodge here to-night ?” The porter said,
 “This house is by the hill’s Lord dedicate
 For pilgrims, who may here be comforted ;”
 Then asked him whence he was, and where his journey
 led.

XLII.

To him thus Christian promptly made reply :
“ I from the City of Destruction came,
And now I go to Zion’s Mount on high ;
The sun is set, and I desirous am
Of lodging here to-night.” “ What is your name ? ”
The porter asked ; and thus did Christian tell :
“ Graceless it was ; ‘tis Christian now, I claim ;
I came of Japheth’s race, whom God yet shall
Persuade in his own time in tents of Shem to dwell.”

XLIII.

The porter asked, “ How happens it that you
Are come so late ? for now the sun is set.”
Christian replied, “ I had been here, ‘tis true,
Much sooner, but for one thing I regret ; —
Wretch that I am, I mourn my folly yet ! —
I in the hill-side arbor sat, and hence
I fell asleep ; yet, notwithstanding that,
I might, perhaps, have mended somewhat thence,
But in my sinful sleep I lost my evidence.

XLIV.

“ I came without it to the hillock’s brow,
Then felt for it, but found it nowhere round ;
So I was forced, with sorrowing heart, to go
Back where I slept in slumber so profound,
And there I found it lying on the ground.
Now I am come.” The porter said, “ Within
Are virgins who in kindly acts abound ;
One will I call, who, if your talk her win,
To others of the house forthwith will bring you in.”

XLV.

So then the porter, Watchful, rang a bell,
 Whose sound brought out a damsel from the door,
 Discretion named, as fair as Asphodel,
 And grave and beautiful, who asked him, "Sir,
 Why was I called?" The porter answered her,
 "This man is journeying to Mount Zion's height,
 A way-worn and benighted traveller,
 Who left Destruction's City as by flight,
 And asked if he might find a lodging here to-night.

XLVI.

"And so I told him I would call for thee,
 Who, after conversation had with him,
 Mayst do for him whatever shall agree
 With the house rules, as best to thee shall seem."
 Then asked she whence he came in such a trim,
 And whither bound, and how he chanced to fall
 Into that way; and whate'er he might deem
 Of special note, which he could now recall,
 That he had seen or met. And Christian told her all.

XLVII.

At last she asked his name. He answered right,
 "Christian it is, and my desires arise
 So much the more for lodging here to-night,
 Because this place the hill's Lord did devise
 For pilgrims who security do prize,
 And need relief." Then smiled she pleasantly,
 But yet the water stood in both her eyes;
 After a little pause, "I now," said she,
 "Two or three more will call of this our family."

XLVIII.

So then she ran, and called out from the door,
 Prudence, and Piety, and Charity,
 Who, after talking with him somewhat more,
 Had him at once into the family ;
 And many more besides these maidens three,
 Meeting him at the threshold, said, " Come in,
 Thou blessed of the Lord ; this house you see
 Was by the hill's Lord built — a pleasant inn
 For pilgrims such as here a resting-place would win."

XLIX.

Then bowing low his head, them followed he
 Into the house ; while pensive there he sat,
 Something to drink they gave him courteously ;
 And then consented they together that,
 Till supper, some should have a special chat
 With Christian, as the most judicious plan
 To improve the time. They then did designate
 To hold a conversation with the man,
 Piety, Prudence, Charity ; who thus began : —

L.

Said Piety, " Good Christian, come ; since we
 Have been so loving as to welcome you
 Into our house this night, now let us see
 If benefit will not to us accrue,
 By talking o'er what scenes you have passed through." Said Christian, " Glad am I, for mine own sake,
 To find you so disposed ; that will we do." Said Piety, " What motive first did make
 Your heart a pilgrim's life in earnest undertake ? "

LI.

Said Christian, "Driven was I from mine own land ;
 A dreadful sound within mine ears the cause :
 To wit, that sure destruction was at hand,
 If I abode in that place where I was."
 Then Piety from him an answer draws
 To this inquiry : "How, I pray to know,
 Came you this way, to shun destruction's jaws?"
 "Because," said he, "God meant to have it so ;
 While I destruction feared, I knew not where to go."

LII.

"As trembling, weeping, stood I, came to me
 By chance a man, his name Evangelist ;
 Me to the wicket gate directed he,
 Which I should otherwise have surely missed ;
 He set me in the way he deemed the best,
 Which to this house my feet direct hath led."
 Said she, "But did you not come by, at least,
 Th' Interpreter's abode?" "I did," he said,
 "And saw such things as will stick by my heart and head,

LIII.

"Long as I live ; especially these three,
 To wit : how, spite of Satan, Christ maintains
 Grace in believers' hearts, though secretly ;
 How the caged man despairingly complains,
 Debarred from mercy by his sinful stains.
 Also the dream of him whose dream was fraught
 With the great judgment day's tremendous scenes."
 Said Piety, "Of that dream heard you aught?"
 Said Christian, "Yes, and 'twas a dreadful dream, I
 thought.

LIV.

“ My heart, while he was telling it, did ache ;
 Yet very glad am I it reached my ears.”
 Said Piety, “ Was this of which you spake
 All that you noticed at th’ Interpreter’s ? ”
 Said Christian, “ No ; but where a palace rears
 Its stately front he took me, where I viewed
 How each one in it golden raiment wears,
 And how there came a venturous man, and hewed
 His way through arméd men, who in the doorway stood,

LV.

“ To keep him out ; and how the man was bid,
 ‘ Come in, and everlasting glory win.’
 Methought those things my glad heart ravish did ;
 I would have made that good man’s house an inn
 A twelvemonth, but I knew I must begin
 My journey.” “ And what else ? ” said Piety,
 “ Saw you along the way you travelled in ? ”
 “ Saw ? ” Christian said, “ I saw, it seemed to me,
 One, little farther on, hang bleeding on a tree ! ”

LVI.

“ At that sight from my back my burden fell, —
 For I till then a heavy burden bore ; —
 But then I felt relief no tongue can tell ;
 ’Twas a strange thing to me, for ne’er before
 Saw I such sight. I viewed it o’er and o’er ;
 Yea, while I looking stood (for then forbear
 I could not), to consider it still more,
 There came three Shining Ones to meet me there ;
 One of them testified my sins forgiven me were.

LVII.

“Another stripped me of my rags, and he
 Gave me this broidered coat which now I wear ;
 The third my forehead marked, as here you see,
 And gave me this sealed roll” (and then with care
 He plucked it from his bosom) “which I bear.”
 “But more than this you saw,” said Piety ;
 “Say, did you not?” “Yes,” said he, “but declare
 That what things I have told seemed best to me,
 Though other things I saw which now may mentioned be.

LVIII.

“Three men, Presumption, Sloth, and Simple, lay
 With irons on their heels, in slumbers deep,
 Only a little from the narrow way ;
 But could I wake them, think you, from their sleep ?
 And, tumbling o'er the wall, like frightened sheep,
 Formality, and then Hypocrisy,
 Saw I, who both pretended they should keep
 To Zion's way ; I told them they would be
 Lost, and they quickly were ; they would not credit me.

LIX.

“But, more than all, I found it hard to get
 Up this steep hill, and quite as hard to pass
 Close by the lions' mouths ; and truly yet,
 Had it not been for him who fills the place
 Of porter at the gate, I know not as
 I should have come at all ; I might have run
 Back to my house, as many a pilgrim has ;
 But I thank God I'm here, my way begun,
 And for receiving me I thank you every one.”

LX.

Then Prudence thought it good to question him,
Since he to answer seemed so well inclined :
“ Christian, do you not sometimes think or dream
About that country you have left behind ? ”
“ Yes,” answered Christian, “ but I always find
Such thoughts my detestation are, and shame ;
For truly, had I still a longing mind
Toward that sad country out of which I came,
I might have had a chance to go back to the same.

LXI.

“ But I desire a better country now,
That is, a heavenly one.” Then Prudence said,
“ But do you not still bear with you, somehow,
Some things your thoughts had then familiar made ? ”
“ Yes,” Christian said, “ some do my mind invade,
But much against my will ; especially
The carnal cogitations which I had,
With which my countrymen, as well as I,
Delighted were. But now all those things make me sigh.

LXII.

“ Might I mine own things choose, be it confessed,
I would not think of those things as before ;
But when I would be doing what is best,
That which is worst is with me evermore.”
Said Prudence, “ Do you never triumph o'er
Some things, as if they fairly vanquished were,
Which at some other times perplex you sore ? ”
Said Christian, “ Yes, though that occurs but rare ;
Yet when it happeneth thus, my hours all golden are.”

LXIII.

“Can you remember,” Prudence said, “to tell
 By what means your annoyances you find
 At times as if all vanquished?” “Yes, quite well,”
 Said he; “whene'er I bring the cross to mind,
 And what I witnessed there; or when inclined
 This broidered garment thoughtfully to view;
 Or when I look into the roll enshrined
 Within my bosom; or in thought pursue
 With zeal my journey’s end; — all these that thing will
 do.”

LXIV.

“What makes you,” Prudence asked, “so wish and strive
 To go to Zion’s mount?” Said Christian thus:
 “Why, there I hope to see Him still alive,
 Who did hang dead upon the bitter cross;
 There, too, I hope I may experience loss
 Of all those inward ills that trouble me;
 There, there is no more death, they say, for us,
 Our joys to mar; while, with such company
 As I like best of all, my dwelling-place shall be.

LXV.

“For, truth to tell, I love his very name
 Who eased me of the burden which I bore;
 I of my inward sickness weary am,
 And fain would be where I shall die no more,
 With that blest company gone on before,
 Who ‘Holy, holy, holy!’ cry, and can
 Incessantly, since now their griefs are o’er.”
 Then thus to Christian Charity began:
 “Have you a family? Are you a married man?”

LXVI.

So Christian answered her as she desired :
 " I have a wife, and little children four."
 " Why brought you not them also ? " she inquired.
 Said Christian, " O, how willingly, and more,
 Would I have done it ! " then he wept full sore ;
 " But to their state they all seemed very blind,
 And to my journey great aversion bore."
 Said she, " You should have pressed upon each mind
 The danger they incur by lingering behind."

LXVII.

Said Christian, " So I did ; I told them what
 In mercy God had kindly shown to me,
 About our city's sure destruction ; but
 As one that mocked I seemed to them to be,
 And they believed me not." Said Charity,
 " And did you pray to God that he would bless
 To them your counsel, Christian ? " " Yes," said he,
 " And that with much of love and tenderness ;
 For they were very dear to me, I must confess."

LXVIII.

" Told you," said Charity, " your own grief too ?
 Your fear of perishing forevermore ?
 That, I suppose, was plain enough to you."
 Christian replied, " Yes, o'er and o'er and o'er ;
 They might, both in the countenance I wore,
 And in my tears and tremblings plainly see
 How hard upon my fears the judgment bore,
 Which o'er our heads seemed hanging dark to be ;
 Yet all could not prevail with them to come with me."

LXIX.

“ But for themselves what could they say,” said she,
 “ Why came they not?” “ My dear wife,” Christian said,
 “ Afraid of losing this world seemed to be ;
 My children to youth’s vain delights were wed ;
 So they, by one thing and another led,
 Left me alone my journey to pursue.”
 “ But did not your vain life,” said she, “ impede
 All your persuasive words had sought to do,
 To bring your household on this pilgrimage with you?”

LXX.

“ My life,” said Christian, “ I cannot indeed
 Command, for conscious to myself I be
 Of many failings ; yea, one may impede,
 And soon o’erthrow, by talking foolishly,
 Whate’er by argument persuasive he
 On other minds would for their good enforce.
 Yet I was wary, so it seemed to me,
 That I might not, by my unseemly course,
 Make them to going on a pilgrimage averse.

LXXI.

“ Yea, for this very thing, they oft told me
 That I was too precise, and did deny
 Myself, for their sakes, things where they could see
 No sort of evil. Nay, I think that I
 Can say, if what they did in me descry
 Did hinder them, ’twas mainly that which sprung
 From my great tenderness, which made me shy
 Of sinning against God, and very strong
 Of purpose not to do my neighbor any wrong.”

LXXII.

“ In truth Cain hated and took Abel’s life,”
Said Charity, “ because his own deeds were
Evil, and Abel’s righteous ; if thy wife
And children too have been offended, sir,
With thee for this, as I must hence infer, —
For so thy statement must be understood, —
They show thereby their hearts’ true character :
Averse to right, implacable to good ;
And yet thy soul hast thou delivered from their blood.” —

LXXIII.

Thus saw I in my dream, in converse sweet
They talked together till the board was spread.
When all was ready, they sat down to meat ;
The table was with fat things furnishéd,
And wine, too, well refined ; and all they said
In table conversation seemed to me
About the hill’s great Lord ; what blood he shed,
And why he so had done ; and wherefore he
Had builded that great house, a pilgrim lodge to be.

LXXIV.

I found, from what they said, that He had been
A mighty warrior, and had fought with him
That had the power of death, and him had slain,
But not without great risk of life and limb,
Which made my love to him the stronger seem ;
“ For I believe,” said Christian, “ as they said,
The conflict caused his precious blood to stream ;
But that which glorious grace on all this shed
Was, he his country loved, and suffered in her stead.”

LXXXV.

Some, also, of the household, since he died
 Upon the cross, have said that they have been
 And spoken with him ; and they testified
 That they from his own lips this fact did glean, —
 That such a pilgrim-lover ne'er was seen ;
 His like can not be found from east to west ;
 They gave an instance as a specimen,
 Confirming that to which they bore attest —
 That he of peerless glory did himself divest, —

LXXXVI.

That he might do this kindness for the poor ;
 And that they heard him say, since that was done,
 Yea, and affirm he would not evermore
 Inhabit Zion's mountain-top alone.
 They said, moreover, he had victories won,
 Made many pilgrims princes of his kin,
 Though they were beggars when their lives begun,
 By nature just like other men who sin,
 Who are but at the best of dunghill origin.

LXXXVII.

Thus they discoursed together until late
 At night, and then betook themselves to rest,
 When first they had committed all their state,
 For safety, to their Lord, whom they addressed.
 The pilgrim laid they, as they deemed it best,
 In a large upper chamber, where, among
 Its comforts, was a window opening east,
 And on its walls the name of Peace was hung.
 There he till daybreak slept ; then he awoke and sung, —

“Where am I now? Is this the love and care
Of Jesus for the men who pilgrims are?—
Thus to provide that I should be forgiven,
And dwell already the next door to heaven!”

LXXVIII.

So in the morn they all got up indeed,
And after further converse there had been,
They told him that he should not thence proceed,
Till he the local rarities had seen;
And first they to the study had him in,
And showed the ancient records there which claim
They hold the certain pedigree therein
Of the hill's Lord, son of the great I AM,
Whose being by eternal generation came.

LXXIX.

Recorded here, more fully than elsewhere,
Were all the wondrous acts which he had done;
Yea, of his servants' names recorded were
Hundreds of those who had his favor won,
Who, under his direction, now had gone
To glorious habitations, full of praise,
Where griefs and tears forever are unknown,
That could not be dissolved by length of days,
Nor ever suffer change from Nature's slow decays.

LXXX.

They read how these men kingdoms had subdued,
And righteousness wrought, and promises
Obtained, and stopped by faith and fortitude
The mouths of lions, quenched the eagerness
Of fire, escaped the sword's edge pitiless,—
Yea, out of weakness very strong were made,
In fight waxed valiant, and with great success
The alien armies routed, till they fled ;—
Of all these worthy acts his servants did, they read.

LXXXI.

Then read they farther, in another part
Of these old household records, where 'twas shown
How still their Lord was of a willing heart
To take into his favor any one,
In spite of all the evils he had done
Against the cause or person of the Lord.
Here, too, were other histories written on
Such famous subjects as the books afford ;
And Christian had a view of all which they record.

LXXXII.

Yea, both of ancient and of modern things,
Together with the prophecies of old,
Whose grand accomplishment time surely brings,
Both to the dread of foes, however bold,
And unto wayworn pilgrims, joy untold ;—
All these and many more to him they read
From histories more precious far than gold.
And thus the gliding moments swiftly sped,
Till Christian sought at last a pillow for his head.

LXXXIII.

They took him next day to the armory,
Where every sort of furniture their Lord
For pilgrims had provided carefully ;
As all-prayer, breastplate, helmet, shield, and sword,
And shoes to which no wear-out e'er occurred ;
Now of this harness, all of which was good,
Enough this armory could well afford
To harness men for their Lord's servitude,
As many as the stars in heaven for multitude.

LXXXIV.

Some of those famous engines, too, they showed,
Which in his servants' hands did so prevail :
Among the rest they showed him Moses' rod ;
They showed him, too, the hammer and the nail
By which fell Sisera in the tent of Jael ;
The pitchers, lamps, the trumpets Gideon blew,
Which made the midnight camp of Midian quail ;
Here they exhibited the ox-goad, too,
Wherewith six hundred men the valiant Shamgar slew.

LXXXV.

They showed him here, moreover, the jaw-bone
Renowned for Samson's mighty feats of old ;
They showed him, also, David's sling and stone,
With which he smote Philistia's champion bold ;
Also the sword, of virtues manifold,
With which their Lord will slay the man of sin ;
And whate'er else the armory doth hold ; —
With all which Christian had delighted been.
And now, the evening spent, they went to rest within.

LXXXVI.

Then saw I in my dream, by morning light
 Christian got up, to hasten on his way ;
 They for his going are not ready quite,
 And press him to remain another day :
 " And if the day be clear, we will," said they,
 " The mountains called Delectable show you."
 Which would, they said, reward his longer stay,
 Because so near the haven had in view.
 So he, consenting, staid till daylight dawned anew.

LXXXVII.

Him to the house-top in the morn took they,
 And bade him southward look, and so he did ;
 When in the distance saw he, far away,
 A pleasant mountain country, beautified
 With forest trees and vineyards, and supplied
 With fruits of all sorts, flowers on either hand,
 With springs and fountains fair on every side.
 Then he the country's name would understand.
 Said they, " This blooming country's called Immanuel's
 land.

LXXXVIII.

" It is as common as this hill," said they,
 Both to and for all pilgrims ; and whene'er
 Thou comest there, from thence mayst thou survey
 The gate of the Celestial City near,
 As shepherds living there will make appear."
 Then he bethought himself 'twas time that he
 Set forward on his journey ; and 'twas clear
 That they were willing ; " but," said they, " with thee
 First let us go again into the armory."

LXXXIX.

And so they did, and harnessed him while there,
From head to foot, in panoply complete,
Lest, meeting with assaults, he should despair.
Accoutred thus, he walked out to the gate
Among his friends ; the porter there he met,
And asked him if his eye had chanced to see
Any poor pilgrim pass that way of late.
The porter very promptly answered, " Yea."
" And did you know the man, or ask his name ?" said he.

xc.

" I asked," the porter said, " and he told me
' Twas Faithful." " O," said Christian, " him I know ;
He is my townsman, my near neighbor ; he
Comes from my native town. But how far, though,
Think he has got ?" The porter said, " Below
The hill he may, perhaps, by this time be."
" Well," Christian said, " to all thy blessings now
The Lord add increase, and abide with thee,
Good porter, for the kindness thou hast shown to me."





CANTO IV.

Now in the lowly valley
He fights the Prince of foes;
'Mid nets, snares, traps, and pitfalls,
Through perils on he goes.

I.

THEN forward he began to journey ; but
Discretion, Piety, and Charity,
And Prudence, even to the hill's low foot
Determined they would bear him company.
So on they went together, cheerfully,
Repeating what they did before discuss,
Until they reached the hill's declivity ;
Then said he, " If th' ascent was arduous,
So going down it seems to me is dangerous."

II.

“Yes,” Prudence answered, “it is even so ;
For, without slipping, it requires great skill
Into Humiliation’s vale to go ;
Therefore accompany thee down we will.”
So he descended warily, but still
Slipped some. Then saw I in my dream, when they
Had fairly reached the bottom of the hill,
They raisins, bread, and wine to him convey ;
And Christian, furnished thus, went gladly on his way.



“Whilst Christian is among his godly friends
Their golden mouths make him sufficient mends
For all his griefs ; and when they let him go,
He’s clad with northern steel from top to toe.”



III.

But in Humiliation’s valley now
Christian was hard put to it ; he had gone
But little way, before he looked, and, lo !
A foul fiend o’er the fields was coming on
To meet him, named Apollyon. Then begun
Christian to be afraid, and in his mind
To cast what could or what might best be done.
Instead of going back, he felt inclined
To stand his ground, for he no armor had behind.

IV.

He therefore thought, to turn his back and flee
 Would give advantage to the coming foe
 To pierce him with his darts ; and therefore he
 Resolved to venture on his way to go,
 At least to stand his ground ; "for," thought he, "though
 I only had in view my life to hold,
 It would be best to stand my ground ;" and so
 He onward went, and met Apollyon bold.
 Now, he a monster was, most hideous to behold !

V.

His form with scales like fishes' scales was clad ; —
 His pride are these when any him provoke ; —
 Feet like a bear, and dragon's wings he had ;
 His mouth was like a lion's when he spoke,
 And from his belly issued fire and smoke.
 When he was come up near to Christian, he
 Beheld him with a most disdainful look,
 And thus began to question haughtily :
 " Whence came you ? Whither bound ? These questions
 answer me."

VI.

" I from the City of Destruction came, —
 Place of all evil, — and am bound to go
 To Zion." Then Apollyon, without shame,
 Answered, " By this I see that thou, my foe,
 One of my subjects art ; for thou must know
 That country all is mine. Its prince I be,
 And god. How durst thou run from thy king so ?
 Hoped I not service thou wouldst yet do me,
 I now would to the ground with one blow prostrate thee."

VII.

“ In your dominions I was born, indeed,”
 Said Christian, “ but I found your service hard ;
 And man, to live, doth better wages need
 Than yours, which are but death ; and I regard
 Such wages, for such service, poor reward.
 And when I came to years, I therefore did,
 As other prudent persons do, discard
 Your service, if, perchance, I might get rid
 Of evil, and myself might mend.” The fiend replied, —

VIII.

“ There is no prince who will thus lightly lose
 His subjects, nor shalt thou be lost to me ;
 But, since thou dost complain of such abuse
 In service and in pay, I promise thee,
 If thou go back, and wilt contented be,
 To give thee what our country can afford.”
 Said Christian, “ I have let myself, you see,
 Unto the King of princes. He's my lord ;
 How, then, can I go back, except I break my word ? ”

IX.

Apollyon said, “ Then thou hast done in this
 According to the proverb, ‘ Changed a bad
 For one that's worse ; ’ but not uncommon 'tis
 For those who have professed themselves quite glad
 This king to serve, on due experience had,
 To slip his service, and return to me.
 Do thou so, and all's well.” But Christian said,
 “ My faith and sworn allegiance has he ;
 How, then, can I go back, nor hanged as traitor be ? ”

x.

“ By me,” Apollyon said, “ thou didst the same ;
 Yet all this am I willing to pass by
 In him who will return to whence he came.”
 Said Christian, “ What I promised thee when I
 Was in my nonage, I must now deny ;
 Besides, I count the Prince whose now I be,
 Whose banner o'er my head now waves on high,
 Is able to absolve me ; yea, and he
 Can also pardon my compliances with thee.

xi.

“ Besides, O thou Destroyer, it is true
 That I to like his service still incline,—
 His wages, servants, and his sceptre too,
 His company and country,— more than thine.
 Leave off persuading ; quit thy base design ; . . .
 His servant am I, and will follow him.”
 “ All this,” Apollyon said, “ is very fine ;
 But, ah ! consider what, in cooler trim,
 May meet thee in that way, to peril life and limb.

xii.

“ Thou knowest that his servants commonly
 Come to some evil end, in evil hour,
 Because they slight my ways. What hosts there be
 Have suffered shameful deaths ! And, what is more,
 Thou too dost put his service mine before.
 But ne'er from foes his servants rescues he ;
 While I, the world knows, often have, by power
 Or fraud, delivered those who served with me
 From him and his ; and so will I deliver thee.”

xiii.

Said Christian, “ His forbearing now to send
 Deliverance to them is to try their love,
 If they to him will cleave unto the end ;
 And as to their ill-ending, that will prove
 Most glorious in their reckoning above ;
 For they expect not present rescue, since
 They wait for glory, till they hence remove ;
 Then shall they have it, when their glorious Prince
 In angel-glory comes, their glory to evince.”

xiv.

Apollyon said, “ Thou hast already been
 Unfaithful in his service, and how now
 Wages of him expectest thou ? ” “ Wherein ? ”
 Said Christian, “ O Apollyon, when, and how
 Have I to him unfaithful been ? ” “ Why, thou
 Didst faint,” said he, “ at thy first setting out,
 When thou wast almost choked in that deep Slough
 Despond. Thou didst attempt wrong ways, no doubt,
 To get rid of the load which hung thy back about.

xv.

“ Whereas thou shouldst have waited till thy Prince
 Had ta'en it off ; and thou didst sinfully
 Sleep, and thereby didst lose thine evidence ;
 Thou wast almost persuaded, too,” said he,
 “ To run back when the lions thou didst see ;
 And when thou talkest of thy pilgrim way,
 What thou hast seen and heard, thou inwardly
 Art quite desirous of vain-glory — nay,
 In all that thou mayst do, and whate'er thou mayst say.”

xvi.

“ All this is true,” said Christian, “ and much more
 Which thou hast here left out ; but gracious is
 The Prince, whom now I honor and adore,
 To grant forgiveness. These infirmities
 Possessed me 'mid thy country's vanities ;
 For there I sucked them in, and I have groaned
 Beneath them, and been sorry for them ; yes,
 And all my failings bitterly bemoaned,
 And pardon got from him, my Prince so long disowned.”

xvii.

Apollyon then broke out in grievous rage :
 “ I am to this Prince,” fiercely did he say,
 “ An enemy ; I hate his personage,
 His laws, his people ; and I come to-day
 On purpose to withstand thee, and dismay.”
 “ Apollyon,” Christian said, “ now take good care
 What you do here ; this is the King's high way —
 The way of holiness — and none may dare
 Pollute it ; so take heed, Apollyon, and beware.”

xviii.

Over the whole breadth of the highway there,
 Defiantly, Apollyon straddled then.
 “ No fear have I,” said he ; “ to die prepare ;
 For I do swear, by my infernal den,
 Thou shalt no farther go — no, not one grain !
 Here will I spill thy soul.” With that he threw
 A flaming dart at Christian's breast — in vain ;
 For Christian's shield in hand caught, as it flew,
 The flaming dart, and so he passed that danger through.

xix.

Then Christian drew ; for he perceived 'twas well
Now to bestir him. And Apollyon made
As fast at him, darts throwing thick as hail,
By which, in spite of all the skill displayed
By Christian to avoid it, in his head,
Hand, foot, he wounded by Apollyon stood.
Christian was thus somewhat discomfited ;
Apollyon his advantage then pursued,
But Christian would resist as manful as he could.

xx.

This combat lasted half a day, and more,
Till Christian's strength was spent ; for you must know
That he, by reason of the wounds he bore,
Weaker and weaker hourly needs must grow.
Apollyon then, on seeing matters so,
Came close to Christian, now almost unmanned,
And wrestling, to complete his overthrow,
Gave him a dreadful fall ; as he had planned,
With that his valiant sword flew out of Christian's hand.

xxi.

“ Now,” said Apollyon, “ I am sure of thee ! ”
With that he pressed him unto death almost,
Till Christian longer life despaired to see ;
But as the Lord would have it, to his cost,
Apollyon, just at his last blow, was crossed ;
“ One blow,” thought he, “ and then this good man dies.”
Christian not yet accounted all as lost ;
He caught his sword. “ Mine enemy,” he cries,
“ Rejoice not when I fall, for I shall yet arise.”

xxii.

Then Christian gave him such a deadly thrust
As made Apollyon shrink with mortal pain,
As one in battle doomed to bite the dust.
This Christian saw, and made at him again.
"Nay, now," said he, "the victory is plain ;
In all these things we more than conquerors are
Through Him that loved us." So Apollyon then
Spread forth his wings, which like a dragon's were,
And fled ; and him no more saw Christian anywhere.

xxiii.

Now, in this fearful combat no one can
Conceive, except both seen and heard he had,
As I did, what a yelling o'er this man,
And hideous roaring, fierce Apollyon made ;
It was as if an anguished soul betrayed
Remorse and agony in every part,
While the fight lasted ; and, until he fled,
He like a dragon spake with fiendish art :
But, O, what sighs and groans burst forth from Christian's
heart !

xxiv. •

I never saw him, while the conflict raged,
So much as one delighted look afford,
Till he perceived Apollyon, who had waged
The warfare, wounded with his two-edged sword.
Then smiled he, and looked upward. On my word,
The sight was dreadful ! When the foe had fled,
Said Christian, "Here I thank him who restored
Me from the lion's mouth ; who, when I prayed
Against Apollyon, helped me." Doing so, he said,—

“Great Beelzebub, the captain of this fiend,
 Designed my ruin ; therefore to this end
 He sent him harnessed out ; and he, with rage
 That hellish was, did fiercely me engage ;
 But blessed Michael helpéd me, and I,
 By dint of sword, did quickly make him fly :
 Therefore to him let me give lasting praise,
 And thank and bless his holy name always.”

xxv.

Then came to him a hand with healing leaves,
 Plucked from the tree of life, the which takes he,
 Applies them to his wounds, and thus receives
 Relief, for he is healed immediately.
 Then sat he down to eat, drink, and to be
 Refreshed ; and then addressed himself to go,
 With drawn sword in his hand. “What enemy
 I yet may meet,” said he, “I do not know.”
 But through the vale no more met he his vanquished foe.

xxvi.

Now just beyond this vale, another, too,
 Known as the Valley of Death’s Shadow, lay ;
 Its very midst must Christian needs go through,
 For to the City ’tis his only way.
 Thus Jeremiah, describing it, doth say,
 “A land of deserts, pits, a wilderness,
 A land of drought, shut out from light of day,
 Land of Death’s Shadow, land of gloominess,
 Land no man passeth through, or makes his dwelling-
 place.”

XXVII.

Now, Christian here did worse put to it seem
Than in the battle with Apollyon fought,
As by the sequel seen. Then, in my dream,
I saw, when Christian to the borders got
Of this death-shadowed valley, — dismal spot, —
He met two men returning on the track,
Whose fathers once an ill report had brought
Of the good land. To whom thus Christian spake :
“Whither are you now bound?” The men replied, “Back,
back.

XXVIII.

“ And you to do so, too, would we persuade,
If either life or peace is prized by you.”
“ Why, what’s the matter?” Christian calmly said.
“ Matter!” said they, “ why, we were going through
That way, as you now go, and went we, too,
Far as we durst; indeed, we seemed to be
Almost past coming back; for it is true,
Had we but little farther gone, then we
Had not been here to bring the dreadful news to thee.”

XXIX.

“ But what,” said Christian, “ have you met? pray tell.”
“ Why, we were almost in,” replied the men,
“ The Valley of Death’s Shadow; but ‘twas well
We looked before us, for the danger then
We plainly saw.” “ But what, what have you seen?”
Said Christian. “ Seen! the valley every whit
As dark as pitch,” replied the men again;
“ We saw there that which makes us tremble yet —
Hobgoblins, satyrs too, and dragons of the pit.

xxx.

“Continual howling also there heard we,
 And yells as of a people did resound,
 Under unutterable misery,
 Who sat in chains and in affliction bound ;
 While Death his broad wings o'er the deep profound
 Of that dark valley evermore doth spread,
 And clouds of wild confusion hang around,
 Discouraging ; — in one word, be it said,
 Of order it is void, and full of fear and dread.”

xxxI.

Then answered Christian, “I perceive not yet,
 By anything which you have said, or say,
 But to the haven where I long to get
 This is the way for me.” “Be it thy way ;
 We will not choose it to be ours,” said they.
 And so they parted. When the men were gone,
 Christian went on, impatient of delay ;
 But still he held in hand his sword outdrawn,
 For fear lest he should be assaulted when alone.

xxxII.

I saw then in my dream a deep, deep ditch,
 Long as the valley, on the right did wind —
 That ditch, so very famous, into which
 The blind in every age have led the blind,
 And perished both. Lo ! on the left declined
 A dangerous quag, where e'en the man devout
 Who falls therein no footing firm can find.
 King David fell there once, and had, no doubt,
 Been smothered, had not He, the Mighty, plucked him out.

xxxiii.

Exceeding narrow was the pathway here ;
Christian was therefore put to it the more :
When, in the dark, he sought the ditch to clear,
He in the mire was ready to tip o'er.
The mire escaped, the ditch new dangers bore ; —
Thus, sighing, went he on, and almost vexed.
Besides the danger spoken of before,
His path was dark ; his lifted foot, perplexed,
Knew not on what or where he was to set it next.

xxxiv.

I now perceived the mouth of hell to be
About the middle of this valley lone ;
It stood hard by the wayside. “ Now,” thought he,
“ What shall I do ? ” And ever and anon
Were flame and smoke so lavishly out-thrown,
Sparks and strange noises, — things which did not care
For Christian’s sword, as had Apollyon done, —
That he put up his sword, of no use there,
And took a little prevalent weapon called all-prayer.

xxxv.

So Christian in my hearing cried, “ O Lord,
My soul deliver, I beseech of thee ! ”
Thus long he travelled and no harm incurred,
Yet still the flames would reaching towards him be ;
And also rushings to and fro heard he,
And doleful voices, till he sometimes thought
He should be torn in pieces certainly ;
Or like street mire, or like a thing of nought,
Be trodden under foot, and lose the good he sought.

xxxvi.

This frightful sight for several miles was seen ;
These dreadful noises also did he hear ;
And, coming to a certain place, wherein
He thought he heard a host of fiends draw near
To meet him, there he stopped, and, half in fear,
Began to muse what he had best to do.
He sometimes half thought back again to steer ;
Again he thought, with more courageous view,
Perhaps he might be now the valley half way through.

xxxvii.

He also brought his dangers past to mind, —
How he had vanquished many, and that though
He should go back, he might still greater find
Than would befall him going on ; and so,
Though fiends drew near, resolved he on to go.
But when they almost reached the path he trod,
He cried with voice most vehement, yet slow,
“I will walk in the strength of the Lord God.”
So they gave back, and came no farther towards the road.

xxxviii.

One thing I would not here let slip : I now
Observed poor Christian did confounded seem,
So that he did not e'en his own voice know ;
Thus I perceived it. For, just when he came
Where issued from the pit's mouth smoke and flame,
One of the wicked ones stepped up behind,
And softly whispering, as if for shame,
Suggested blasphemies of every kind,
Which surely did, he thought, proceed from his own mind.

XXXIX.

This put poor Christian to it, it would seem,
 As much as aught that he had met, and more ;
 Even to think that he should now blaspheme
 The name of Him he loved so much before.
 To Christian this was trial sad and sore ;
 Yet if he could have helped it, I suppose
 He would have done it ; but he lacked the power ;
 Discretion had he not his ears to close,
 Or e'en to know from whence these blasphemies arose.

XL.

When some considerable time had he
 Thus travelled on, disconsolate and sad,
 He thought he heard what might a man's voice be,
 Going before him, and the voice thus said :
 " Though I walk through the Valley of Death's shade,
 Since thou art mine, no evil will I fear."
 Then for these special reasons he was glad :
 And first, because he gathered thence 'twas clear
 Some who, like him, feared God were in this valley drear.

XLI.

And secondly, because perceivéd he,
 Though in that dark and dismal state they went,
 God was with them. " Why not," he thought, " with me ?
 Only, by reason of th' impediment
 That doth attend this place, incompetent
 Is my mind to perceive that he is nigh."
 Thirdly, because the hope was prevalent,
 That, could he overtake them by and by,
 He should at least have them to keep him company.

XLII.

He called to him before, as he went on,
 But what to answer nought the other knew,
 For he till now had thought himself alone.
 And by and by came daylight breaking through ;
 Then Christian said, the glorious dawn in view,
 " He turneth death's dark shadow into morn."
 Then he by daylight would his path review ;
 Not that he would by any means return,
 But still the hazards past in darkness he would learn.

XLIII.

More clearly on the right he saw the ditch,
 And on the left the quag, which trembled yet ;
 Also how narrow was the pathway which
 Betwixt them led. He saw afar off flit
 Hobgoblins, satyrs, dragons of the pit,
 Trooping like shadows when the morning springs ; —
 All these discovered were, as thus 'tis writ :
 " He out of darkness doth reveal deep things,
 And bringeth out to light the shadow of death's wings."

XLIV.

Christian was now much moved in thinking o'er
 His rescue from the dangers of the way ;
 Which dangers, though he feared them much before,
 He saw more clearly now, as dawned the day.
 At length the sun rose with his cheerful ray ;
 This was a mercy ; for observe that though
 The first part of the vale in shadow lay,
 And dangerous was, the part he yet must go
 If possible was more so, very much more so.

XLV.

Clear through this valley was the way from where
 He now stood set with traps and snares unknown,
 And gins and nets so fully here ; and there
 With pitfalls, pits, deep holes, and shelvings down,
 That, had the darkness still maintained its frown,
 As it had done before the break of day,
 Had he a thousand souls of brave renown,
 They had in reason all been cast away ; —
 But, as I said, the sun rose up with cheering ray.

XLVI.

Then Christian said, “ His candle on my head
 Shines, and through darkness by his light I go.”
 In this light, therefore, on his way he sped,
 Until at length he passed the valley through.
 Now, in my dream I saw there lay in view,
 Just at the valley’s end, bones, ashes, blood,
 And mangled forms of men — of pilgrims who
 Of old had gone this way ; and while I stood
 And mused what cause had slain this slaughtered multi-
 tude, —

XLVII.

I spied a cave a little way before,
 Where dwelt in olden time two giants grim, —
 Pagan and Pope, — by whose tyrannic power
 The men, whose bodies, bones all burned to lime,
 And blood and ashes, lay there, for no crime
 Were put to cruel death. Yet on his way
 Christian passed this place safely. At the time
 I somewhat wondered, till I heard some say
 That Pagan had been dead for many and many a day.

XLVIII.

As for the other, though he lives as yet,—
By reason of his age, it now appears,
And also some shrewd brushes that he met
In various manners in his younger years,
Such growing stiffness to his joints adheres,
So crazy is he with infirmity,
He merely in his cave's mouth sits and sneers,
Grim grinning at poor pilgrims passing by,
Biting his nails because he cannot them come nigh.

XLIX.

So Christian, as I saw, went on his way ;
Yet when he that old mountebank did spy,
Who at the cave's mouth sat, day after day,
He knew not what to think, especially
Because, though he pursue could not, yet he
Unto him spake, and said, with bitter twang,
“Till more are burned, you ne'er will mended be.”
But Christian held his peace at this harangue,
And so went by and caught no harm. And then he sang :

“O, world of wonders ! (I can say no less),
That I should be preserved in that distress
That I have met with here ! O, blessed be
That hand that from it hath delivered me !
Dangers in darkness, devils, hell, and sin,
Did compass me, while I this vale was in ;
Yea, snares, and pits, and traps, and nets did lie
My path about, that worthless, silly I
Might have been catched, entangled, and cast down ;
But since I live, let Jesus wear the crown.”



CANTO V.

Christian o'ertakes one Faithful;
They talk of perils passed;
Find Talkative too shallow,
But part from him at last.

I.

Now Christian, as he journeyed on his way,
Came where had been cast up a slight ascent,
On purpose pilgrims might from thence survey
Their onward path. Up, therefore, Christian went,
And, looking forward, on his journey bent,
Saw Faithful. Then cried he aloud, "So ho!
Stay; I will join you, friend, with your consent."
Faithful at that behind him looked; and so
Then Christian cried again, "Stay, stay for me;" but no.

II.

Said Faithful, "No ; upon my life am I,
For sure the blood-avenger is behind."
Now Christian, somewhat moved at this reply,
Put to his utmost strength, and Faithful joined,
Ere long, and then outran him. So we find
The last was first. Then Christian did indeed
Vain-gloriously smile ; but, grown pride-blind,
Stumbled and fell, for want of proper heed ;
Nor could he rise again till Faithful gave him aid.

III.

Then in my dream I saw them both engage
In sweet discourse, along their loving way,
Of what had happened in their pilgrimage ;
And Christian thus began, without delay :
" Dear Faithful, honored brother, I must say
I'm glad I've overtaken you so rath,
That in our future journeyings we may,—
Since God our spirits kindly tempered hath,—
As meet companions walk in this so pleasant path."

IV.

Said Faithful, " My dear friend, your company
I thought I should have had when first begun
My journey ; but you got the start of me,
So I was forced to come thus far alone."
Said Christian, as conversing walked they on,
" How long might your stay in the city be
That's called Destruction, after I had gone,
Before you set yourself thus earnestly
On this your pilgrimage to follow after me ? "

v.

“Till I,” said Faithful, “could no longer stay ;
 For there was presently great talk, you see,
 When it was known that you had gone away,—
 How that our city home, from which we flee,
 With fire from heaven would shortly burnéd be.”
 Said Christian, “What ! your neighbors talk so too ?”
 “They did so talk,” said Faithful, “openly.”
 “But what !” said Christian ; “did none flee but you,
 T' escape destruction when such danger was in view ?”

vi.

Said Faithful, “Though there was, as I have said,
 A great talk there about the danger, yet
 I do not think that one of them was led
 To firmly credit this ; for in the heat
 Of their discourse I heard some lips repeat
 Your name, and speak deridingly of you ;
 A journey desperate they deemed it meet
 To call your pilgrimage ; believe I do
 Our city's end will be by fire and brimstone too.

vii.

“I, therefore, my escape with promptness made.”
 Said Christian, “But of neighbor Pliable
 No talk heard you ?” “Yes, Christian,” Faithful said ;
 “I heard he followed you a while, until
 He reached the Slough Despond, where in he fell.
 So some said ; so I think he must have done ;
 Of this, of course, there was no need to tell,
 For he was, though he would not have it known,
 Soundly bedabbled with the dirt found there alone.”

VIII.

“What said his neighbors to him?” Christian said.
 Faithful replied, “Since going back, he has
 Been very greatly in derision had
 By people of all sorts and every class.
 Some folks despise, some mock him as they pass ;
 Some will not give him work ; some him rebuke ;
 He's seven times worse than e'er before, alas !”
 “Why should they,” Christian said, “on him so look,
 Since they despise the way which he at length forsook?”

IX.

Faithful replied, “‘O, hang him,’ say they now ;
 ‘A turncoat is he ; yea, he was not true
 To his profession.’ God, I think, somehow
 Stirred up his enemies ; they hiss him, too ;
 Make him a proverb ; hold him up to view,
 Since, having started, he forsook the way.”
 Said Christian, “But no talk with him had you,
 Before you started out?” Said Faithful, “Nay ;
 I met him in the streets, but nothing did he say.

X.

“He leered away upon the other side,
 As one ashamed of that which he had done ;
 So I to him spake not.” Christian replied,
 “Well, when I first my pilgrimage begun,
 I did hope that man might to life be won ;
 But now I fear he'll perish in the fire
 By which the city will be burned anon.
 The dog his vomit doth again desire ;
 The sow returns, when washed, to wallowing in the mire.

xi.

“According to that proverb, old but true,
So hath it happened unto him, I see.”
Said Faithful, “These are my fears of him, too ;
But who can hinder that which is to be ?”
Then Christian changed the subject suddenly :
“ Well, neighbor Faithful, let us him forget,
And talk of things which more especially
Concern ourselves. Come, tell me what you've met ;
You met some things, or else a wonder be it writ.”

xii.

Thus Faithful answered : “ I escaped the slough
Which I perceived you fell in, and did get
Up to the gate without that danger ; though
With one whose name was Wanton once I met,
Who, bent on mischief, did my way beset.”
Christian responded, “ It was well for you,
That you, as Joseph did, escaped her net ;
Though his escape had nearly cost, 'tis true,
His very life. But what did she attempt to do ? ”

xiii.

“ You cannot think,” thus Faithful then replied,
“ With what a flattering tongue — unless you know —
She tempted me to turn with her aside ;
All manner of content would she bestow.”
Christian replied, “ Not a good conscience, though.”
“ No,” Faithful said, “ you know I mean not it,
But what content from carnal lust doth grow.”
“ Thank God,” said Christian, “ you escaped her net ;
They of the Lord abhorred shall fall into her pit.”

xiv.

Said Faithful, "Nay; I know not in the event
 Whether I did escape her wholly, though."

Said Christian, "Why, you did not sure consent
 To her desires, I trust." Said Faithful, "No,
 Not to defile myself; for, long ago,
 An ancient writing I had chanced to see,
 Which said, 'Her steps take hold on hell;' and so
 Mine eyes I shut, nor with her looks would be.
 Bewitched, but went my way, and then she railed on me."

xv.

"But met you not some other evils still,"
 Christian inquired, "as on your way you came?"

"Yes," Faithful said; "at foot of that tall hill,
 Which is as Difficulty known by name,
 I met an aged man with bended frame:
 'What art thou? Whither art thou bound?' asked he.
 I said, 'A pilgrim; Zion is my aim.'
 Said he, 'My honest fellow, wilt thou be,
 For wages I shall give, content to dwell with me?'

xvi.

"I asked his name, and where his home might be;
 Adam the First was called his name, he said,
 And in the township of Deceit dwelt he;
 I asked him, too, what sort of work he had,
 And what the wages he for service paid.
 Many delights, he said, his service was,
 For which I should at last his heir be made.
 I further asked what house he kept, and as
 He wished my service, asked what servants now he has.

XVII.

“ He told me that his house was furnished fair,
 With all the dainties this world doth contain ;
 His servants of his own begetting were.
 I asked, how many children had he then ;
 Three daughters only, answered he again —
 Lust of the Flesh, in blooming maidenhood ;
 Lust of the Eyes, admired by many men ;
 And Pride of Life, as fair as she was good ; —
 And all these daughters I might marry if I would.

XVIII.

“ I asked him then how long time he desired
 That I should live with him. He answered me,
 As long as he should live.” Christian inquired,
 “ To what conclusion, then, came you and he ? ”
 Said Faithful, “ Why, I found myself to be
 Inclined at first to follow where he leads ;
 I thought he spoke exceeding fair, you see ;
 But, looking in his forehead, while he pleads,
 I saw writ there, ‘ Put off the old man with his deeds.’ ”

XIX.

Said Christian, “ And how then ? ” Faithful replied,
 “ Then came it burning hot into my mind,
 Whate’er he said, however he applied
 His flattery to my heart, I still should find
 That when he got me home, he there would bind
 And sell me for a slave. ‘ I may offend,’
 Said I, ‘ but go I will not ’ — so declined.
 Then he, reviling, told me he would send
 One to annoy my way, unto the bitter end.

xx.

“ So then I thought to go from him away ;
 But just as thence I turned myself to go,
 I felt him on my flesh his strong hand lay ;
 And suddenly he twitched me backward so,
 I thought he'd got a part of me ; and, O !
 This made me cry, ‘ O, wretched man, I've sinned ! ’
 So up the hill I went, but sad and slow ;
 When nearly half way up, I looked behind,
 And saw one coming after, swifter than the wind.

xxi.

“ He overtook me just about the place
 Where stands the settle — ” Christian said, “ Just there
 I sat me down to rest ; to my disgrace, —
 O'ercome with sleep, and losing all my care, —
 I lost the roll I in my bosom bear ; — ”
 “ But hear me out, good brother,” Faithful said :
 “ When this man got to me, he did not spare ;
 'Twas but a word, and then a blow he sped,
 Which senseless knocked me down, and laid me out for
 dead.

xxii.

“ But coming to myself a little then,
 I asked him wherefore he had served me so ;
 He said, because I did in secret lean
 To Adam called the First. With that, a blow
 He struck me on the breast, which brought me low ;
 Then at his feet I lay as one that's slain.
 Revived, I begged he would some mercy show ;
 ‘ No mercy can I show to sinful men,’
 He answered ; and, with that, he knocked me down agair

xxiii.

“ And he had doubtless made an end of me,
 But one came by who bade the man forbear.”
 Christian, inquiring, said, “ But who was he ? ”
 “ His name,” said Faithful, “ I could not declare
 At first, but as he passed there did appear
 Holes in his hands and sides ; and then I knew
 Our Lord he was who did our sorrows share ;
 Then up the hill did I my way pursue.”
 Said Christian, “ Moses was the man who humbled you.

xxiv.

“ He spareth none, nor knows he how to show
 Mercy to any who the law transgress.”
 “ That,” Faithful answered, “ very well I know ;
 For that was not the first time, I confess,
 That he has plunged me into sore distress ;
 ’Twas he who came to me, when, free from care,
 I dwelt securely in my native place,
 And told me that my house he would not spare,
 But burn it o’er my head, if I continued there.”

xxv.

“ But did not you the house,” said Christian, “ see,
 On that hill’s top on whose ascending side
 Moses met you ? ” Said Faithful, readily,
 “ Yes ; and before I reached it, I espied
 The lions, too, which by the gate abide ;
 I thought they were asleep, if I have skill
 In judging, for ’twas then about noon-tide ;
 And, since so much of daylight lingered still,
 I passed the porter by, and travelled down the hill.”

xxvi.

“Indeed, he told me,” Christian promptly said,
 “He saw a man named Faithful passing by.
 You called not at the house ; I wish you had ;
 They would have showed to your delighted eye
 A thousand things of striking rarity,
 So marvellous and wonderful to see,
 You scarcely could, until the day you die,
 Forget them, surely. But now pray tell me,
 Met you nobody in the Vale Humility?”

xxvii.

“Yes,” Faithful said, “I met one Discontent,
 Who urged me back. The valley, in his view,
 Had not of honor any element ;
 To go that way would disoblige my true
 And ardent friends ; and Arrogancy, too,
 And Worldly Glory, Self-Conceit, he said,
 And Pride, and many others whom he knew,
 Would surely be offended, if I made
 Myself such fool as through the valley’s depths to wade.”

xxviii.

“Well,” Christian said, “how did your answer chime ?”
 Faithful replied, “I told him that although
 All these whom he had named might at one time
 Have kindred claimed with me, and rightly so, —
 By nature they were relatives, I know, —
 Yet since I entered on my pilgrimage,
 Have they disowned me, and I bade them go ;
 My heart and thoughts they now no more engage
 Than if they ne’er had been of mine own lineage.

XXIX.

“I told him, furthermore, I thought that he
 Did not describe the valley right at all ;
 For before honor comes humility,
 A haughty spirit, too, before a fall.
 Therefore, said I, I would much rather crawl
 This valley through, to honors which abide,
 Than choose what he thinks worthiest withal
 Of our affections.” Christian then replied,
 “But met you in that valley nothing else beside?”

XXX.

“Yes,” Faithful answered him ; “I met with Shame ;
 But he, of all I met upon my way,
 Doth bear, I think, the least appropriate name.
 All others whom I met would be said, Nay ;
 With them a little argument had sway,
 And somewhat else appended thereunto ;
 But bold-faced Shame none ever could gainsay,
 So bold withal was he, and shameless, too.”
 “Why,” Christian calmly said, “what did Shame say to
 you?”

XXXI.

“What?” Faithful said : “why, he at once began
 Against religion bitter taunts to fling ;
 Called it a sneaking business for a man
 To mind religion, he considering
 A tender conscience an unmanly thing ;
 Said, he who watched his words and ways for crimes,
 And tied himself up from that hectoring
 Brave spirits practise freely in all climes,
 Would make himself the butt and by-word of the times.

XXXII.

“ Yea, he objected that but few rich men,
Few great or mighty men, or men of lore,
Had ever of my own opinion been,
Nor e'en those few had held such views before
They were persuaded to be fools ; nay, more,
Be willing, too, for nobody knows what,
Their earthly all with fondness to give o'er.
Objections, too, made he to their base lot,
Who chiefly pilgrims were of their own times begot.

XXXIII.

“ He made objections to their ignorance
Of natural science, want of mental force,
And want of understanding and good sense,
And many more things than I here rehearse.
Whining and mourning under a discourse,
He said, was shame ; and homeward thence to go
Sighing and groaning, was, perhaps, still worse ;
Pardon to ask for petty faults was low,
And restitution to the wronged was doubly so.

XXXIV.

“ He also said, religion always made
A man grow very strange unto the great,
Because of some few vices which he had,
Which he by finer names did designate,
And made him with respect the base man treat,
Because he could the same religion show.
‘ Now is not this,’ he said, ‘ a shameful state?’ ”
“ What answer,” Christian said, “ did you bestow?”
Said Faithful, “ What to say at first I did not know.

xxxv.

“ Yea, he so put me to it, that my blood
Came up into my face ; once and again
Shame fetched it up, and had almost as good
As beat me off. But I bethought me then
That what is held in high esteem with men
Is in abomination had with God ;
Shame doth reveal what men are to my ken,
But still he tells — which strikes my mind as odd —
Nothing of what God is, nor of the gospel code.

xxxvi.

“ I thought, moreover, at the coming day
Of doom we shall not, or to live or die,
Be sentenced just as worldly spirits say,
Who now in hectoring themselves outvie ;
But as seems wisest to the King Most High,
Whose law is framed in truth and equity :
Therefore, what God pronounces best, thought I,
Is best, indeed, for mortal man like me,
Though all men in the world should set against it be.

xxxvii.

“ Then, seeing God prefers religion far,
Seeing a tender conscience man behooves,
That they who fools become for his sake are
The wisest, since their conduct God approves,
And that the poor man who the Savior loves
Is richer than the greatest man whose heart
Him hates, and from his precepts far removes, —
‘ I bid thee, Shame, at once from me depart,
For thou a dangerous foe to my salvation art.

XXXVIII.

“ ‘ And shall I venture thee to entertain
 Against my Sovereign and his blessed word ?
 How shall I meet him at his coming then ?
 How face to face appear before my Lord ?
 How can I look for blessing or reward ,
 If of his ways and servants I should be
 Ashamed now ? Such hope would be absurd ! ’
 But , ah ! this villain , Shame , so bold was he ,
 I scarce could rid myself of his bad company .

XXXIX.

“ Yea , he would haunt me , be before my eyes ,
 And whisper in my ear , continually ,
 Of some or other of th’ infirmities
 Which oft attendant on religion be .
 At last I told him that in vain would he
 Farther proceed ; for in whatever thing
 He most disdained , I did most glory see .
 At last I passed this shameless scatterling ;
 And he once shaken off , I then began to sing . —

“ The trials that those men do meet withal ,
 That are obedient to the heavenly call ,
 Are manifold , and suited to the flesh ,
 And come , and come , and come again afresh ,
 That now , or some time else , we by them may
 Be taken , overcome , and cast away .
 O , let the pilgrims , let the pilgrims , then ,
 Be vigilant , and quit themselves like men . ”

XL.

Christian replied, " My brother, I am glad
 This villain thou so bravely hast withstood ;
 For he, of all, I think, as thou hast said,
 The wrong name hath, for he is bold and rude ;
 He in the streets doth on our steps obtrude ;
 Us would he put to shame before all men ;
 That is, make us ashamed of what is good.
 If he were not himself audacious, then,
 He would not, as he does, himself so low demean.

XLI.

" Let us resist him, though he brags and blares,
 For none else but the fool promoteth he.
 ' The wise,' said Solomon, ' are glory's heirs ;
 But shame of fools shall the promotion be.'"
 Faithful made answer thus : " I think that we,
 For help to conquer Shame, to Him must cry
 Who us would have contend most valiantly
 For truth on earth." " True," Christian makes reply ;
 " But met you there none else ? " " No," Faithful said,
 " not I.

XLII.

" For in that valley sunshine on me played,
 All the remainder of my journey through,
 And also through the Valley of Death's Shade."
 Christian responded, " That was well for you.
 I had experience of a darker hue ;
 A combat long and dreadful as could be,
 Almost on entering that valley, too,
 Had I with that foul fiend, Apollyon. Yea,
 I surely thought one time he would have murdered me.

XLIII.

“Especially when he had me got down,
 And crushed me under him, as if he would
 Crush me to pieces ; for, as I was thrown,
 My sword flew from my hand, and, in the feud,
 He told me he was sure I was subdued ;
 In my distress, I cried to God for aid ;
 He heard, and granted that for which I sued.
 Then entered I the Valley of Death's Shade,
 And almost half way through no cheering light I had.

XLIV.

“I thought I there should surely killed have been,
 Over and over ; but at last came day :
 Up rose the sun ; with far more quiet, then,
 I went through the remainder of the way.” —
 I saw, moreover, in my dream, as they
 Went onward, Faithful soon a man described,
 Named Talkative, in pilgrim-like array,
 And walking at a distance by their side ;
 For here was room for all, because the way was wide.

XLV.

Tall man he was, and somewhat more possessed
 Of comeliness at distance than at hand ;
 To this man Faithful thus himself addressed :
 “Whither-away, friend ? to the heavenly land ?”
 “Thither my way,” said Talkative, “is planned.”
 “That,” Faithful said, “is well ; so hope I we
 Shall have your company, you understand.”
 “With very good will,” promptly answered he,
 “Will I in this your journey your companion be.”

XLVI.

“Come, then,” said Faithful, “let us go, and spend Our time, as we are walking side by side, Discoursing to some profitable end.”

“To talk of things,” thus Talkative replied, “That in themselves are good, I’m satisfied, Will always be acceptable to me, With you, or any who are qualified ; And glad am I to meet you, and that we To such good work incline, and thus so well agree.

XLVII.

“For, truth to speak, there are but few who care To spend their time thus in their travelling, But much prefer in vainer talk to share, Of things which tend not to their profiting ; And this hath troubled me.” “That is a thing To be lamented,” Faithful said. “’Tis odd ; For what theme can the human tongue e’er bring, Or mouth of mortal man who earth hath trod, So worthy as the things of heaven’s Eternal God ?”

XLVIII.

Said Talkative, “I like you wondrous well, For full conviction do your words convey ; And what thing is so pleasant, who can tell, And what so profitable, any way, As ’tis to talk of things divine, I pray ? What things so pleasant ? that is, if a man Delight in matters wonderful, I say ; For instance, doth delight to talk, and can, Of history or mystery, and such things scan.

XLIX.

“Or if a man his time and breath inclined
On wonders, miracles, or signs to spend,
Where, as in Holy Scripture, shall he find
Things so delightful and so sweetly penned?”
Faithful replied, “All that is true, my friend,
But by such talking to be profited
Should be our main design and chiefest end.”

“That's it,” said Talkative, “that's what I said:
To talk such things may be most profitable made.

L.

“For by so doing man may knowledge get
Of many things; as, of the vanity
Of earthly things, and of the benefit
Of things above. Thus is it generally.
To speak with more particularity,
By this a man may learn the pressing need
Of the new birth; the insufficiency
Of all our works before the law to plead;
And that Christ's righteousness the best robe is indeed.

LI.

“Besides, by this a man may learn what 'tis
To suffer, to repent, believe, and pray,
And what the great and precious promises
And consolations gospel truths convey,
To his own comfort. Learn by this he may
To right the wrong, to vindicate the true,
And teach the erring ignorant the way.”

“All this,” said Faithful, “I acknowledge, too,
And very glad am I to hear these things from you.”

LII.

Said Talkative, " The want of this, alas !
 Is reason why so few have entertained
 The need of faith and of renewing grace,
 That life eternal may by them be gained,
 But ignorantly live in works maintained
 According to the law, by which no man
 The heavenly kingdom ever yet obtained ;
 By which, I add, that, since the world began,
 As no man hath obtained, so no man ever can."

LIII.

" But, by your leave," said Faithful, " it must be
 The gift of God these heavenly things to know ;
 No man attains, by human industry,
 That knowledge, nor doth talk the boon bestow."
 Said Talkative, " I knew that long ago ;
 For nothing man receives, but, in my view,
 The gracious boon from heaven itself doth flow.
 All is of grace, not works ; I could give you
 A hundred Scripture texts, confirmatory too."

LIV.

" Well, then," said Faithful, " what one thing shall we
 At this time take, to found discourse upon ?"
 " Whate'er you will," said Talkative, " suits me ;
 Of heavenly things, or earthly ; all is one ;
 Of evangelical or moral tone ;
 Of past or present, sacred or profane ;
 Of things at home, or foreign things alone ;
 Of things more vital, or of things inane ; —
 Provided it be done so we may profit gain."

LV.

And now was Faithful much to wonder led ;
 So, stepping up to Christian, — seeing he
 Walked by himself the while, — he softly said,
 “ Why, what a brave companion here have we !
 Excellent pilgrim he will make, I see.”
 Christian, at this, indulged a modest smile,
 And said, “ This man, with whom you seem to be
 So taken, with his tongue will sure beguile
 Twenty of them who know nought of the fellow’s style.”

LVI.

Said Faithful, “ Ah, and do you know him, then ? ”
 “ Know him ! ” said Christian, “ yes ; and through and
 through.”
 “ Pray, then, what is he ? ” Faithful asked again.
 “ His name is Talkative ; he dwelleth, too, ”
 Said Christian, “ in our town. I wonder you
 Are stranger to him, though our town is one
 Which is quite large.” Said Faithful, “ Would I knew
 Whose son he is, what street he lives upon.”
 “ He, ” answered Christian, “ is one Mr. Say-well’s son.

LVII.

“ He dwelt in former days in Prating Row ;
 Is known to his acquaintances, by name,
 As Talkative of Prating Row ; and though
 His ready tongue fine sentences can frame,
 A sorry fellow is he, to his shame.”
 “ A very pretty man he seems to be, ”
 Said Faithful. “ That is, ” Christian said, “ to them
 Not yet acquainted with him thoroughly ;
 He’s best abroad ; at home, ugly enough is he.

LVIII.

“Your saying that he seems a pretty man
 Reminds me of a painter’s pictures ; placed
 Too near, they seem quite coarse, and very plain,
 But always at a distance show the best.”
 Said Faithful, “I incline to think you jest,
 Because you smiled.” Said Christian, “God forbid
 That jesting here should enter in my breast,
 Or any should be wronged by me, or chid
 By false report, though smile I freely own I did.

LIX.

“And to discover him still more to view,
 This man likes any talk or company ;
 For as he now talks piously with you,
 So will his talk upon the ale-bench be.
 The more of drink within his crown hath he,
 The more he talks. Religion comes not nigh
 His heart or house ; for, most assuredly,
 All he possesses in his tongue doth lie,
 And his religion is, to make a noise thereby.”

LX.

Faithful responded, “Say you so ? Then I
 Am much deceived in him, in various ways.”
 “Deceived !” said Christian, “that, you may rely,
 You are ; remember what the proverb says,—
 ‘They say, and do not ;’ for in power, not phrase,
 God’s kingdom doth consist. He talks of faith,
 Repentance, the new birth, of prayer and praise,
 And yet, alas ! he neither of them hath,
 Nor knoweth in these things aught save to spend his breath.

LXI.

“ I in his family have been, forsooth,
Observed him when at home and when abroad ;
And what I say of him I know is truth.
His house is empty of the fear of God,
As is the white part of an egg, that's sod,
Of any savor. In his family
There is no prayer ; no sign in his abode
Of penitence for sin. The brute is free,
Yet, in his kind, serves God more faithfully than he.

LXII.

“ The stain is he, reproach, and very shame
Of true religion unto all who know
His inconsistent life. Nor a good name,
Nor scarce a good word any doth bestow
Upon religion, when or where you go,
At that end of the town whence he hath come,
His conduct doth belie his talking so ;
And hence the people say — at least so some —
That though a saint abroad, he devil is at home.

LXIII.

“ His household find it so. Such churl is he,
Such railer, so unreasonable, too,
With those who serve him in his family,
They neither know how they for him should do,
Or to him speak, lest harsh words should ensue.
Men that have any dealings with him say —
And what such people say is doubtless true —
'Tis better dealing with a Turk, for they,
In dealing with a Turk should get much fairer play.

LXIV.

“ This Talkative, if possible it be,
 Will go beyond them, and defraud, beguile,
 And overreach them ; and, moreover, he
 Brings up his sons to follow in his style ;
 And if in any one of them, meanwhile,
 He finds a foolish timorousness, — for so
 He calls a tender conscience, — he'll revile,
 And call them fools and blockheads, and will show
 But little trust in them, nor any praise bestow.

LXV.

“ He, by his wicked life, I'm confident,
 Has caused the fall of many heretofore,
 And surely will, if God does not prevent,
 Become the ruin yet of many more.”
 Said Faithful, “ Well, my brother, on this score
 I must believe you, since the man you know,
 And, like a Christian, false reports abhor.
 I cannot think you speak the things you do
 Out of ill will to him, but just because they're true.”

LXVI.

“ Had I not known him better,” Christian said,
 Than he was known by you, I might have got
 Th' impression you got first ; or had I had
 This sad report from lips with hatred fraught
 Against religion, then I should have thought
 It had been slander, such as oft the bad
 Let fall upon the good, their names to blot ;
 But all these faults, and many more as sad,
 I can myself attest, without another's aid.

LXVII.

“ Besides, of this man good men are ashamed ;
 Nor brother by them called, nor friend is he ;
 If him they know, they blush when he is named
 Among them.” “ Well,” said Faithful, “ it must be
 Saying and doing are two things, I see ;
 This I shall note.” Said Christian, “ Two indeed
 They are, distinct as soul and body ; yea,
 As is the body when the soul hath fled,
 So saying, if alone, is as a carcass dead.

LXVIII.

“ Religion doth her soul in deeds express ;
 Religion pure and undefiled before
 God and the Father is ; the fatherless,
 Whose cup with grief and anguish runneth o'er,
 And widows, who their cherished dead deplore,
 To visit in affliction, and to keep
 Himself unspotted from the world ; yea, more,
 We must be doers of the word, to reap
 Religion's sweet rewards ; yea, weep with those that weep.

LXIX.

“ But Talkative is not aware of this ;
 Hearing and saying, he presumes, will make
 A real Christian, but presumes amiss,
 And thus deceives his soul by his mistake.
 Hearing, with all one's faculties awake,
 Is simply as the sowing of the seed ;
 Talking is not sufficient, though one spake
 With angel-tongue, to prove that fruit indeed
 Is in the heart and life ; some surer sign we need.

LXX.

“ Let us assure ourselves, lest then we mourn,
 That men at doomsday judgment shall receive
 According to the fruits which they have borne ;
 It will not then be said, Did you believe ?
 But, Did your mortal lives good acts achieve,
 Or were you talkers only ? Their award
 Shall be, accordingly, to joy or grieve.
 The world's end to our harvest is compared ;
 And men, you know, at harvest nought but fruit regard.

LXXI.

“ Nought that is not of faith, 'tis hereby meant,
 Can be accepted then. But this I say,
 To make appear how insignificant
 Will Talkative's profession be that day.”
 Said Faithful, “ This reminds me of the way
 By which the clean beast always may be known,
 As Moses saith in Deuteronomy :
 He that parts hoof and chews the cud is one ;
 Not he that parts the hoof, or chews the cud, alone.

LXXII.

“ The hare, that chews the cud, is yet unclean,
 Because, forsooth, he parteth not the hoof ;
 How this resembleth Talkative is seen :
 He chews the cud ; this furnishes a proof
 He seeketh knowledge, chews the word enough,
 Yet still unparted doth the hoof remain ;
 He doth not stand from sinners' ways aloof,
 But, as the hare, he likewise doth retain
 The foot of dog or bear, and, like them, is profane.”

LXXXIII.

“ You have, for aught that I know,” Christian said,
 “ Of these texts spoken the true gospel sense ;
 And I to these another thing will add :
 Paul counteth some — yea, men of eloquence —
 As sounding brass and tinkling cymbals ; hence —
 As he expounds them in another place —
 Things without life, which merely sound dispense ;
 Things without life, that is to their disgrace,
 Devoid of living faith, or genuine gospel grace.

LXXXIV.

“ And, consequently, things we ne'er shall see
 Placed in the kingdom of the Lord, among
 Life's children, though their sound in talking be
 As if it were an angel's voice or tongue.”
 “ Well,” Faithful said, “ I was not very strong,
 At first, in favor of his company ;
 I now am sick of it, nor would prolong
 The man's companionship ; but what shall we
 Do to be rid of him, since such a man is he ? ”

LXXXV.

Christian replied, “ Take my advice, and do
 As I now bid you, and you soon shall find
 He sick will be of your acquaintance too,
 Unless God touch his heart and change his mind.”
 “ How shall I do,” said Faithful, “ and be kind ? ”
 “ Go,” Christian said, “ and with him hold discourse
 About religion's power, if he's inclined,
 And ask him, when that power he doth indorse,
 If he in house or heart hath ever felt its force.”

LXXVI.

Then forward Faithful stepped again, and cried
 To Talkative, "Come, Talkative, what cheer?
 How is it now?" Thus Talkative replied :
 " Well, thank you ; but I thought it did appear
 We should have had much conversation here,
 By this time." " Well," said Faithful, " so will we
 Now, if you please. To state the question clear,
 Let it be this, since it is left with me, —
 How may God's saving grace in man discovered be?"

LXXVII.

" Then I perceive," said Talkative, " our talk
 Must be about the power of things. 'Tis well ;
 That a good question is ; and as we walk,
 My views in answer I will briefly tell,
 Yes, very willingly ; and, not to dwell,
 First, where the grace of God is in the heart,
 It doth great outcry against sin compel ;
 Second —" " Nay, hold," said Faithful ; " at the start,
 Let us discuss one point from all the rest apart.

LXXVIII.

" Grace doth incline the soul to hate its sin,
 Is what, I think, you should the rather say." " Said Talkative, " What difference between
 Decrying sin and hating it, I pray ?" " O, a great deal," said Faithful ; " for one may
 Against sin cry, from policy or pride ;
 He hates it only from antipathy. Some from the pulpit have against sin cried,
 Who can in heart and house the evil well abide.

LXXIX.

“ So with loud voice did Joseph’s mistress cry,
 As if extremely holy she had been ;
 But, notwithstanding that, she willingly
 Would have committed that which was unclean.
 Some, too, there are, who cry out against sin,
 Just as the mother calls her child a slut,
 While in her lap, and naughty girl, and then
 Not only falls to hugging fondly, but
 To kissing it ; and thus her words her deeds refute.”

LXXX.

Said Talkative, “ You in the catch delight,
 As I perceive.” “ No,” Faithful said, “ not I ;
 I only am disposed to set things right.
 But what is now the second thing whereby
 You would attempt to prove discovery
 Of grace wrought in the heart ? ” Talkative said,
 “ Great knowledge of all gospel mystery.”
 “ This sign,” said Faithful, “ should the other lead ;
 But, first or last, this sign is likewise false indeed.

LXXXI.

“ For knowledge, yea, great knowledge, may be got
 Of many gospel mysteries, and yet
 No work of grace within the soul be wrought ;
 Yea, though a man all kinds of knowledge get,
 He may remain still unregenerate,
 And consequently cannot God’s child be.
 Said Christ, when washed he his disciples’ feet,
 ‘ Know ye all these things ? ’ and they answered, ‘ Yea.’
 ‘ Blessed are ye, then, if ye do them,’ added he.

LXXXII.

“ Not in the knowing doth the blessing lie,
 But in the doing them ; for there is still
 A knowledge which no doing doth imply ;
 As it is said, ‘ He knows his Master’s will,
 And does it not.’ Man may have angel skill
 To know, yet be no Christian ; so here, too,
 Your sign of the discovery is ill.
 Talkers and boasters may be pleased, ’tis true,
 To know, but God prefers to have his children do.

LXXXIII.

“ Not that the hearts of men can e’er be good
 Without some knowledge to illume their minds ;
 For without knowledge, be it understood,
 The heart of man is naught. There are two kinds
 Of knowledge, therefore : one, which always blinds,
 In empty speculation merely rests ;
 The other, every true believer finds,
 With those sweet graces, faith and love, consists ;
 And this to do God’s will the heart itself enlists.

LXXXIV.

“ The first of these will serve the talker’s turn,
 The Christian, for content, the other needs ;
 ‘ Give me but understanding, I shall learn
 To keep thy law ; ’ tis thus the Psalmist pleads ;
 ‘ Yea, its observance then my whole heart heeds.’ ”
 Said Talkative, “ You catch again, I see ;
 This doth not edify.” Faithful proceeds :
 “ Well, name another sign where grace may be.”
 Said Talkative, “ Not I ; I see we shan’t agree.”

LXXXV.

“ Well, if,” said Faithful, “ you will not, shall I?”
 “ You may,” said Talkative, “ your freedom use.”
 Then, thus permitted, Faithful made reply :
 “ Grace in the soul, according to my views,
 Discovereth itself where it renews,
 Either to him who hath, or who hath not ;
 To him who hath it, thus : for sin ensues
 Conviction, whence damnation is begot,
 If mercy finds in faith no sovereign antidote.

LXXXVI.

“ This sight, this sense of his depravity,
 Defilement, and the sin of unbelief,
 Sorrow and shame for sin, effectually
 In him doth work. In him, revealed as chief,
 He finds the Savior ; feels, in his deep grief,
 The absolute necessity, indeed,
 Of closing with him for his life : in brief,
 Hungerings and thirstings thereupon succeed,
 To which, in God’s good book, the promise fair we read.

LXXXVII.

“ And now, according as his faith doth prove
 Or weak or strong in his Redeemer, so
 His joy and peace are ; so, too, are his love
 To holiness, and his desires to know
 And serve him more and better here below.
 But, though it doth itself discover thus,
 He seldom can conclude ’tis grace ; for, O,
 An evil heart and reason’s sad abuse
 Do make his mind misjudge a matter so abstruse.

LXXXVIII.

“ Therefore, in him that hath this work there is
 A judgment sound required in every case,
 Before he safely can conclude that this
 Is, on the whole, a genuine work of grace.
 Made known to others 'tis, in the first place,
 By an experimental and sincere
 Confession of his faith in Christ, in face
 Of foes ; and second, by a life's career
 Which doth of his confession make the meaning clear.

LXXXIX.

“ Which life must answer what he doth confess ;
 A life of holiness in him must be
 Both heart and conversation holiness,
 And holiness, too, in his family,
 If family he hath, which generally
 Bids him his sin abhor, its vileness note ;
 Abhor himself for sinning inwardly ;
 Sin in his house to banishment devote,
 And in the world at large true holiness promote.

xc.

“ Not by talk only, as a man may do
 Who doth a hypocrite loquacious prove,
 But by a practical subjection to
 The power of God's word both in faith and love.
 If you, sir, this description disapprove
 Of grace and its discovery, before
 Proceeding, your objections I'll remove ;
 So state them, if you have them, I implore ;
 If not, then give me leave to ask one question more.”

xcI.

“Nay,” Talkative replied, “my part now is
 Not to object, but hear; so, therefore, name
 Your second question.” Faithful said, “‘Tis this:
 Do you of this first part experience claim?
 And doth your outward life attest the same?
 And doth your conversation witness give
 That you this grace possess? or, to your shame,
 In word and tongue does your religion live,
 And not in deed and truth? What say you, Talkative?

xcII.

“If you incline to answer me in this,
 Say nought but what you know the God on high
 Will say amen to; that is, nought amiss—
 Nothing your conscience cannot justify;
 He who commends himself is not thereby
 Approved, but whom the Lord of all commends.
 Besides, to say that thus and thus am I,
 When all my conversation, neighbors, friends,
 Tell me I lie, shows me intent on wicked ends.”

xcIII.

Then Talkative at first to blush began;
 Recovering himself, he thus replied:
 “Now to experience and to conscience, man,
 Come you, to God appealing, too, beside,
 In what is spoken to be justified.
 No such discourse expected was by me;
 Such questions I prefer to turn aside;
 Nor am I bound to answer them, you see,
 Unless my catechiser you assume to be.”

xciv.

“ And though you should do so, I surely may
 Refuse to make you judge of what I do.
 But why such questions ask you me, I pray ? ”
 “ Because,” said Faithful, “ I perceived that you
 Were prompt in talking, and, for aught I knew,
 You had nought else but notion ; that is why.
 To tell you all the truth, 'tis told me, too,
 Your whole religion lies in talk, and I
 Have heard your life doth give what you profess the lie.

xcv.

“ You among Christians are a spot, they say ;
 They say religion for your talk fares worse ;
 That some have stumbled at your wicked way,
 And more are still in danger of the curse.
 For your religion, not at all averse
 To alehouses, to covetousness, and
 Profanity, and lying, and perverse
 And evil company, with these joins hand,
 And both together seem consistently to stand.

xcvi.

“ As of the harlot saith the proverb true,
 She to all women is a constant shame,
 So a reproach and constant shame are you
 To all who bear the Christian's holy name.”
 To him did Talkative this answer frame :
 “ Since you adopt all these reports as true,
 And judge of me so rashly, and defame,
 A peevish, melancholy man are you,
 Not fit, I think, to be discoursed with ; so, adieu.”

xcvii.

Then up came Christian, and to Faithful said,
 “I told you, brother, just how it would be ;
 He of your searching questions was afraid.
 His lusts and your plain words could not agree ;
 He would much rather leave your company
 Than try to mend his life. But he is gone —
 Gone, as I said ; and let him go ; for he
 Has saved us going and leaving him alone ;
 We need not mourn ; the loss is no one's but his own.

xcviii.

“For he, as I have no doubt he will do,
 Continuing as he is, would but have been
 A blot upon our company clear through ;
 Besides, th' apostle saith of all such men,
 ‘From such withdraw thyself.’” Said Faithful then,
 “I'm glad we had this good talk with him here ;
 It may be he will think of it again.
 I have with him dealt plainly, without fear ;
 So if he perish now, I of his blood am clear.”

xcix.

Said Christian, “ You did well to talk to him
 As plainly as you did ; for nowadays
 Too many men their conversation trim,
 To save plain dealing, by their honeyed phrase ;
 Whose conduct is deserving much dispraise.
 Hence many to iniquity do cling,
 And walk in folly's dark and dangerous ways ;
 Objections, hence, to our religion spring,
 Which make it in some nostrils seem a stinking thing.

c.

“ These fools, whose whole religion lies in word,
 In conversation are debauched and vain ;
 Yet they, since Christians fellowship accord,
 Puzzle the world ; the Christian name they stain,
 And grieve the sincere soul. Would all as plain
 With such would be as you have been ; then they
 Should more conform to true religion's plan,
 Or else the company of saints who pray
 Would be too hot for them.” Then thus did Faithful say :

“ How Talkative at first lifts up his plumes !
 How bravely doth he speak ! How he presumes
 To drive down all before him ! But so soon
 As Faithful talks of heart-work, like the moon
 That's past the full, into the wane he goes ;
 And so will all but he that heart-work knows.”

cr.

Thus went they onward towards their journey's end,
 Talking of things which they had heard or seen,
 Familiarly, as friend doth talk with friend,
 And so made easy that way which had been
 Quite tedious otherwise to travel in.
 Sweet Christian intercourse that tediousness
 Beguiled, however, and the hope to win
 Mount Zion's city did their glad hearts bless,
 Though now their journey lay through such lone wilder-
 ness.



CANTO VI.

The pilgrims are arrested,
And tried in Vanity Fair;
Christian escapes, but Faithful
Becomes a martyr there.

I.

Now when these pilgrims were got almost quite
Out of the wilderness they journeyed through,
His eye cast Faithful back, and, just in sight,
Espied one coming after, whom he knew.
Said Faithful, "Who comes yonder?" At first view,
Him answered Christian, "It is my good friend,
Evangelist!" "Ay," Faithful said, "mine too;
For towards the gate 'twas he who me did send."

Thus cordial greeting doth Evangelist extend:—

II.

“ Peace be with you, belovéd, and peace be
 To all your helpers.” “ Welcome,” Christian said,
 “ Welcome, my good Evangelist; to see
 Thy countenance my memory doth aid.
 For my eternal good, unweariéd
 Have been thy labors and thy kindnesses.”

• A thousand welcomes, too, good Faithful sped:
 “ Thy company, Evangelist, doth bless

Poor pilgrims such as we, as words cannot express.”

III.

Evangelist then said, “ How hath it fared
 With you, my friends, since last our parting day?
 What have you met with, and what dangers shared,
 And how have you behaved yourselves, I pray?”
 Of all that chanced befall them in the way,
 Christian and Faithful told him; also how
 And with what various difficulty they
 At that place had arrived. All which to know,
 Rejoiced the heart of good Evangelist; and so—

IV.

Said he, “ To hear of this right glad am I;
 Not that you met with trials and delay,
 But overcame them so triumphantly,
 And have till now continued in the way,
 In spite of weakness. I am glad, I say,
 For mine own sake and yours, with joy devout:
 I sowed, and you have reaped; there comes a day
 When he that sows, and they who reap, no doubt
 Together shall rejoice; that is, if you hold out.

v.

“ For in due season ye shall reap, if ye
 Faint not,’ the Scripture saith, and not in vain.
 Before you, incorruptible, I see
 The fadeless crown. So run as to obtain ;
 For some set out this glorious crown to gain,
 Who, having gone far for it, tired have grown ;
 Another comes and takes it from them then.
 Hold that fast, therefore, which you count your own ;
 As saith the word of God, ‘ Let no man take your crown.’

vi.

“ Not out of Satan’s gunshot are you yet ;
 Not yet resisted unto blood have ye,
 In striving against sin. Before you let
 The kingdom always be, and steadfastly
 In things invisible believers be ;
 Let nought this side the other world, as pride,
 E’er get within you, and, above all, see
 Well to your hearts, wherein deceit doth hide,
 And desperate wickedness and sinful lusts abide.

vii.

“ And set your faces like a flint ; all power
 In heaven and earth you have upon your side.”
 His exhortations Christian thanked him for,
 But asked him to foretell some things beside,
 Since well they knew he sometimes prophesied,
 And could inform them how they might resist
 And overcome what ills might them betide.
 Faithful assented, too, to this request ;
 And so as follows here began Evangelist : —

VIII.

“ My sons, you both have often heard, I trust,
 In words of gospel truth, in language plain,
 How to the kingdom of the Lord you must,
 Through many tribulations, entrance gain ;
 Yes ; and the blessed Scripture saith again,
 That bonds and sore afflictions you abide
 In every city ; therefore it were vain
 Long on your pilgrimage to hope to glide,
 Except they, in some form or other, you betide.

IX.

“ Already you, no doubt, have something found
 Of all these testimonies' truthfulness
 Upon you ; soon much more will they abound ;
 For now, escaped this dreary wilderness
 You see you almost are, and the next place
 To which you come a town will be, which you
 Will soon before you see, as you progress.
 You there will be by foes assaulted, who
 To kill you will strain hard, and do all they can do.

X.

“ And you of this thing may be sure,” he said,
 “ That one or both of you, undoubtedly,
 For Zion's King must seal, with your blood shed,
 The testimony you to hold agree.
 But be ye faithful unto death, and He
 A crown of life upon your brow will set.
 He who shall die there, though unnatural be
 His death, and great his pain perhaps, he yet
 The better of his fellow in the end shall get, —

xi.

“ Because he first will reach the heavenly gate,
 And many miseries escape, which still
 The other in his journey shall await.
 But when you come to town, and they fulfil
 What I have here related, as they will,
 Remember then your friend with gratitude,
 And quit yourselves like men. ‘ In doing well,
 Commit the keeping of your souls to God,
 As unto a Creator, faithful, just, and good.’ ” —

xii.

Then saw I in my dream that presently,
 When they had passed the wilderness, they there
 Saw just before a town named Vanity,
 Whereat a fair is kept, called Vanity Fair,
 Which fair is always kept throughout the year.
 The name of Vanity Fair is said to be
 Its name because the town is light as air ;
 And all that's bought or sold herein agree,
 As saith the wise man, “ All that comes is vanity.”

xiii.

No new-erected business, let me say,
 But of an ancient standing, is this fair.
 About five thousand years have passed away
 Since pilgrims, as these honest two men are,
 Walking to Zion's glorious city were :
 Beelzebub, Apollyon, Legion, they
 Contrived to set a fair up here, just where —
 Observing pilgrims on their heavenly way —
 They saw their path direct to Zion's city lay.

xiv.

Now in this fair no trade was contraband ;
The fair continued was throughout the year ;
Such merchandise was sold as houses, land,
Trades, places, honors and preferments dear ;
Lusts, titles, countries, kingdoms, pleasures, gear,
Delights of all sorts to be named or thought ;
Wives, husbands, children, harlots, too, were here ;
Blood, masters, servants, lives, were sold and bought ;
Bodies, souls, silver, gold, pearls, rubies, and what not.

xv.

Here, at all times, by any one not blind,
Are witnessed jugglings, cheats, games, fools, and plays,
Apes, knaves, and rogues, and that of every kind ;
Here, too, for nothing may be seen, all days,
False swearers, murders, thefts, adulteries,
And that of blood-red hue. And, as in fairs
Of lesser moment, the observers gaze
On several rows and streets, and name each bears,
Wherein are cheaply vended various sorts of wares, —

xvi.

So, likewise, here the proper rows abound,
Streets, places, —namely, countries, kingdoms, —where
The wares of this fair soonest may be found ;
For instance ; first the Britain Row is here ;
The French Row next in order doth appear ;
Next, th' Italian Row a place doth hold ;
The traffic of the Spanish Row is near ;
Then comes the German Row, where manifold
And divers sorts of wares and vanities are sold.

XVII.

But as in other fairs, some one oft stands
As chief of all commodities, so here
The showy merchandise of Rome commands
Attention to her several sorts of ware,
And greatly is promoted in this fair ;
Only our English nation, and, may be,
Some others, this promotion cannot bear,
But take dislike thereat, and seem to see
In all the wares of Rome nought else but vanity.

XVIII.

The way to the Celestial City lies
Straight through this township, as I said, just where
This lusty fair is kept ; and he who tries
To reach that city, and go not through there,
Must needs go from the world. When here,
The Prince of princes did himself go through,
To his own country, this same thoroughfare ;
Yes ; and he went upon a fair-day, too,
In spite of all the harm Beelzebub could do.

XIX.

I think Beelzebub, the chief lord there,
His vanities to buy did him entreat ;
Yea, would have made him Lord of all the fair,
Had he but done the reverence requisite.
So high in rank was he, from street to street
Him led Beelzebub ; before his eye
Showed all the kingdoms of the world complete,
And sought to tempt his Blesséd Majesty
Some of his vanities to cheapen and to buy.

xx.

But howe'er cheap they might be sold or bought,
The Prince no mind had to the merchandise,
And therefore left the town, expending not
A single farthing on these vanities.
This fair an ancient matter, therefore, is,
Of standing long, and very great indeed.
Now, since the pathway to the city lies
Right through this town, these pilgrims, as I said,
Must needs go through this fair. Well, so indeed they did.

xxi.

But, lo ! as entered they into the fair,
All people in the fair began to brawl ;
The very town itself was, as it were,
Thrown into hubbub neither slight nor small,
And that for several reasons. First of all,
The pilgrims in such raiment were arrayed
As, in the fair, was counted whimsical,
And unlike theirs who in that fair did trade ;
Therefore the people all great gazing on them made.

xxii.

Some called them fools, some bedlams broke away ;
Some said they were outlandish men. And then,
Secondly, at their language wondered they,
As they had done when they their garb had seen ;
For few could understand what they did mean,
Seeing they spoke in Canaan's language there,
While those that kept the fair were this world's men ;
So from one end to the other of the fair,
They each to other seemed as they barbarians were.

XXIII.

Thirdly : but what did specially amuse
 The merchandisers was, these pilgrims by
 Their wares set very light. They did not choose
 So much as e'en to cast on them their eye ;
 If any tradesman called on them to buy,
 Their fingers quickly in their ears were driven ;
 " Turn off mine eyes from vanity," they cry ;
 Then upward to the skies one look was given,
 To signify their trade and traffic were in heaven.

XXIV.

One who beheld the carriage of the men
 Chanced mockingly to say, " What will ye buy ? "
 But they looked on them very gravely. Then,
 " We buy the truth," they answered, in reply.
 This made the people more the men decry ;
 Some called on other men to smite them there,
 Some mocked, some taunted, spake reproachfully.
 At last, so great the hubbub in the fair,
 Disorder and confusion triumphed everywhere.

XXV.

Now word was brought the great one of the fair
 Immediately, and quickly down he came ;
 Some of his friends most trusty found he there,
 Whom he deputed to examine them,
 As being for the hubbub all to blame.
 So they to be examined forth were led,
 When those who sat upon them asked their name,
 Whence came they, whither went, and what they did,
 In passing through the fair so strangely habited.

xxvi.

Pilgrims and strangers in the world were they,
The men told them, nor did they blush for shame ;
They were to their own country on their way,
Which was their heavenly home, Jerusalem ;
That they had no occasion given them,
Nor yet the merchandisers there, forsooth,
Thus to abuse and hinder them, and blame,
Except that when one asked, devoid of ruth,
What they would buy, they said that they would buy the
truth.

xxvii.

But those appointed to examine them
Did not believe they any other were
Than bedlamites, and mad, or such as came
To put things in confusion in the fair ;
Therefore they took and beat them soundly there,
And then with dirt besmeared them shamefully ;
Then put them in a cage, as madmen are,
That they to all men in the fair might be
A spectacle of shame, a curiosity.

xxviii.

There, therefore, for some time these pilgrims lay,
Objects of malice, sport, revenge, ill-will,
Of any man who chanced to pass that way,
The great one of the fair, too, laughing still
At all indignities which them befell ;
But they were patient, rendering, instead
Of railing, blessing ; and, with meekest skill,
Giving good words for bad ones which were said,
For injuries still heaping kindness on their head.

xxix.

Some who were more observing in the fair,
And prejudiced far less than were the rest,
Began to check and blame the baser there,
Because they did the men so much molest ;
Therefore at them did they, with angry zest,
Let fly again, accounting them as bad
As those within the cage. 'Twas manifest
That they confederates were, they roughly said,
And they of their ill luck partakers should be made.

xxx.

The others said, for aught that they could see,
The men quite quiet and quite sober were,
Intending harm to none ; and, certainly,
There many were who traded in the fair
Far worthier than they the cage to share,
Yea, and the pillory, too, or dungeon cell.
When divers words had passed between them there,—
The men behaving soberly,—they fell
To blows among themselves, and beat each other well.

xxxi.

Then suddenly these two poor men were brought
Before their rough examiners again,
And charged with being guilty, on the spot,
Of raising all the hubbub there had been ;
And so they beat them pitifully, then
Hanged irons on them, led them up and down
The fair in chains, example to all men,
Yea, and a terror, too, lest some in town
Should speak in their behalf, and share their ill-renown.

XXXII.

Christian and Faithful now themselves behaved
Yet more discreetly, and the scorn, and shame,
And ignominy cast upon them braved
With so much patient meekness, several came,
Won to their side, to have a part with them,
Though few compared with all the rest. But then
This did the other party so inflame,
And put them in so great a rage again,
That they resolved to be the death of these two men !

XXXIII.

Wherefore they threatened very furiously
That neither cage nor irons should repair
The damage done, but that the men should die
For such abuse as they had brought in there,
And for deluding people of the fair.
Back to the cage again they then were passed,
Till further order some one should declare ;
So in the cage they put them both at last,
And in the painful stocks their pilgrim feet made fast.

XXXIV.

Here, too, the men recalled to mind what they
Had heard from their good friend, Evangelist,
And were the more confirmed in all their way,
And sufferings, too, by what he did suggest
Would happen to them. This consoled each breast —
That he whose lot to suffer it should be
Would have that portion which would be the best ;
Each, therefore, of the two wished secretly
The one who had that blest preferment might be he.

xxxv.

Themselves committing to the all-wise God
 Who ruleth over all with equity,
 With much content they in that state abode
 In which they were, howe'er unrighteously,
 Till otherwise disposed of they should be.
 There when convenient time they had remained,
 They were to trial brought, assuredly
 To be condemned. Then, at the time ordained,
 Before their bitter foes the prisoners were arraigned.

xxxvi.

Lord Hate-good was the judge's proper name ;
 And their indictment, though it variéd
 Somewhat in form, in substance was the same ;
 Whereof the contents were, that of the trade
 They were disturbing foes ; that they had made
 Commotions and divisions in the town,
 And to their own most dangerous notions had
 A party won, who made their cause their own,
 In strange contempt of law and of their prince's crown.

xxxvii.

Then Faithful, answering, began to say
 That he had only stood up manfully,
 Opposing that which did itself array
 Against the King of glory. "And," said he,
 "As for disturbance, none is made by me,
 A man of peace. Our friends were won thereby,
 When they our truth and innocence did see.
 I do Beelzebub, your king, defy,
 And all his angels ; he is our Lord's enemy."

XXXVIII.

Then proclamation quick was made that they
 Who for their king, against the prisoner,
 Had anything, as witnesses, to say,
 Should all before the court forthwith appear
 And testify. So in came three men here —
 Envy and Superstition, and they bring
 One Pick-thank, too. These all inquired of were,
 If they knew of the prisoner anything,
 And what they had to say against him for their king.

XXXIX

Then Envy rose and said, " My Lord, this man
 I long have known, and I am nothing loath
 Upon my oath to testify. I can
 Before this bench attest that he is both — ”
 " Hold ! " said Judge Hate-good, " give the man his oath. ”
 And so they sware him. Then said he, " My lord,
 This man, though plausible his name, forsooth,
 One of the vilest is, upon my word ;
 Nor people, custom, law, nor prince, doth he regard.

XL.

“ But doeth all he can do to possess
 All men with his disloyal views, which he
 Calls principles of faith and holiness ;
 And, in particular, Christianity
 I heard him once myself affirm to be
 The very opposite, in end and aim,
 To all the ways of our town, Vanity ;
 Whereby, my lord, he doth at once condemn
 Not only our good deeds, but us in doing them. ”

XL.I.

Then said the judge, "Aught more to say hast thou?" "I could, my lord," said Envy, "say much more, But would not to the court be tedious now; Yet should necessity therefor occur, . . . When other gentlemen the court before Their evidence have given, then will I, Rather than aught be wanting on the score Of testimony to despatch him, try Some things to add." So he was bidden to stand by.

XL.II.

Then called they Superstition, and him bade Look on the prisoner. They asked him then What for their king against this man he had Which he could say. He, being sworn, began: "My lord, no great acquaintance with this man Have I, nor do I wish it, let me say; However, this I know, and therefore can Attest, from talk I had with him one day, He is a very pestilent fellow, any way.

XL.III.

"For talking with him then, I heard him say That our religion nothing is but fraud, And such as by it no man ever may Or can, by any sort of means, please God; Which speech of his, my lord, though seeming odd, Your lordship knows the inference, plain as day;— That in our worship we still vainly plod; Still in our sins we shall be cast away, And finally be damned. This is what I would say."

XLIV.

Then Pick-thank next was sworn, and bid declare
 What in behalf of their king's majesty .
 He knew against the prisoner at the bar.
 " My lord and all you gentlemen," said he,
 " Long time this fellow has been known by me,
 And I have heard him utter many words
 Of railing, which should never spoken be,
 'Gainst Prince Beelzebub, as keen as swords,
 Contemning his old friends, all honorable lords

XLV.

" Their names, Lord Oldman ; Lord (whom most ad-
 mire)
 Carnal Delight ; and Lord Luxurious ;
 The noble Lord Vain-glorious Desire ;
 My old Lord Lechery, the amorous ;
 Sir Having Greedy ; and, all known to us
 As nobles. Once, my lord, he laid it down,
 If all in his views were unanimous,
 Not one of all these men of high renown
 Should any longer have a being in this town.

XLVI.

" Besides, he hath not been afraid to rail
 On you, my lord, appointed to confer
 The sentence of this court. He doth not fail
 To call you an ungodly villain, sir,
 With many other such like terms, to slur
 And vilify your lordship. Whereby he,
 I cannot doubt, from his known character,
 Hath much bespattered, and persistently,
 Most of the gentlemen of our town, Vanity."

XLVII.

When Pick-thank's tale was told, the judge addressed
The prisoner at the bar: "Thou renegade,
Thou heretic, thou traitor at the best,
Hast heard what now these honest men have said
Against thee here?" Said Faithful, "May I add
A brief defence?" The judge said, angrily,
"Sirrah, thou dost deserve to die instead!
And yet, that all our gentleness may see,
Let's hear what can be said, vile runagate, by thee."

XLVIII.

Said Faithful, "In my answer, first, I say
To that which Mr. Envy testifies,
I nought but this have said, in any way:
What people, customs, laws, rules, practices,
Are flat against the word of God, in this
Are just the opposite of what I call
Christianity. If I have said amiss,
Convince me of my error, and I shall
Be ready to recant forthwith before you all.

XLIX.

"I said this only to the next, to wit,
What Mr. Superstition says of me:
That in God's worship there is requisite
A faith divine; but such faith cannot be,
Save where God's holy will revealeth He;
Whate'er appendage, therefore, worship hath
That doth with revelation not agree,
Cannot be added but by human faith,
Which faith will not avail to save the soul from death.

L.

“ As to the third complaint against me made,
 That is, what Mr. Pick-thank says, I may —
 Avoiding terms, as that I have been said
 To rail and such, of this town’s ruler, nay,
 And all the rabblement his servants — say —
 Who by this gentleman are named, I see,
 And counted honorable men — that they
 Are far more fit in hell itself to be
 Than here ; and so the Lord have mercy upon me.”

LI.

Then did the judge unto the jury call,
 Who still, to hear and see, were standing by :
 “ Gentlemen of the jury, one and all,
 You see this man about whom recently
 Was made such uproar and such hue and cry ;
 And you have heard the witness of these men,
 And also his confession and reply.
 ’Tis yours to hang or let him go again ;
 But yet I think it meet that I our law explain.

LII.

“ There was an act by Pharaoh made, whereby, —
 A loyal servant of our prince was he, —
 Lest those of strange religion multiply
 And grow too strong for him, their males should be
 Thrown in the river. Also a decree
 Of Nebuchadnezzar, servant of renown,
 That whosoever would not bend the knee,
 His golden image worship, and fall down,
 Should in the fiery furnace speedily be thrown.

LIII.

“ And in Darius’ days an act was made,
 That whosoever of the sons of men
 Should call on any god, or good or bad,
 For certain days, but him, he in the den
 Of lions should be cast. This rebel, then,
 The substance of these laws and this decree
 Has broke in thought not only, but ’tis plain
 His very words and deeds therewith agree ;
 All which must therefore needs intolerable be.

LIV.

“ As for that ancient law of Pharaoh’s time,
 His law was made on purpose to prevent
 Foreboding mischief, for as yet no crime
 Apparent was, not even in intent ;
 But here crime is apparent by consent.
 As for the second and the third, his breath
 Is in disputes ’gainst our religion spent ;
 And for the treason he already hath
 Confessed, he surely doth deserve to die the death.”

LV.

Then went the jury out, whose names, subjoined,
 Were, Blindman, No-good, Malice, Enmity,
 Love-lust, Live-loose, Implacable, High-mind,
 Heady and Liar, Hate-light, Cruelty ;
 Who each against the man gave readily
 His private verdict. Then they all agreed
 Unanimously he must guilty be.
 First, Mr. Blindman spoke — the jury’s head ;
 “ This man’s a heretic, I clearly see,” he said.

LVI.

Said Mr. No-good, with contempt supreme,
 “ Away with such a fellow from the earth ! ”
 “ Ay, for I hate the very looks of him ! ”
 Said Mr. Malice, like a man of worth.
 Said Mr. Love-lust, juryman the fourth,
 “ I never could endure him ! ” “ No, nor I, ”
 Said Mr. Live-loose ; “ from my very birth
 He always would condemn the ways I try.”
 While “ Hang him ! hang the man ! ” was Mr. Heady’s
 cry.

LVII.

Said Mr. High-mind, “ Sorry scrub, I see.”
 Said Mr. Enmity, “ I loathe the man ! ”
 “ Ay,” Mr. Liar said ; “ a rogue is he.”
 Said Mr. Cruelty, “ Upon my plan,
 Too good for him is hanging.” “ Let us, then,”
 Said Mr. Hate-light, “ stop the fellow’s breath.”
 The last said, “ Reconciled to him I can
 Ne’er be, should one the world to me bequeath ;
 Therefore let’s bring him in as guilty, sirs, of death.”

LVIII.

And so they did — unanimously did ;
 For each concluded Faithful justly blamed,
 And therefore in their verdict they agreed ;
 Nor of that verdict seemed they aught ashamed.
 Faithful was therefore presently condemned
 To be forthwith from that place had again
 To that place whence he came, as hath been named ;
 There to experience pain and grief, and then
 As cruel death as could invented be by men

LIX.

They therefore brought him out to do, and did,
 With him according to their law ; and first
 They scourged him, and him then they buffeted,
 Then lanced his flesh with knives in their blood-thirst ;
 And after that, as if he were accurst,
 They stoned him, and no pity did they take ;
 Then pricked him with their swords till his veins burst ;
 And last of all, for very torture's sake,
 They burned his flesh and bones to ashes at the stake.

LX.

Thus Faithful, who had been this Christian's friend,
 With firmness and with fortitude endued,
 Finished his course, and reached the martyr's end. —
 Now saw I that behind the multitude
 A chariot and two horses waiting stood
 For Faithful, who, from foes emancipate,
 Was carried straightway through the opening cloud,
 With trumpet sounds, like victor borne in state,
 Up by the nearest way to the celestial gate.

LXI.

But as for Christian, he was respited.
 Though Faithful's death had made his heart more stout,
 Yet back again to prison he was led,
 Where he a while remained, the world shut out ;
 But He who all things overrules, no doubt,
 Having the power to hold their rage at bay
 In his own hand, so brought the thing about
 That Christian them escaped, and went his way ;
 And as he went, he sang this meditative lay : —

“ Well, Faithful, thou hast faithfully professed
Unto thy Lord, with whom thou shalt be blest,
When faithless ones, with all their vain delights,
Are crying out under their hellish plights.
Sing, Faithful, sing, and let thy name survive ;
For though they killed thee, thou art yet alive.”





CANTO VII.

Now Christian is by Hopeful joined;
He By-ends doth accost;
Who, with his company, is lured
At Lucre Hill, and lost.

I.

Now Christian went not forward thence alone;
So saw I in the visions of my dream.
Of those who marked their conduct there was one
Who joined his journey. Hopeful was his name;
Who so by his observing them became.
He, seeing all their sufferings in the fair,
And their behavior 'mid reproach and shame,
With Christian made fraternal covenant there,
And said his way he would as his companion share.

II.

Thus one died, witness to the truth to bear,
 Yet doth another from his ashes rise,
 With Christian glad companionship to share,
 In all the journey which before him lies ;
 This, too, afforded Christian sweet surprise—
 That Faithful had not suffered death in vain ;
 For Hopeful told him there were many eyes
 That watched them in the fair, and many men
 He knew would take their time, and follow after, then.

III.

I also saw that quickly after they
 Out of the fair were got, they overtook
 One walking just before them in the way,
 Whose name was By-ends, judging from his look.
 “What countryman are you, sir?” Thus they spoke.
 “How far this way go you?” He answered them,
 For the Celestial City he forsook
 The town of Fair-speech, from which town he came ;
 But yet he seemed reserved, and told them not his name.

IV.

“From Fair-speech?” Christian said, with emphasis ;
 “And is there any good that liveth there?”
 “Yes,” By-ends answered him, “I hope there is.”
 “Pray, what,” said Christian, “may I call you, sir?”
 Said By-ends, “I’m a stranger, I infer,
 To you, as you to me ; but if you go
 This way, I shall, as fellow-traveller,
 Be glad to have your company, you know ;
 If not, then I must be content to have it so.”

V.

“Of Fair-speech I have heard,” said Christian, “this :
 That ’tis a very wealthy place, throughout.”
 Said By-ends, “I assure you that it is,
 And I have many rich kin thereabout.”
 Said Christian, “That you have I do not doubt ;
 But who ?” Said By-ends, “All of any fame ;
 Particularly my Lord Turn-about,
 My Lord Time-server, Lord Fair-speech, the same
 From whose ancestral stock the town first took its name.

VI.

“There doth my kinsman, Mr. Smooth-man, live ;
 To Mr. Facing-both-ways I’m allied,
 And Mr. Anything’s my relative ;
 There, also, Parson Two-tongues doth reside ;
 Mother’s own brother he, by father’s side ;
 So that a man of quality I am.
 Yet my great-grandsire toiled upon the tide,
 Rowing ahead, but looking whence he came ;
 And I got my estate by doing just the same.”

VII.

Christian inquired, “A married man are you ?”
 Said By-ends, “Yes ; and my wife proves to be
 A very virtuous woman, daughter true
 Of woman very virtuous, certainly ;
 My Lady Feigning’s daughter, sir, was she ;
 She therefore came, as this fact doth evince,
 Of very honorable family,
 And is arrived to such high breeding since,
 She carries it alike to peasant and to prince.

VIII.

“ We differ in religion, it is true,
 Somewhat from those to stricter sorts allied,
 In some small points, and those at most but two,
 Which do not make the difference very wide ;
 For, first, we never strive 'gainst wind and tide ;
 Second, Religion, when in slippers shod
 Of silver, wakens most our zeal and pride ;
 Then much we love to walk with him abroad,
 If shines the sun, and him the people all applaud.”

IX.

Then Christian, as when friends confer with friends,
 To Hopeful stepped aside, and thus said he :
 “ It runs in my mind this is one By-ends,
 Of Fair-speech township ; and if so it be,
 Then in our company a knave have we —
 The veriest knave that in these parts doth dwell.”
 Said Hopeful, “ Ask him ; for it seems to me
 He should not surely be ashamed to tell
 What name he bears, that is, if he hath borne it well.”

X.

So Christian, coming up with him again,
 Said, “ Sir, you talk as if far more you knew
 Than all the world beside. Is your name, then,
 By-ends, of Fair-speech ? I have heard of you.”
 Said By-ends, “ This is not my name ; 'tis true
 That some who can't abide me that nickname
 Have given me ; I therefore bear it do,
 And must contented bear it, as a shame,
 As other good men have borne such, if not the same.”

xi.

“ But did you never give men,” Christian said,
 “ Occasion, sir, to call you by this name?”
 “ No, never!” By-ends said; “ the worst that led
 Me ever an occasion to give them
 Was this: it always my good luck became
 To jump in judgment with the present mode;
 And my chance was to gain thereby; I claim
 Things cast on me are blessings thus bestowed;
 But let not malice me for this with censure load.”

xii.

“ Indeed,” said Christian, “ I presumed you were
 The man I heard of; and to tell you, too,
 Just what I think, I fear the name you bear
 To you more properly belongs than you
 Are willing we should think that it could do.”
 Said By-ends, “ Well, if such be your conceit,
 I cannot help it, I am sure. ‘ Tis true
 A fair companion you in me shall meet,
 If you will me admit to fellowship so sweet.”

xiii.

Said Christian, “ If with us to go you choose,
 Then must you go against both wind and tide,
 The which, I see, accords not with your views;
 You must Religion in his rags abide,
 As when he doth in silver slippers glide;
 And stand by him when bound with irons too,
 As when he walks the streets with praises plied.”
 Said By-ends, “ Lord it o'er my faith you know
 You must not; leave me free, and let me with you go.”

xiv.

“No, not a step,” said Christian, “unless you
 Will do as we in those things which I say.”
 Said By-ends then, “That never shall I do,—
 Desert my ancient principles,—for they
 Are harmless, and of profit. If I may
 With you not go, I must do as did I
 Before you overtook me in the way—
 Go by myself till some in passing by
 Shall overtake me, who will like my company.”—

xv.

Now saw I, in the progress of my dream,
 That Christian and his fellow him forsook,
 And kept a distance in advance of him;
 But one of them, who backward chanced to look,
 Saw, following on, three men, who soon o'ertook
 This Mr. By-ends; and, behold, then he—
 As they came up with him, and kindly spoke—
 Made them a very, very low congé,
 And they a bow gave him as complimentary.

xvi.

The names by which these three men went are these :
 The Messrs. Hold-the-world and Money-love,
 And Mr. Saveall—old acquaintances
 Of Mr. By-ends, as this fact will prove :
 In youth, as schoolmates they together strove,
 Instruction from one Gripeman gathering—
 A schoolmaster in that great town above,
 Called Love-gain, name to which it still doth cling,
 A northern market-town in County Coveting.

xvii.

This schoolmaster, whom many counted sage,
 Taught these four willing pupils, every one,
 The art of getting gain by cozenage,
 By lying, flattering, or by putting on
 Of true religion but the guise alone ;
 And these four gentlemen, all taught by rule,
 Had made, when all their master's toils were done,
 Attainments in his art so wonderful
 That each one could himself have kept just such a school.

xviii.

Well, when, as I observed before, they had
 Salutes upon each other thus bestowed,
 This Mr. Money-love to By-ends said,
 "Who are those men before us on the road?"
 For Christian and his fellow, Hopeful, trod
 The path before them, whom they wished to know.
 Said By-ends, "Men who after their own mode —
 A couple of far-countrymen, I trow —
 Upon a pilgrimage do thus together go."

xix.

Said Money-love, "Alas! why staid they not,
 That we might all in company proceed?
 For they, and we, and you, sir, as I thought,
 Are all on pilgrimage." "We are, indeed,"
 Said By-ends; "but these men, so stiff their creed,
 Do other men's opinions light esteem;
 However godly life a man may lead,
 Yet if in all things jumps he not with them, •
 Then from their company quite quickly thrust they him."

xx.

Said Saveall, " That is bad ; and yet we read
 Of some who, righteous overmuch, condemn
 All but themselves, with rigid rule indeed ;
 But then in what points differed you from them ? " "
 " The points," said By-ends, " I will briefly name :
 After their headstrong manner, they conclude
 Their duty is, their journey, just the same,
 All weathers, to pursue, or bad or good ;
 But I for wind and tide am in the waiting mood.

xxi.

" They favor hazarding, for God alone,
 All at a clap : I would for life take care,
 And my estate. They hold to all their own
 Peculiar notions, though unpopular ;
 I for Religion am when times will bear,
 And mine own safety. They Religion laud
 When in contempt, and when he rags doth wear ;
 But I am for him when he walks abroad
 In sunshine, with applause, in silver slippers shod."

xxii.

Said Hold-the-world, " Ay, let this be your rule,
 Good Mr. By-ends, still ; for, as for me,
 I can but count that man a silly fool
 Who, being left at perfect liberty
 To keep what he has got, doth willingly
 So manage as to squander it away,
 Though many just such foolish men there be ;
 Let us be wise as serpents while we may,
 For while the sun shines bright 'tis best to make our hay.

XXIII.

“ You see how still in winter lies the bee,
 And only when with pleasure mingles gain
 Which she can have, herself bestirreth she.
 God sometimes sendeth sunshine, sometimes rain ;
 If they such fools are as to go through, then,
 The latter, let us be content, at least,
 To take with us fair weather in our train ;
 For my part, I like that religion best
 Which stands assured we shall with God's good things be
 blest.

XXIV.

“ For who, by reason ruled, could so mistake
 That, since with good things God doth us indue,
 He would not have us keep them for his sake?
 For Abraham and Solomon both grew
 In their religion rich. The good man, too,
 Shall lay up gold as dust, so Job hath said ;
 He must be unlike those described by you.”
 “ I think,” said Saveall, “ we are all agreed,
 And therefore on this matter no more words we need.”

XXV.

“ No ; we,” said Money-love, “ our words may save ;
 He that believeth not, whoe'er he be,
 Scripture or reason, — and you see we have
 Both on our side, — knows not his liberty,
 Nor his own proper safety seeketh he.”
 “ Brethren,” said By-ends, “ we are all here bound
 Upon a pilgrimage, as you all see ;
 So, to divert from things which bad are found,
 Allow me leave to you this question to propound : —

xxvi.

“ Suppose a minister or tradesman see
 A good advantage just before him lie
 To get this life's good things, yet so that he
 These blessings can by no means e'er come by,
 Except he seem at least himself t' apply .
 To some points in religion's general plan —
 Untouched before — exceeding zealously :
 May not he use these means whene'er he can,
 To gain his end, yet be a right good honest man ? ”

xxvii.

“ The bottom of your question I perceive,”
 Said Money-love, “ and therefore I will try —
 That is, with these two gentlemen's good leave —
 To shape for you an answer in reply.
 First, as concerns a minister will I
 Speak to your question. If a minister,
 A worthy man, as no one can deny,
 Has such small benefice as many are,
 And in his eye a greater, fatter, plumper far, —

xxviii.

“ Suppose an opportunity has he
 That plumper benefice to get and fill,
 Only by toiling far more studiously, .
 Preaching with greater frequency and zeal,
 And altering here and there a principle,
 To suit his people's whims, — for my part, I-
 See not why he may not do this who will,
 If he a call have, and a salary
 A great deal more, and be an honest man — for why :

XXIX.

“First, his desire of such a benefice
 Is lawful ; this can’t be refuted, then,
 Since set by Providence before him ’tis ;
 So, therefore, he may get it if he can,
 Not questioning for conscience’ sake the plan.
 Second, his wish makes him more studious still,
 Improves him as a preacher and a man,
 Yea, makes him use his parts with greater skill ;
 All which doth well accord with God’s own mind and will.

XXX.

“Third, as for his complying with the taste
 And temper of his people, when ’tis done
 To serve them, by abandoning at least
 Some principles of his, their frowns to shun, —
 This course doth argue, first, that he is one
 Whose temper must most self-denying be ;
 Second, herein is his deportment shown
 Winning and sweet ; so, third, more fit is he
 To exercise the functions of the ministry.

XXXI.

“Fourth, I conclude a minister who thus
 Doth well exchange a little for a great,
 Should not be judged therefor as covetous,
 But rather should he — since at any rate
 He doth his parts improve, and cultivate
 His industry — be counted, I conclude,
 As one who doth in ways legitimate
 Pursue his calling, and who feels he should
 Such opportunity embrace for doing good.

xxxii.

“ As to your question's second part, which is
 That which concerns the tradesman named by you —
 Suppose but poor employment should be his,
 But, by embracing some religious view,
 He may his market mend, perhaps get, too,
 A rich wife whom he has his eye upon,
 And more and better customers ensue :
 Of reasons I for my part see not one,
 Why this may not by him all lawfully be done.

xxxiii.

“ For why, sir? First, to be religious — this
 A virtue is, by whate'er means a man
 Becomes so. Second, not unlawful 'tis
 To get a rich wife, surely, if he can,
 Nor more of custom to one's shop obtain.
 And, third, the man who gets these, I conclude,
 By being himself religious, makes a gain ;
 For, good he getteth, be it understood,
 Of them that are good, by himself becoming good.

xxxiv.

“ So here, then, is a good wife thus procured ;
 His shop doth thence good customers obtain,
 And good gain to his pocket is secured,
 By his becoming a religious man,
 Which is itself a good thing, it is plain ;
 Therefore to be religious, to combine
 All these rich blessings, and this great good gain,
 Appears, from this brief argument of mine,
 A very profitable, wise, and good design.”

xxxv.

The answer Mr. Money-love thus made
To Mr. By-ends' question all deem good ;
And, thinking nought against it could be said,
And that 'twas advantageous, they conclude
Christian and Hopeful now should be pursued ;
And they agreed, on talking matters o'er,
That with this question they assault them would,
As soon as they o'ertook them, and the more
Since they had Mr. By-ends so opposed before.

xxxvi.

So called they to the two, who stopped, and stood
Quite still till up these four old schoolmates came ;
Now, as they went, these four men did conclude
That Mr. Hold-the-world should put to them
The question, that their answer they might frame
From all the residue of that heat free
Which had been kindled nearly to a flame
'Twixt them and Mr. By-ends recently,
When he and they abruptly parted company.

xxxvii.

So each up to the other came, and when
Few short salutes were passed, the question fair
Old Mr. Hold-the-world propounded then
To Christian and his fellow ; and he there
Bade them an answer, if they could, prepare.
Then Christian answer gave in words like these :
“ A Christian babe an answer might declare ;
Yea, e'en a babe may answer, if he please,
Ten thousand questions such as you propound, with ease.

XXXVIII.

“ For if it be unlawful to do this,—
 To follow Christ for loaves as one's employ,—
 Then how much more abominable 'tis
 To make of his religion a decoy,
 A stalking-horse, to get and to enjoy
 The world! Nor do we find that any share
 Religious notions mixed with such alloy,
 Save heathens, hypocrites, and everywhere
 Devils and wizards, who of this opinion are.

XXXIX.

First, heathens ; for when Hamor and his son,
 Shechem, sought Jacob's daughter, whom they prized,
 His cattle sought, and saw they could be won
 In no way but the way which they despised,—
 Of circumcision,—they e'en this advised,
 And, crafty, said to their companions, ‘ See ;
 If every male of us be circumcised,
 As they are circumcised, then shall not we
 Possessed of all their cattle and their substance be?’

XL.

“ Their daughters and their cattle were, of course,
 What they were mainly anxious to obtain ;
 And their religion was the stalking-horse
 They used these worldly benefits to gain ;
 Read the whole story. Second, it is plain
 The Pharisees for this religion went ;
 Long prayers were their pretence in sight of men,
 But widows' houses were their grand intent ;
 Hence they from God received the greater punishment.

XLII.

“ And, third, of this religion also was
 The devil Judas, who betrayed his Lord ;
 Religious he was, not for virtue’s cause,
 But for the bag he bore — the little hoard
 Of paltry pence which might therein be stored ;
 But he was lost — a castaway, a true
 Son of perdition. Fourth, in strict accord
 With all these facts, one more have I in view :
 Of this religion was the wizard Simon, too.

XLIII.

“ He would have had the Holy Ghost that he
 More money might have meanly made thereby ;
 From Peter’s mouth was he, accordingly,
 Condemned for lust he did not dare deny.
 Nor, fifth, from my mind will the fancy fly,
 But that the man who takes religion up
 To gain the world, will, for the world, belie
 The Christian name, and, in the tempting hope
 Of such a paltry gain, will let religion drop.

XLIV.

“ As Judas meant the world, when he became
 Religious, so he certainly did sell
 Religion and his Master for the same.
 To answer as you have, then, is not well ;
 Your question to affirm is infidel ;
 Accepting as authentic such like quirks
 Is heathenish and hypocritical ;
 In such an answer something devilish lurks,
 And your reward will be according to your works.”

XLIV.

Then staring at each other stood these men,
But what to answer Christian, could not see ;
For, on the soundness of the answer then
By Christian given, did Hopeful cordially
Express approval ; wherefore suddenly
Among them utter silence reigned. And so
This Mr. By-ends and his company
Staggered and kept behind, by walking slow,
That Christian and his fellow might themselves outgo.

XLV.

Then to his fellow, Hopeful, Christian said,
“ If these men cannot calmly stand before
Men’s sentence, but do shrink from that with dread,
What will they do when time shall be no more,
And God’s own sentence falls on them with power ?
And if they now are mute, and would retire,
And vessels made of clay cannot endure,
What will they do when they, in God’s great ire,
Shall stand rebuked by flames of a devouring fire ? ”

XLVI.

Then Christian and his fellow, Hopeful, these
Again outwent, until at length they came
Where stretched a plain, quite delicate, called Ease ;
Here walking was with much content to them ;
But narrow was the plain which bore that name,
And quickly passed. Now on its farther line
A little hill there was — the very same
To which the name of Lucre men assign ;
And in that little hill there was a silver mine.

XLVII.

Which mine, because of its great rarity,
 Some men who went that way in pilgrim trim
 In former times had turned aside to see ;
 But, venturing too near the deep pit's brim,
 The ground proved so deceitful and so slim,
 It broke beneath their feet, and they were slain ;
 And some had been so sorely maimed in limb,
 They crippled were, and could not, it was plain,
 Unto their dying day be their own men again. —

XLVIII.

Then saw I in my dream that near the road,
 Just over where the silver mine might be,
 There, like a gentleman, one Demas stood,
 To call on passengers to come and see.
 To Christian and his fellow thus called he :
 “ Ho ! hither turn aside, and I will show
 A thing to you which greatly pleases me.”
 “ What thing is so deserving, I would know,”
 Said Christian, “ as to turn us from the way we go ? ”

XLIX.

Said Demas, “ Here's a silver mine, and some
 Are digging here for treasure ; and if you
 Will only turn aside, and hither come,
 You may provide yourselves with riches too,
 With ease.” Said Hopeful, “ Let us go ; pray do.”
 “ Not I,” said Christian ; “ many have been there
 Already slain, I hear ; and it is true
 That treasure to its seekers proves a snare,
 For in their pilgrimage they hindered by it are.”

L.

Then calling unto Demas, Christian said,
 “Is not the place a dangerous one for us?
 Hath it not hindered many, and delayed
 Their pilgrimage?” Him answered Demas thus:
 “Only to those who are too venturous;
 But,” blushing as he spoke, “perhaps it may
 To such as careless are be dangerous.”
 Then to his fellow thus did Christian say:
 “Let us not stir a step, but still keep on our way.”

LI.

“But I will warrant you,” then Hopeful said,
 “When Mr. By-ends cometh up, that he —
 With invitation such as we have had —
 Will turn aside, this silver mine to see.”
 “I have no doubt,” said Christian, “that may be;
 His principles that way lead him, and then,
 Hundred to one, he dies there painfully.”
 Then Demas, persevering, called again:
 “But will you not come o'er and see it while you can?”

LII.

So Christian answered Demas roundly then,
 “Demas, thou art to Him an enemy
 Who is of our way Lord, and thou hast been
 Condemned already for thine errantry,
 By one good judge of his High Majesty.
 Why seekest thou that he should us disclaim?
 Besides, if we should turn at all to thee,
 Our Lord the King will hear thereof and blame,
 And where we would be bold would put us both to shame.”

LIII.

Then Demas cried once more unto the men,
 That he was one of their fraternity ;
 And if they would but wait a little, then
 He would himself their way accompany.
 Then Christian asked, with simple honesty,
 " What is thy name ? say, is it not the same
 As that I have already given thee ? "
 " Yes," Demas answered, " Demas is my name ;
 A lineal son and heir am I of Abraham."

LIV.

Then Christian answered sternly, " I know you ;
 Gehazi was your great progenitor ;
 Your father, Judas, and like them you do ;
 A devilish prank is thine, which I abhor ;
 Thy father hanged was for a traitor, nor
 Dost thou deserve a better lot than they.
 Assure thyself that when we shall before
 The King appear, to him will we convey
 Account of thy behavior." Thus they went their way.

LV.

Now By-ends and his company again
 Were come in sight ; at first beck, they away
 Over to Demas went, in hope of gain.
 Now, whether in the pit they fell that day,
 By looking o'er the brim, or whether they
 Went down to dig, and smothered were among
 The damps that rise therein, I cannot say ;
 This I observed : they never more along
 The way were seen to go. Then Christian sang this song :

“ By-ends and silver Demas both agree ;
One calls, the other runs, that he may be
A sharer in his lucre ; so these two
Take up in this world, and no farther go.”





CANTO VIII.

Strange monument, sweet river,
And flowery meadow passed,
The bright key opes the castle,
And they escape at last.

I.

Now, just across this narrow plain, saw I
The pilgrims came unto a certain place
Where stood an ancient monument, hard by
The highway side ; which sight did much impress
Their wondering hearts, and fill them with distress,
By reason of the strange, strange form it wore ;
It seemed to them, as near as they could guess,
That that, which had a woman's form before,
Had been transformed, till now a pillar's shape it bore.

II.

Here, therefore, for a while, they stood and gazed ;
 But what to make of it they could not tell.
 Hopeful at last espied, somewhat amazed,
 Writing above, in hand unusual,
 Which he, no scholar, had not skill to spell.
 So called he Christian, who, with learning rife,
 Together laying all the letters well,
 Made out this sentence, which explained what life
 The monument once had : "Remember ye Lot's wife."

III.

So when to Hopeful he the writing read,
 They both agreed the monument must be
 The same salt pillar into which, 'tis said,
 Lot's wife was turned, for looking back to see,
 With covetous desire, the home whence she
 Reluctant fled, when she by angel force
 Was urged from Sodom's overthrow to flee ;
 Which sudden and amazing sight resource
 And fresh occasion gave for serious discourse.

IV.

"Ah, brother," Christian said, "this sight, so sad,
 Is seasonable ; opportunely, too,
 It came, just after invitation had
 From Demas, to come over there and view
 The hill called Lucre ; had we chose to do
 As he desired and thou didst much incline,
 My brother, we had there, 'tis doubtless true,
 Been made — like this example feminine —
 A spectacle to all of pillared wrath divine."

V.

Said Hopeful, "I exceedingly regret
That I so foolish was; and I am led
To wonder much that I am living yet,
And am not now, as Lot's wife, stricken dead.
Wherein was her guilt greater on her head
Than mine? She only looked back, it is true;
To go and see I had desire instead.
But let divine grace be adored anew,
And let me be ashamed I e'er wished so to do."

VI.

"What here we see," said Christian, "let us well
Take note of, for our help in time to come;
Lot's wife escaped one judgment, for she fell,
Not by the terrible and fiery doom
Which Sodom's guilty city did consume;
Another judgment, for her sinful halt,
Awaited her, we see, who did presume
To look back longing. 'Twas a fatal fault,
And therefore turned is she into this pillared salt."

VII.

Said Hopeful, "True; and may we not as one
In her both caution and example see?—
Caution, that we her grievous sin should shun,
Or sign of judgment which will certainly
Reach such as will not hindered by it be.
So Korah, Dathan, and Abiram were,
With five times fifty men, of high degree,
Who perished in the desert, sinning there,
Example or a sign to others to beware.

VIII.

“ But more than all the rest, I muse at this :
 To wit, how Demas and his fellows can
 So confidently stand by yon abyss,
 To look for treasure, for that worldly gain,
 For merely looking after which in vain
 This woman — for as yet we have not learned
 By reading, that she ever stepped one grain
 Out of the way, but merely for it yearned —
 Was, by divine decree, to this salt pillar turned.

IX.

“ Especially at this I wonder may,
 Because the judgment which o'ertook her made
 Her an example in their sight, for they
 Cannot but see her, if they lift their head.”
 “ 'Tis wondrous, and it argues,” Christian said,
 “ Their hearts grown desperate ; for like those they seem
 (If fitly thus their likeness be portrayed)
 Who pockets pick before the judge supreme,
 Or purses cut beneath the very gallows' beam.

X.

“ Of Sodom's men the Scriptures thus record :
 That they were ' sinners,' ay, ' exceedingly,'
 Because they sinners were before the Lord,
 Or in his eyes, and notwithstanding he
 Had showed them kindnesses and lenity.
 Like Eden heretofore was Sodom now ;
 This, therefore, did the more to jealousy
 The Lord provoke, until their plague did grow
 Hot as the Lord's own fire from heaven could make it glow.

xi.

“ We hence arrive at this conclusion fair,
As that which seems most rational and right :
That such, e'en such as these great sinners are,
Who dare to sin so boldly in the sight —
Yea, and that, too, in hazardous despite —
Of such examples as, it doth appear,
Are set before them in the clearest light,
To caution them a different course to steer,
Partakers sure must be of judgments most severe.”

xii.

“ The truth,” said Hopeful, “ thou hast doubtless said ;
But what a mercy 'tis that neither thou
Nor I myself, especially, am made
Such terrible example even now ;
And what occasion here have we to bow
And thank the Lord, whose heart with love is rife,
Who did our souls with caution so endow ;
And fear before him all the days of life,
And always keep in mind remembrance of Lot's wife.”

xiii.

Then, in their way I saw that they went on
Unto a pleasant river, by the King
Of Israel called God's river ; but by John,
“ The river of the water of life's ” spring ;
Which stream from life's fount still is issuing.
Now lay their pathway on the river's bank,
Where they, with great delight, were travelling ;
They also of the river's water drank,
Which pleasantly refreshed their spirits when they sank.

xiv.

Moreover, on this river's bank there stood,
On either side, green trees, as on they went,
With fruits of all kinds, beautiful and good,
Whose leaves they ate, all surfeits to prevent,
And such diseases as are incident
To overheated blood. On either side
Outspread a meadow charmingly besprent,
With lilies curiously beautified,
Wherein the whole year long fresh greenness doth abide.

xv.

In this delightful meadow down they lay,—
For sure they might lie down in safety here,—
And slept, for very weary now were they :
When they awoke, they gathered of the cheer
Afforded by the fruit trees standing near,
Whose luscious globes from pendent branches hung ;
Drank of the river's waters, cool and clear,
And then lay down the lilies' blooms among.
Thus several days and nights they did, and then they sung :

“Behold ye how these crystal streams do glide
To comfort pilgrims by the highway side ;
The meadows green, besides their fragrant smell,
Yield dainties for them ; and he who can tell
What pleasant fruit, yea, leaves, these trees do yield,
Will soon sell all, that he may buy this field.”

xvi.

So when they were disposed again to start,—
For not yet at their journey's end were they,—
They ate and drank, and rose up to depart.
Now saw I in my dream that on their way
They had not journeyed far from where they lay,
Before the river from the path did wind;
Diverging for a time, it seemed to stray;
Which separation they were sad to find,
Yet dared not leave the way, so left the stream behind.

xvii.

Now, rough the way was from the river side;
Their feet by travel very tender grown;
Their pilgrim souls discouraged were, and tired,
By reason of the way. Wherefore, as on
They went, they wished a better way anon.
Now, on the left hand of the travelled way,
And just before them, was a meadow, known
As By-path Meadow; and a stile, which they
Observed, led over where this By-path Meadow lay.

xviii.

Then Christian to his fellow said, “ If so
This meadow doth beside our pathway lie,
Then let us over into it both go.”
Then went he to the stile, and cast his eye
Beyond the fence; and, lo! their wayside-by,
There lay a path. Said Christian, “ I declare,
It is according to my wish; for why,
'Tis easier going here than anywhere;
Come, come, good Hopeful, now let us go over there.”

XIX.

“ But how,” said Hopeful, “ if this path should crook,
 And lead us from the way?” “ That,” Christian said,
 “ Is not much likely. For, a moment look;
 Is it not just along our wayside laid?”
 So Hopeful, whom his fellow did persuade
 To follow after him, went o'er the stile.
 Now, when they were gone over, and did tread
 That path, they found it easy for a while —
 So easy it did much their weary feet beguile.

XX.

Looking before them now this side the fence,
 They spied a man there walking as did they,
 Whose name they learned was called Vain-confidence ;
 So called they after him, and, not to stray,
 Asked him to tell them whither led that way.
 “ To the celestial gate,” he boldly said.
 Said Christian, “ Look, and did not I so say?
 You see, by this, we rightly this path tread.”
 So he before them went ; they followed where he led.

XXI.

But very dark it grew, as on night came,
 Till those behind of him before lost sight ;
 So he before, — Vain-confidence by name, —
 Not seeing well the way, for want of light,
 Into a very deep pit fell outright.
 The landlord of these grounds, whom some Prince call,
 On purpose made this very dangerous pit,
 That he might catch vain-glorious fools withal ;
 And so this fool was dashed to pieces in his fall.

xxii.

Now Christian and his fellow heard him fall,
 And what the matter was they called to know ;
 But none made answer to their earnest call ;
 They only heard a groaning from below.
 Said Hopeful then, "Where are we now? pray show."
 His fellow silent was, for now 'twas plain
 That he had lured him from the way to go.
 It now began to thunder, and to rain,
 And lighten dreadfully, and water rose amain.

xxiii.

Then Hopeful groaned within himself, and said,
 "O that I still had kept my onward way!"
 "Who could have thought this path would us have led,"
 Said Christian, "from our proper course astray?"
 "Afraid of it was I," did Hopeful say,
 "E'en from the very first; and that was why
 I gave you that quite gentle caution. Ay,
 I would have spoken plainer, by the by,
 But that I knew that you are older far than I."

xxiv.

"Good brother, pray offended be thou not,"
 Said Christian; "I am sorry I led thee
 Out of the way, and thee have thereby brought
 Into such danger. Pray forgive thou me,
 My brother, for I did not certainly
 Do it of ill intent." "I thee forgive,"
 Said Hopeful; "comforted, my brother, be ;
 That this shall be for our good, too, believe,
 Yea, for our own best good, as long as we shall live."

xxv.

“Indeed,” said Christian, “very glad am I
 I have a brother merciful in thee.
 But here we must not linger; let us try
 To go back to the highway speedily.”
 Said Hopeful, “Now, good brother, pray let me
 Go on before.” But Christian answered, “Nay;
 Let me go first, that, if there danger be,
 I may therein be first; because, I say,
 By my means we have both thus wandered from the way.”

xxvi.

Said Hopeful, “No, I never can consent;
 Your troubled mind again may lead astray.”
 Then heard they, for their great encouragement,
 The gentle voice of one who seemed to say,
 “Now let thine heart be to the King's high way,
 Even the way thou wentest, turn again.”
 By this time, though, the floods, to their dismay,
 Were greatly risen, by reason of the rain,
 So that the going back was dangerous for the twain.

xxvii.

To leave the way when in it, then thought I,
 Far easier is than going in when out;
 Yet they adventured to go back, or try.
 Still it was dark; the flood so high about
 That, in their going back, they did, no doubt,
 Come very near to being drowned outright,
 Nine or ten times. Moreover, they could not,
 With all the skill they had, yet wanting light,
 Through so much peril reach the stile again that night.

xxviii.

Wherefore at last, they, lighting on a mound,
 Sat down beneath a little shelter there,
 Till daybreak, where they sank in slumber sound ;
 For they were weary. Now there was, not far
 From that slight shelter by the hillock where
 They lay, a tower, called Doubting Castle, owned
 By one tyrannic giant, called Despair ;
 Who, walking early in his field, there found
 Christian and Hopeful both asleep upon his ground.

xxix.

Then he, with voice of grim and surly tone,
 Bade them awake, and asked them whence they came,
 And why they trespassed thus his grounds upon.
 They told him they were pilgrims called by name ;
 That they had lost their way, and felt to blame.
 Then said the giant, quite uncourteously,
 " On me this night you've trespassed, to your shame,
 Trampling and lying on my grounds, I see ;
 And therefore you must now both go along with me."

xxx.

And so, because he stronger was than they,
 They both were forced along with him to go ;
 They also now but little had to say,
 For that they were in fault they well did know.
 The giant, therefore, — their remorseless foe, —
 Drove them before him, and he put them then
 Into his castle, thrusting them below,
 Into a dark and doleful dungeon den,
 Nasty and noisome to the spirits of these men.

XXXI.

Here, then, these pilgrims made their loathsome bed,
From Wednesday morn till night of Saturday,
Without one drop of drink or bit of bread,
Or ray of light ; none asked them how fared they ;
Here, far from friends, in evil case they lay.
Christian had double sorrow in this place,
Because their wandering from the proper way
To his untoward counsel he could trace,
Which now had brought them both into this deep distress.

XXXII.

Giant Despair a wife had, and her name
Was known as Mistress Diffidence ; and so,
When he had gone to bed, he told his dame
What he had done, — for she desired to know, —
To wit : that he had caught two prisoners, who
Upon his grounds were trespassing ; and he
Had put them in the dungeon cell below.
Then asked he her what further cruelty
'Twere best for him to use ; at least, what counselled she.

XXXIII.

So then she asked him what these prisoners were,
And whence they came, and whither they were bound ;
All which, of course, he promptly answered her.
Then counselled she, with cruelty profound,
That he should mercilessly beat and pound
The prisoners in the morning, when he rose.
At morn, when he a crabtree cudgel found,
To them he down into the dungeon goes,
And rates them first like dogs. No word the men oppose.

xxxiv.

Then beats he them so fearfully that they
Too helpless are to turn upon the floor ;
Then leaves he them to misery a prey,
To mourn their deep distress, both sad and sore.
All day did they their woful lot deplore,
In bitter lamentations and in sighs.
Next night, she, talking with her husband more,
And learning they still lived, did him advise
To counsel them at once their lives to sacrifice.

xxxv.

So, when the morn was come, to them goes he,
In surly manner, as he went before,
And on perceiving both the men to be
With stripes of yesterday still very sore,
He told them plainly, since they nevermore
Were like to leave that place, the only thing
For them remaining was, to give life o'er
To halter, knife, or poison. "For why cling
To life," said he, "since life such bitterness doth bring?"

xxxvi.

But they desired him now to let them go ;
With that, on them an ugly look he cast,
And rushing at them, like a raging foe,
Had doubtless made an end of them at last,
But falling into fits while rushing fast, —
As oft in sunshine he was wont to do, —
His hands grew helpless, and the danger passed ;
Wherefore the giant, as before, withdrew,
And left them to consider what course to pursue.

XXXVII.

The prisoners then together did consult,
Whether to take his counsel, or eschew ;
And thus discoursed, to reach the best result :
“ Brother,” said Christian, “ what shall we now do ?
This life is wretched we are passing through ;
And thus to live, or out of hand to die,
I know not which were better of the two.
My soul for strangling more than life doth sigh ;
’Twere easier in the grave than in this cell to lie.

XXXVIII.

“ Ruled by the giant shall we always be ? ”
Then Hopeful said, “ Indeed, our present state
Is dreadful ; yea, and death would be to me
More welcome far than life, at such a rate.
Yet let us well this matter meditate ;
The Lord of that land where we would abide
Says, ‘ Thou shalt do no murder ! ’ no, nor hate
Another’s person ; much more would he chide
Our taking counsel which would lead to suicide.

XXXIX.

“ Besides, whoever kills another, he
Can only on the body death bestow ;
But he who kills the soul, assuredly
Kills soul and body at a single blow.
Moreover, brother, when thou talkest so
Of quiet in the grave, hast thou forgot
The hell where murderers for certain go ?
How fearfully doth Scripture mark their lot !
‘ Eternal life,’ it saith, ‘ in them abideth not.’

XL.

“ Let us consider, too, that in the hand
 Of Giant Despair the whole law cannot be ;
 Others, so far as I can understand,
 Have taken by him been, as well as we,
 And yet his hands escaped eventually.
 Who knows but God, who made the world, may yet
 Cause Giant Despair to die? or else that he
 To lock us in at some time may forget,
 Or be before our eyes by other fits beset?

XLI.

“ If ever that should come to pass again,
 Resolved am I, for my part, more and more,
 To pluck up heart and courage like a man,
 And try my utmost to escape his power ;
 A fool was I, I did not try before.
 However, brother, let us patiently
 Endure a while, till this distress is o'er ;
 Time may bring glad release to you and me,
 But, brother, let us not our own foul murderers be.”

XLII.

With words like these did Hopeful moderate
 His brother's mind ; and so continued they
 Together in that dark and cheerless state, —
 Their doleful, sad condition, — all that day.
 Well, just ere daylight vanished quite away,
 Down to the dungeon Giant goes again,
 To see if they his counsel did obey ;
 But when he came there, lo ! within the den,
 Alive, but just alive, he found these wretched men.

XLIII.

For now — for want of water and of bread,
By reason, also, of the wounds he gave,
When, beating them, he left them almost dead —
A little breath was all they seemed to have ;
They could but barely breathe, their lives to save.
I say, alive he found them, though forlorn ;
At which he grievously began to rave.
He told them, since they dared his counsel scorn,
It should be worse with them than if they ne'er were born.

XLIV.

At this they greatly trembled ; and I think
That Christian fell into a sort of swoon ;
But on recovery, — for he did not sink, —
Together with each other they commune
Of what the giant them did importune :
To wit, by suicide from life to fly,
And whether thus to fling away the boon
Of life were best. Christian thought best to die :
But Hopeful made his second following reply : —

XLV.

“ Rememberest thou not, my brother, now,
How valiant thou wast heretofore ? ” said he ;
“ Apollyon could not even daunt thy brow,
Nor all that thou didst hear, or feel, or see
Of terror in Death’s shadowy vale crush thee.
What hardship and amaze hast thou gone through !
And art thou now all fears ? Thou seest me,
That I am with thee in the dungeon, who
Am far the weaker man by nature of the two.

XLVI.

“ This giant, furthermore, hath wounded me
As well as thee, and from my mouth the bread
And water hath cut off; and I with thee
In darkness mourn. But let us yet,” he said,
“ Have patience still. Remember thou hast played
The man at Vanity Fair, nor of the chain,
Nor cage, nor bloody death, wast thou afraid;
Let us not now, then, shame the Christian man,
But bear up just as well as we with patience can.”

XLVII.

Now night was come again, and — both in bed,
The giant and his wife — of him asked she
About the prisoners; if they had been led
To take his counsel. Unto which said he,
“ The men quite sturdy rogues appear to be;
In spite of all the terrors I can use —
Stripes, dungeon, hunger, thirst, and cruelty —
All kinds of hardship rather do they choose;
But to destroy themselves they utterly refuse.”

XLVIII.

“ To-morrow take them to the castle yard,
And show them there the bones and skulls,” she said,
“ Of those whose peace thy tyranny has marred,
And whom thou hast despatched among the dead;
Make them believe that ere a week has fled,
Thou, thus in pieces, likewise wilt tear them.”
So them to castle yard the giant led,
When once again the light of morning came,
And showed them all the things his wife was pleased to
name.

XLIX.

“ These once were pilgrims like youselves,” said he ;
 “ Were trespassing on me, as you have been ;
 And when I chose, I tore them, as you see.
 Thus will I you, in days not more than ten ;
 So get you down unto your den again.”
 With that he beat them thither all the way,
 Until they reached that loathsome dungeon-den ;
 There, as before, on Saturday all day,
 In lamentable case these wretched captives lay.

L.

Now when the shades of night were come again,
 And Mistress Diffidence and husband too
 Were got to bed, about the prisoners then
 Their conference began they to renew.
 The giant wondered, all that he could do
 By blows, by counsel, and by cruelty,
 He could not yet their love of life subdue.
 With that his wife replied : “ I fear,” said she,
 “ They live in hopes that some will come and set them
 free.

LI.

“ Or that they may have pick-locks I’m afraid,
 By which they hope they shall escape from thee.”
 “ And say’st thou so, my dear ? ” the giant said ;
 “ Then will I search them in the morn, and see.”
 Well, Saturday, near midnight, it might be,
 The men began continuously to pray,
 Till nearly daybreak. Christian prayed till he,
 As one amazed, just ere the dawn of day,
 Into impassioned speech broke out, and thus did say : —

LII.

“O, what a fool am I,” quoth he, “to lie
Thus in a loathsome dungeon, when I may
As well have liberty! A key have I,
Called Promise, in my bosom, bright as day,
Which will, I am persuaded, find a way
To open any lock which dares defy
Its power in Doubting Castle, let me say.”
“That is good news,” said Hopeful, in reply;
“Good brother, from thy bosom pluck it out, and try.”

LIII.

Then Christian from his bosom pulled the key,
And tried it at the dungeon door; and when
Its bolt flew backwards, as the key turned he,
The door with ease flew open, and the men—
Christian and Hopeful—left their dismal den;
The outward door, which led into the yard,
It opened next. The iron gate tried then;
That must be opened too. That gate, though barred,
It opened, but the lock went desperately hard.

LIV.

The iron gate they then thrust open wide,
Lest their escape thereby should be delayed;
But, lo! that gate, on throwing it aside,
Upon its hinges such a creaking made,
Giant Despair awoke, and from his bed
Arose with haste, his prisoners to pursue;
But now his limbs refused their wonted aid,
And, falling into fits, he helpless grew,
Nor could he follow them, do all that he could do.

LV. .

Then went they out wherever they might please,
And came at length unto the King's high way ;
Out of his jurisdiction, they, at ease,
Walked, and were safe. So now, when gone were they
Over the stile whereby they went astray,
They thought what signal they should set up there,
To mark the stile which near the pathway lay,
That others coming after might beware
They do not fall a prey to giant-like Despair.

LVI.

So there a pillar then consented they
To set up, and engrave upon its side
This sentence : " OVER THIS STILE LIES THE WAY
TO DOUBTING CASTLE, KEPT AND FORTIFIED
BY GIANT DESPAIR, WHO DOOTH THE KING DERIDE
OF THE CELESTIAL LAND, AND WOULD DESTROY
HIS HOLY PILGRIMS." Many this described,
Read what was written, and escaped decoy.

This done, the pilgrims sang these warning words with
joy : —

" Out of the way we went, and then we found
What 'twas to tread upon forbidden ground ;
And let them that come after have a care,
Lest heedlessness makes them as we to fare ;
Lest they, for trespassing, his prisoners are,
Whose castle's Doubting, and whose name's Despair."



CANTO IX.

The shepherds to the pilgrims
Some wondrous things do show,
And give them words of counsel,
As on their way they go.

I.

UNTO the mountains called Delectable
At length they came, along their pilgrim way ;
Which mountains to the Lord of that same hill
Belong, whereon we said the lions lay. . .
So up these mountains cheerfully went they,
To see the gardens, and the orchards neat,
The vineyards, and the water fountains' play ;
Where, having drank, and washed their weary feet,
They of the vineyards' fruit did freely pluck and eat.

II.

Now, on these mountain tops were shepherds fair
 Feeding their flocks, who by the wayside stood.
 To them the pilgrims, therefore, now repair,
 And, leaning on their staves, in resting mood,—
 A custom common, it is understood,
 With many a weary pilgrim, when he sees
 A chance to talk with any on the road,—
 “Whose mountains so delectable are these?”
 They asked; “and whose the sheep that feed here at
 their ease?”

III.

“These lovely mountains are Immanuel’s land,”
 The shepherds kindly answered them; “and they
 In sight of his Celestial City stand;
 These sheep are also his, and he did lay
 His life down for them.” “And is this the way?”,
 Said Christian, “to that city?” “Just,” they said.
 Then asked he, “How far thither is it, pray?”
 “Too far,” they said, “for any ’tis, indeed,
 Except for those who shall in getting there succeed.”

IV.

“Safe is the way, or dangerous?” said he.
 The kindly shepherds answered him again,
 “’Tis safe for those for whom ’tis safe to be;
 Yet shall transgressors fall therein.” He then
 Inquired, “And is there here for weary men
 Any relief?” Said they, “This charge is found:
 ‘Forget not strangers here to entertain.’
 This charge He gave whose love our life has crowned,
 And who is Lord of all these lovely mountains round.

v.

“Therefore the good of all this pleasant land
Before you is.” — Then saw I in my dream
That when the shepherds came to understand
They were wayfaring men, they put to them
Inquiries — met as elsewhere — whence they came?
And how they found the way? and by what grace
Or means had persevered so in the same?

“For few begin,” said they, “to seek this place,
Who on these mountain heights do ever show their face.”

vi.

But when their tale the shepherds heard them tell,
They, pleased, looked lovingly, and, with acclaim,
Said, “Welcome to the Mounts Delectable;”
Then tenderly to them the shepherds came.
These shepherds were, to mention each by name,
Experience, Knowledge, Watchful, and Sincere, —
Who took them gently by the hand, and them
Led to their tents, where each kind mountaineer
Made them with joy partake his ready mountain cheer.

vii.

“We would,” said they, “moreover, that you should
Here stay a while, to know us, if you will;
Yet more, yourselves to solace with the good
Of these fair mountains called Delectable.”
Content were they, they said, to stay there still;
So, as 'twas late, they went to rest that night. —
Then saw I in my dream they slept until
The shepherds called them up by morning light,
To take a walk with them upon the mountain's height.

VIII.

So went they forth, and walked a while, and had
 On every side a pleasant prospect. Then
 One to another thus the shepherds said :
 " Shall we some wonders show these pilgrim men ?"
 To do so they had scarce concluded, when
 They had them first ascend up to the crown
 Of that hill which as Error known has been,
 Which on the farther side doth steeply frown ;
 Thence to its base they bade their pilgrim guests look down.

IX.

So down the pilgrims looked, and, lo ! there lay
 Beneath the Mount of Error several men
 All dashed to pieces by a fall which they
 Had had from that hill's top. Said Christian then,
 " What meaneth this ? " The shepherds said again,
 " Have not you heard of those to error led
 By Hymenēus and Philētus, when
 Concerning truth they erred, and of the dead
 ' The resurrection's past already,' boldly said ? "

X.

They answered, " Yes." " Those," said the shepherds
 then,
 " You see lie dashed in pieces at the base
 Of this dark mountain, are the very men ;
 Continued have they, in this very place,
 Unburied till this day, that their sad case
 Might thus admonish other men to fear,
 Through their example of foolhardiness,
 And take heed how too high they clamber here,
 Or venture to approach this mountain's brink too near."

xi.

Then saw I to one other mountain top
They had them ; Caution was the name it bare ;
Thence bade them look far off upon its slope ;
Which when they did, they thought they saw afar
Some men who up and down were walking there
Among the tombs. And they perceived the men
Were blind, because, with all their skill and care,
They sometimes stumbled o'er the tombs ; and when
They did so, they could not from them get out again.

xii.

Said Christian then, " What may this vision mean ? " "
" Did not you see," said they, " a stile below
These mountains, leading to a meadow green,
Just on the left ? " They answered, " Even so." Then said the shepherds, " From that stile doth go
A path direct to Doubting Castle drear ;
Giant Despair, the keeper, is a foe.
These in the tombs once came, as you do here,
On pilgrimage, until their feet this stile drew near.

xiii.

" And so, because the right way there was rough,
They chose into that meadow thence to stray ;
Giant Despair there took them quick enough,
And into Doubting Castle led their way,
Put out their eyes while they in dungeon lay,
And thence among these tombs the wanderers led.
So was fulfilled what did the wise man say,
He who from understanding's way hath sped
Remaineth in the congregation of the dead."

xiv. *

Christian and Hopeful, by experience taught,
 Looked at each other through their gushing tears,
 Yet to the gentle shepherds said they nought ;
 For now they well remembered, it appears,
 Their error, and their anguish, and their fears,
 While they in Doubting Castle's dungeon lay.
 It seems Despair, the giant, had for years
 Tormented pilgrims who had chanced to stray
 Into his meadow path, from out the King's rough way.

xv.

The shepherds had them then — for so I dreamed —
 Down to a new place in a bottom, where
 A door was on' a hill-side, as it seemed,
 Which opened they, and bade them look in there ;
 They looked, and, lo ! 'twas smoky, dark, and drear ;
 They also thought they heard a noise, and felt
 A rumbling, as of fire. They seemed to hear
 A cry of some who there tormented dwelt,
 And thought, moreover, they the scent of brimstone smelt.

xvi.

Said Christian, " What means this, I pray to know ? " The shepherds said, " This is a way to hell — A by-way, wherein hypocrites do go ; For instance : such as do their birthright sell, With Esau ; or their Master, as befell The traitor Judas ; or the truth blaspheme, With Alexander ; or a lie do tell, With Ananias and Sapphira scheme Dissemblingly, and lie unto the Blest Supreme."

xvii.

Then Hopeful to the shepherds thoughtful said,
 " These men, as I perceive, — yea, every one, —
 A show of pilgrimage upon them had,
 As we have now ; or say ye they had none ? " —
 The shepherds said, " With such show they begun,
 And held it long." Again did Hopeful say,
 " How far might they, in their day, thus go on
 In pilgrimage, since, notwithstanding, they
 Were sadly lost at last, and wholly cast away ? "

xviii.

" Some farther, and some not so far," said they,
 " As these fair mountains." " We, then, from on high " —
 (Thus did the pilgrims to each other say),
 " Unto the Strong for strength had need to cry." —
 " Which surely," said the shepherds, " by and by
 You will have need to use, you may depend." —
 Now did the pilgrims to go forward try ;
 Th' approving shepherds their desire commend,
 And so together walked they towards the mountains' end.

xix.

Then each to other did the shepherds say,
 " Here let us give these pilgrim men a view
 Of yon Celestial City's gates, — if they
 Can our perspective glass with skill look through, —
 Ere they their weary pilgrimage pursue." —
 The pilgrims lovingly, and full of hope,
 Accept the motion with thanksgiving due.
 So, soon they had them to a high hill-top,
 Called Clear, and gave them there a shepherd's telescope.

xx.

Then through the glass the pilgrims tried to look,
But still they could not quite their thoughts withdraw
From that scene showed them last, and their hands shook.
They could not, therefore, by a natural law,
The glass hold steadily, through inward awe ;
Yet thought they saw, some other things among,
Something which seemed the gate, and also saw
Some of the glory which around it hung ;
Then went they on their way, and these lines sweetly sung :

“ Thus by the shepherds secrets are revealed,
Which from all other men are kept concealed ;
Come to the shepherds, then, if you would see
Things deep, things hid, and that mysterious be.”

xxi.

Now when they from the mountains would depart,
And felt they could not any longer stay,
One of the shepherds, with a loving heart,
Gave them a note descriptive of the way.
Another bade them both beware not stray,
Lured by the Flatterer. And the third who spoke
Bade them take heed they did not, night or day,
Upon the Enchanted Ground soft sleep invoke.
The fourth bade them God-speed. So from my dream I
woke.



CANTO X.

The pilgrims meet a brisk lad,
See Turn-away off-borne;
By Flatterer are entangled,
By Atheist laughed to scorn.

I.

AND then I slept, and once again I dreamed
I saw the same two pilgrims going down
The mountains, on the highway, as it seemed,
To reach the City of such bright renown.
Now, on these mountains, just below the crown,
Lies, on the left, the country of Conceit,
Out from which country, through its chiefest town,
There comes a little crooked lane, or street,
Into the way where walked the pilgrims' way-worn feet.

II.

Here, therefore, met they, as it were by chance,
A brisk lad from that country, and his name—
Expressive of his class—was Ignorance.
So Christian asked him from what parts he came,
And whither he was going, and his aim.
“ The country ”—thus did Ignorance reply—
“ Where I was born, sir, is the very same
That off a little to the left doth lie ;
And to the Heavenly City going now am I.”

III.

“ But how,” said Christian, “ at the gate will you
Get in? for there you may be in some strait.”
Said he, “ As other worthy people do.”
“ But pray,” said Christian, “ what have you thereat
To show, to gain the opening of the gate?”
Said he, “ I know my Lord’s will, and I pay
All men their dues. Lived well have I of late ;
I fast, pay tithes, give alms, and also pray,
And mine own land have left for that land far away.”

IV.

“ Thou camest in,” said Christian, “ it is plain,
Not through the wicket gate, which at the head
Of this way stands, but through that crooked lane
Which into this way from Conceit doth lead ;
Wherfore, howe’er thy thoughts for thee may plead,
When comes the reckoning day, I greatly fear
Such things will laid be to thy charge indeed,
That thou a thief and robber wilt appear,
Instead of entering in to share the City’s cheer.”

V.

Said Ignorance, "Ye gentlemen to me
 Are utter strangers, both of you ; in fine,
 I know you not ; but pray contented be
 With your religion, as will I with mine,
 Such as his native country doth assign
 To each of us. I hope all well will go
 With both of us. The gate where you incline
 To think his passport each of us must show,
 Is far off' from our country, all the world doth know.

VI.

"In all our parts I cannot think one man
 So much as knows the pathway to that gate ;
 Nor need they much regard it, it is plain,
 Whether they do or not, since we a street,
 Or fine, green, pleasant lane-way, have complete,
 Down from our country near it, as you see."
 When Christian saw that in his own conceit
 The man was wise, to Hopeful whispered he,
 "There's more hope of a fool than can of that man be.

VII.

"Besides," said Christian, "he that is a fool
 Proclaims it when he walketh by the way.
 His wisdom fails him, as a general rule ;
 He that he is a fool to all doth say ;
 And shall we further talk with him, I pray,
 Or now out go, and leave him at his ease
 To ponder what his ears have heard to-day,
 And after, stop, and see if, by degrees,
 We then can do him good?" Then Hopeful's words were
 these : —

“ Let Ignorance a little while now muse
 On what is said, and let him not refuse
 Good counsel to embrace, lest he remain
 Still ignorant of what's the chiefest gain.
 God saith, those that no understanding have
 (Although he made them), them he will not save.”

viii.

Said Hopeful, “ 'Tis not good, I think, for one
 To tell him so at once ; let's pass him, then,
 And, if you please, talk more to him anon.”
 They passed, and he came after them ; and when
 They had passed, entered they a dark, dark lane,
 Wherein they met a man, whom, full of zeal,
 Seven dev'l's with seven strong cords had bound amain,
 And now were bearing, much against his will,
 Back to the door they saw upon the drear side-hill.

ix.

Good Christian now to tremble much began,
 And Hopeful, his companion, trembled too ;
 Yet, as the devils led away the man,
 Christian looked hard to see if him he knew.
 He thought at first, upon a hasty view,
 He recognized the pinioned man to be
 One Turn-away, a wretched fellow, who
 His dwelling had — provided it was he —
 In that ill-thriving town that's named Apostasy.

x.

But Christian did not fully see the face
 Of him on whom stern justice thus had frowned,
 For now he hung his head in sore disgrace—
 Much like a thief, who, on forbidden ground,
 With stolen goods upon his back, is found ;
 But when he past had gone, then Hopeful well
 Looked after him, and, lo ! a paper bound
 Upon his back made known his principle :
“WANTON PROFESSOR, AND APOSTATE DAMNABLE !”

xi.

Said Christian to his fellow, “ An event
 Which once was told me I remember well ;
 The story told was of an incident
 Which once the good man, Little-faith, befell,
 Who in the old town of Sincere did dwell.
 The thing was this : Just where this way begun,
 There comes from Broadway gate, adown the dell,
 A lane, called Dead Man’s Lane by every one,
 Because such murders there have commonly been done.

xii.

“ This good man, Little-faith, to go was bound
 Upon a pilgrimage, as we now do ;
 By chance he sat down on that dangerous ground,
 And there he fell asleep ; alas ! ’tis true ;
 When down the lane from Broadway gate rushed through
 Three sturdy rogues, on mischief all agreed,—
 Faint-heart, Mistrust, and Guilt,—three brothers, who,
 Espying Little-faith asleep indeed,
 Up where they saw he was came galloping with speed.

xiii.

“ The good man now, just waked from sleep again,
 Was getting up, his journey to complete,
 When all the three came up to him, and then
 With threatening bade him stand upon his feet.
 Now Little-faith looked white as any sheet,
 Nor had he power to either fly or fight.
 ‘ Thy purse ! ’ said Faint-heart ; but he did not meet
 The rough demand ; he was not ready quite.
 Mistrust his pocket searched, and brought his purse to light.

xiv.

“ Then Little-faith made lamentable cry, —
 ‘ Thieves ! thieves ! ’ with all the strength he could com-
 mand ;
 Guilt, thereupon, — for he was standing by, —
 Struck, with an ugly club he held in hand,
 The head of Little-faith, which blow unmanned
 And felled him flat upon the ground, where he
 Lay pouring out his life-blood on the sand,
 As he would bleed to death. The thieves, all three,
 In brotherhood of crime, stood by, the while, to see.

xv.

“ At last they heard that some were on the road ;
 And, fearing lest one Great-grace it should be,
 Who in Good Confidence hath his abode,
 They to their heels betook themselves to flee,
 And left this good man in his misery.
 Now Little-faith at length, though feeling bad,
 Came to, got up, then onward scrambled he.
 Such was the story told me.” Hopeful said,
 “ But did they from him take all that he ever had ? ”

xvi.

“No,” Christian said, “they ransacked not the place
Wherein his jewels were; those still kept he.
But for his loss the good man with distress
Was much afflicted, as 'twas told to me,
Because the thieves — the cruel brothers three —
Had got the money which he did intend
To use. I said they let his jewels be;
Also odd money, too, he had to spend,
But scarce enough to last until his journey's end.

xvii.

“Nay, if not greatly misinformed was I,
His poverty did often him compel
To beg, as on he went, lest he should die.
As to his jewels, them he might not sell;
But, beg, and do his best his wants to quell,
He went on often in a hungering state.”
“But do we not,” said Hopeful, “wonder well
They got not from him his certificate
Which was to let him in at the celestial gate?”

xviii.

Said Christian, “Yes, a wonderment it is;
But that they did not get; yet missed it not
Through any cunning craftiness of his;
For such dismay their coming on him brought,
No power or skill to hide it had he got;
’Twas saved by Providence, it seems to me,
More than by his endeavor or quick thought.”
Said Hopeful, “What a comfort it must be
To him they got not this dear piece of jewelry!”

xix.

Said Christian, " Yes, it might have been, had he Employed it as he should have done ; but they Have said, who first the story told to me, He little used it, for he felt dismay Because his money had been plucked away. Yea, he forgot, or if to mind did call, To cheer his heart therewith, from day to day, Thoughts of his loss on him again would fall, And these distressful thoughts would quickly swallow all."

xx.

" Alas, poor man ! this could not," Hopeful said, " But be to him a great grief, certainly." " Grief ? " Christian said, " ay, 'twas a grief indeed ; And would it not have been to you or me, Had we been used as harshly as was he — Robbed of our money by a highway thief, And wounded, too, as he was cruelly, Then in a strange place left without relief ? 'Tis wonderful, poor heart, he did not die of grief.

xxi.

" He scattered all the remnant of his way, As I was told, with nothing but complaint, Doleful and bitter ; much had he to say To all who overtook him as he went ; He with his story, too, did them acquaint Whom he o'ertook, as one with sorrow rife ; — Where he was robbed, and how, with what intent, Who did it, what he lost, and in the strife How he was wounded there, and scarce escaped with life."

xxii.

Said Hopeful, "'Tis a wonder, in his need,
 That he his jewels did not sell or pawn,
 To gain means on his journey to proceed,
 Since all his spending-money now was gone."
 "Brother, thou talkest," Christian said, "like one
 Upon whose head the shell is to this day.
 What aid from pawning them could he have drawn?
 To whom have sold them? Where he fell a prey,
 His jewels were not made account of, any way."

xxiii.

"Nor was it such relief he wished for then
 As could have been derived from such a source.
 Moreover, had his jewels missing been,
 At that Celestial City's gate, perforce,—
 And that full well enough he knew, of course,—
 From an inheritance therein must he
 Have been debarred; which would have been far worse
 To Little-faith himself than it could be
 Ten thousand thieves to face, with all their villany."

xxiv.

Said Hopeful, "Brother, why art thou so tart?
 His birthright Esau sold — for pottage, too;
 That birthright was the jewel of his heart;
 If he, why might not Little-faith so do?"
 Said Christian, "Esau sold his birthright, true;
 And so do many others, losing thence
 The blessing, as that caitiff did; but you
 'Twixt Esau's case and Little-faith's — and hence
 'Twixt their estates — must put a mighty difference.

xxv.

“ For Esau’s birthright sure was typical,
 But Little-faith’s bright jewels were not so :
 And Esau’s belly was his god withal ;
 But Little-faith’s was otherwise, you know :
 For fleshly appetite did Esau go ;
 But not so Little-faith : Esau could see
 No good beyond what lusts fulfilled bestow ;
 ‘ For I am near the point to die,’ said he,
 ‘ And what good will this birthright ever more do me ? ’

xxvi.

“ But Little-faith, though little faith had he,
 Was kept thereby from such extravagance,
 And made his jewels’ value more to see
 Than sell, as Esau his inheritance ;
 You nowhere read of Esau’s faith, perchance ;
 And hence where flesh bears sway, nor faith doth dwell,
 No marvel if, for simple sustenance,
 One both his birthright and his soul doth sell,
 And all his dearest rights, unto the Devil of Hell ;

xxvii.

“ For ‘tis with such as with the stubborn ass,
 Who cannot in her months be turned away ;
 Whenever to their lusts they set their face,
 They have them will, whatever price they pay.
 But Little-faith thought otherwise, I say ;
 On things divine he fixed his earnest thought ;
 Why should he, then, his jewels sell, I pray, —
 Provided any one would them have bought, —
 To fill his mind with things of emptiness and nought ?

XXVIII.

“ What man is he who will a penny give
 To fill his hungry belly full of hay?
 Can you the turtle-dove persuade to live
 On worthless carrion, like the crow, I pray?
 And though, for carnal lusts, the faithless may
 Mortgage, or sell, or pawn all they can rake,
 Whate'er they have, and e'en themselves, yet they
 Whose souls a tithe of saving faith partake
 Cannot so do. My brother, here is thy mistake.”

XXIX.

Said Hopeful, “ I acknowledge it, indeed ;
 Yet your severe reflection seemed unfair,
 And made me almost angry.” Christian said,
 “ Why, Hopeful, I did only thee compare
 To birds which of the brisker species are,
 Who will in trodden paths run to and fro,
 Ere yet their heads are of the egg-shell bare ;
 But take the thought, and let the language go,
 And all will then be well 'twixt thee and me, I know.”

XXX.

“ But, Christian,” Hopesful said, “ these fellows three,
 I am persuaded fully, on my part,
 Are but a very coward company ;
 For would they else have taken such a start,
 And run as they did, hasting to depart,
 At noise of some one coming on the road?
 Why did not Little-faith pluck up more heart?
 Methinks he might with them one brush have stood,
 And yielded when he saw resistance did no good.”

xxxI.

“ That they are cowards many men have said,”
 Christian replied, “ but few have found it true
 In trial time. As for more heart, indeed
 Poor Little-faith had none ; and, in my view,
 Thou, after one brush, wouldst have yielded, too ;
 And since now at a distance verily,
 This much is all thy stomach dares to do,
 Should they to thee appear as suddenly,
 They might, for aught I know, to second thoughts put thee.

xxxII.

“ But then consider, brother, once again,—
 A thing well worthy thy considering,—
 These thieves are, after all, but journeymen
 Who serve the bottomless pit’s infernal king ;
 Who will to them, if need be, succor bring ;
 Whose voice is dreadful as a lion’s roar.
 I found it once a most terrific thing ;
 For I myself have met this king, before,
 And proved, like Little-faith, his formidable power.

xxxIII.

“ Once these three villains set on me the same ;
 I, like a Christian, tried resistance, when
 They gave a call, and in their master came.
 I would — as is the saying among men —
 My life have given for a penny then ;
 But, as God would, I was in armor clad,
 Yet found it hard to play the man again ;
 For none can tell what, in that combat sad,
 Attends us, saving he who hath experience had.”

xxxiv.

“ Well, but you see they ran when,” Hopeful said,
 “ They thought one Great-grace coming was, near by.”
 Said Christian, “ True, they oftentimes have fled —
 They and their master — when Great-grace was nigh.
 No marvel ; he is of the King Most High
 The champion ; and some difference you see
 'Twixt Little-faith and him, as well as I.
 All the King's subjects cannot champions be,
 Nor can they do, when tried, such feats of war as he.

xxxv.

“ And is it meet to think a mere child, then,
 Should handle him of Gath as David did?
 Or that there should in one poor little wren
 An ox's strength and energy be hid?
 Some men are strong, some weaker than a kid ;
 Some have great faith, in others faith is small :
 This man in faith was but an invalid ;
 Therefore he went completely to the wall.”
 Said Hopeful, “ Would they had on Great-grace chanced
 to fall.”

xxxvi.

“ Had it been he,” said Christian, “ still he might
 Have had his hands full ; for I must tell you
 That though Great-grace is excellent in fight,
 And with his weapons well enough can do,
 So long as they are kept at swords' points, too,
 Yet even if Mistrust, Faint-heart, and so,
 Within him get, with their infernal crew,
 Go hard it shall but up his heels they'll throw ;
 And when a man is down, what can he do, you know ?

XXXVII.

“ Whoe'er upon Great-grace's face looks well
 Will see those scars and cuts which easily
 Will demonstration give of what I tell ;
 Yea, once I heard he said, — and that when he
 In combat was, — ‘ Of life despaired e'en we.’
 And how did David groan, and mourn, and roar,
 Forced by these rogues, and by their fellows ; yea,
 Heman and Hezekiah, who of yore
 Were champions, struggled hard when his assaults they
 bore.

XXXVIII.

“ And Peter, on a time, would try and see
 What he could do ; and, though by some 'tis said
 That prince of all th' apostles still is he,
 They handled him so harshly that they made
 Him of a sorry girl at last afraid.
 Besides, their king is at their whistle's call,
 And never out of hearing with his aid ;
 When they, at any time, are like to fall,
 If possible, he comes to help them out of all.

XXXIX.

“ Of him it hath been said, ‘ The sword of him
 That layeth at him cannot hold, in feud ;
 Habergeon, spear, nor dart. He doth esteem
 Iron as straw, and brass as rotten wood ;
 With courage he the arrow hath withstood,
 Nor can it make the mighty monster flee ;
 By him are sling-stones but as stubble viewed ;
 Darts he accounteth stubble, in his glee ;
 At shaking of the bright spear merely laugheth he.’

XL.

“In such case, what can man do? It is true,
 Had he Job’s horse, and skill courageously
 To ride, he then things notable might do ;
 For clothed with thunder is his neck, nor he
 Like as a grasshopper afraid will be ;
 His nostril’s glory terrible to ken.
 He paweth in the vale impatiently,
 And in his strength rejoiceth ; eager then
 He goeth proudly on to meet the arméd men.

XLI.

“At fear he mocketh, knoweth no affright,
 Nor turneth from the sword to quit the field ;
 Against him ratteth, in the desperate fight,
 The quiver and the glittering spear and shield ;
 Enraged, he bites the ground he will not yield ;
 Neither believes he ’tis the trumpet’s swell.
 ‘Ha, ha !’ he saith where trumpet notes are pealed ;
 Afar off he the battle’s smoke doth smell,
 The thunder of the captains — war’s tumultuous yell.

XLII.

“But let us footmen ne’er desire to meet
 An enemy, nor vaunt as if we could
 Do better, when we hear of some’s defeat ;
 Nor tickled be at thoughts of our manhoód :
 Such commonly the trial worst have stood.
 So Peter, swaggering, said he certainly
 Stand by his Master, more than all men, would.
 He spake vain-boastingly ; for who could be
 So by those villains foiled, and run down as was he ?

XLIII.

“ When hear we, therefore, that such robberies
 Upon the highway of the King are done,
 For us to go out harnessed would be wise,
 Taking with us a shield ; for, having none,
 'Twere vain to fight against Leviathan.
 That wanting, fears he not we him can quell.
 'Above all,' said a skilled, experienced one,
 'Take ye the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall
 Be able to quench all the fiery darts of hell.'

XLIV.

“ 'Tis good to ask the King himself to aid,
 And us convoy. To this e'en David owed
 His joy, when in the Valley of Death's Shade ;
 And Moses was for dying where he trod,
 Rather than go one step without his God.
 If He will go, my brother, with us, then
 What need we fear ten thousands on the road?
 They will against us set themselves in vain ;
 Without him, all proud helpers fall beneath the slain.

XLV.

“ I in the fray, ere now, have chanced to be ;
 Though, through his goodness who is Infinite,
 I still continued am alive, you see,
 Yet cannot boast of manhood, I admit ;
 Glad shall I be no more such brunts to hit,
 Though not, as yet, I fear, quite safe are we.
 I hope, since bear and lion have not yet
 Devoured me, God will our deliverer be
 From next uncircumcised Philistine.” Then sang he,—

“ Poor Little-faith ! hast been among the thieves ?
Wast robbed ? Remember this, whoso believes,
And get more faith ; then shall you victors be,
Over ten thousand — else scarce over three.”

XLVI.

So followed Ignorance, as on went they,
Until they reached a place where they observed
A way which joined their own way, and which lay
So seeming straight, it scarce from that way swerved
In which they should go on. This, therefore, served
The pilgrims to perplex ; for, of the two,
Since both seemed straight before, and neither curved,
Which way they ought to take they hardly knew ;
Here, therefore, stood they still, considering what to do.

XLVII.

While thus they stood, perplexed about the way,
Behold ! a black man, robed in raiment light,
Came up, and asked them wherefore there stood they.
They answered, they to Zion's City bright
Were bound, but here knew not which way was right.
The man said, “ Follow me ; the way I know ;
I thither go.” So him with great delight
They followed ; by degrees the way turned so,
So turned them from the City where they wished to go, —

XLVIII.

Their faces soon were turned from it away ;
Yet him they followed. But, to their regret,
Before they were aware, by him had they
Been led within the compass of a net,
Where, so entangled were they, and beset,
They knew not what to do. The robe of white
Now fell from off the man whose skin was jet,
And, seeing where they were, they cried outright ;
For they could not themselves get out, do what they might.

XLIX.

Said Christian to his fellow, " Now I see
Myself in error. Did the shepherds not
Bid us beware the Flatterer ? This day we
Have found the saying of the wise man fraught
With truth, which thus is into proverb wrought :
' He who his neighbor flattereth doth spread
A net to snare his feet.' " " Yea, they a note
Of good directions gave us," Hopeful said,
" Our way to guide, which we forgot, and have not read.

L.

" Nor have we from the fell Destroyer's path
Us kept. Here David wiser was than we ;
For he concerning works of man thus saith :
' I, by the words of thy lips, have kept me,
From all the paths of the destroyer, free.' "
Thus lay they both bewailing in the snare.
At last, with whip of small cords, one they see,
A Shining One, who, coming where they were,
Asked them both whence they came, and what were doing
there.

LI.

They told him two poor pilgrim men were they,
 To Zion going, but had been misled
 By one, a black man clothed in white array,
 "Who bade us," said they, "in his footsteps tread,
 For thither he was going." Then he said
 Who bore the whip, "'Tis Flatterer, no doubt,
 A false apostle, who, in light arrayed,
 Doth thus in angel livery prowl about."
 So then he rent the net, and let the captives out.

LII.

Then said he to the pilgrims, "Follow me,
 That I may set you in your way again."
 And so them back into the way led he,
 Which they had left to follow Flatterer. Then,
 "Where did you lie last night?" he asked the twain.
 They said they did among the shepherds stay,
 And on the Mounts Delectable had lain.
 Then asked he them if not a note had they,
 Given by the shepherds there to guide them on their way.

LIII.

They answered, "Yes." "But did you not," said he,
 "When thus perplexed, pluck out and read your note?"
 They answered, "No." He said, "Why not? tell me."
 They simply made reply that they forgot.
 He asked, moreover, did the shepherds not
 Bid them against the Flatterer watchful be.
 They answered, "Yes; but yet we never thought
 Of caution then," said they, "for surely we
 Did not imagine this fine-spoken man was he." —

LIV.

Then, dreaming, saw I down he bade them lie ;
The which they did, and he chastised them sore,
To teach them the good way to walk, thereby.
“ As many as I love, and would restore,
I chasten and rebuke,” said he ; “ therefore
Be zealous in your efforts, and repent ;
Go, heed the shepherds’ other counsels more.”
So thanked they him for all his kind intent,
Then softly they along the right way singing went :—

“ Come hither, you that walk along the way ;
See how the pilgrims fare that go astray :
They catchéd are in an entangled net,
'Cause they good counsel lightly did forget ;
'Tis true, they rescued were ; but yet you see
They’re scourged to boot : let this your caution be.”

LV.

Soon after this, along the highway one
Coming to meet them, far off, noticed they ;
The man was walking softly and alone.
Then Christian to his fellow thus did say :
“ Lo, yonder is a person in the way,
His back towards Zion, coming us to meet.”
“ I see him,” Hopeful said ; “ let us, I pray,
Take heed now to ourselves against deceit,
Lest also he should prove a flatterer and a cheat.”

LVI.

Nearer and nearer still to them he drew ;
 At last he came up to them, and they found
 His name was Atheist. “ Whither now go you,”
 Asked he, “ o'er all this superstitious ground ? ”
 Said Christian, “ We to Zion's Mount are bound.”
 Then Atheist fell to laughing heartily.
 “ Why doth your laughter,” Christian said, “ resound ? ”
 “ I can but laugh,” said Atheist, “ just to see
 What very ignorant men you both appear to be, —

LVII.

“ That you should undertake, o'er hills and plains,
 A journey which so tedious is, I see,
 Only to get your travel for your pains.”
 “ Why, man,” said Christian, “ do you think that we
 Shall not at Zion's gate admitted be ? ”
 “ Admitted ? ” Atheist said : “ there's no such home
 Nor place as that you dream of, certainly,
 In all this world, wherever you may roam.”
 Said Christian, “ But there is such in the world to come.”

LVIII.

“ When I at home,” said Atheist, “ used to be,
 In mine own country, I did often hear
 What you affirm, and I went out to see ;
 And I have sought this city, year by year,
 For twenty years, and I was just as near
 To finding it the first day I set out
 As I am now.” “ That,” Christian said, “ is queer ;
 We have both heard, nor have we any doubt,
 That there is such a city somewhere round about.”

LIX.

Said Atheist, “ Had not I, while yet at home,
 Believed to find that city so renowned,
 To seek it never had I thus far come ;
 Finding it not—and yet it would have crowned
 My search, could such a city have been found—
 For I have sought it farther than have you —
 I now am hastening to retrace the ground,
 And seek the things I cast away, in view
 Of hopes of that which now I see cannot be true.”

LX.

As one who dreams he may have been misled,
 Said Christian to his fellow, Hopeful, then,
 “ Can it be true which this man now hath said ? ”
 “ Take heed,” said Hopeful ; “ of the flattering men,
 This man is one. And call to mind again,
 Simply for hearing what such fellows state,
 How much it cost us once of shame and pain.
 What ! no Mount Zion ? Did not we of late
 From Mount Clear see ourselves the City’s glorious gate ?

LXI.

“ Also, are not we now to walk by faith ?
 Let us go on, lest we o’ertaken be .
 By him whose whip the erring chasteneth.
 That lesson you should have enjoined on me
 By which you must yourself now cautioned be :
 ‘ Cease thou, my son, instruction to receive
 That from the way of knowledge causeth thee
 To err.’ Cease, brother, lest he thee deceive ;
 But let us to the saving of the soul believe.”

LXII.

“Brother, I did not,” Christian said, “ask thee
Because I doubted our belief was true,
But just to prove thy heart’s strong honesty,
By fetching out the fruit thereof to view.
As for this man, this knowledge have I too :
That, through the god of this world, blind is he.
Let me and thee our pilgrim path pursue ;
We know that of the truth belief have we,
And also of the truth we know no lie can be.”

LXIII.

Then Hopeful, with a glad, triumphant voice,
And joyful lip, to Christian made reply :
“Now doth my soul in God himself rejoice ;
And in his glory’s hope how blest am I !”
When he had uttered thus his joyful cry, —
Poor Atheist having nothing more to say, —
They turned from him away, and so passed by.
Laughing at them, and all such men as they,
From them turned Atheist, too, and went his scornful way.





CANTO XI.

The pilgrims, to keep wakeful
Upon th' enchanted ground,
Converse ; and, Ignorance meeting,
They give him counsel sound.

I.

THEN saw I in my dream, they went till they
Unto a certain country came, whose air
Did on one's eyelids naturally weigh,
If into it he came a stranger there.
Hopeful its drowsiness began to share ;
Said he to Christian, " Something here doth make
Me drowsy ; mine eyes close ere I'm aware ;
So let us here lie down, and one nap take."
" Not so," said Christian ; " lest we sleep and never wake."

II.

Said Hopeful, "Why, my brother? sleep is sweet
 Unto the laboring man; and surely we
 Refreshment from a little nap may get
 As well, for aught that I can see, as he."

"And bear you not the fact in memory,"
 Said Christian, "that of this enchanted ground
 One of the shepherds bade us cautious be?
 He meant a warning in our ears to sound,
 Lest, growing drowsy here, we should asleep be found.

III.

"Wherefore, 'let us not sleep as others do,
 But let us watch, and also sober be.'"

"I own," said Hopeful, "I'm in fault; 'tis true;
 And had I been here all alone, I see,
 Death might in sleep have overtaken me.
 I now the truth see of the wise man's word,
 That 'two than one are better,' certainly.
 Thy company my mercy I regard,
 And thou for all thy pains shalt have a good reward."

IV.

"Now then," said Christian, "as a wise resource,
 And drowsiness in this place to prevent,
 Let us at once fall into good discourse."

"With all my heart," said Hopeful, "I consent."

Said Christian, "Where shall we our argument
 Begin?" Said Hopeful, with a ready tongue,
 "Where God began with us. If you assent,
 Do you begin, as journey we along."

Said Christian, "Let me first sing you this little song:—

“When saints do sleepy grow, let them come hither,
 And hear how these two pilgrims talk together;
 Yea, let them learn of them, in any wise,
 Thus to keep ope their drowsy, slumbering eyes.
 Saints' fellowship, if it be managed well,
 Keeps them awake, and that in spite of hell.”

v.

Then Christian, opening the discourse, began :
 “One question, brother Hopeful, pray allow :
 How came you first to think of doing, man,
 That which you do with so much pleasure now?”
 Said Hopeful, “Do you mean to ask me how
 I came to make my soul my chiefest care?”
 “Yes,” Christian said, “that meaning I avow.”
 Said Hopeful, “Long continued I to share
 Delight in what was sold and witnessed in our fair.

vi.

“Which things, I now believe, would certainly
 Have drowned me in perdition's depths for aye,
 Had I continued in their power to be.”
 “But tell me,” Christian said, “what things were they
 Which proved so strong to lure the downward way?”
 “The world,” said Hopeful, “o'er me held control ;
 Its riches and its treasures had such sway,
 And did such waves of influence o'er me roll,
 That I rejoiced in what brings ruin to the soul.

VII.

“I then in riots and in revellings,
 In drinking, swearing, lying, took delight,
 Uncleanness, Sabbath-breaking, and such things
 As tended to the soul’s destruction quite.
 But, viewing things divine in clearer light,
 As heard from you, and Faithful, your dear friend,
 Who was for faith and good life slain outright
 In Vanity Fair, whose death did truth command,
 I found of all these things death is at last the end.

VIII. .

“I found, moreover, that, for these things’ sake,
 The wrath of God doth surely come upon
 The child of disobedience.” Christian spake :
 “ Did you, at once, then feel your soul undone,
 So that you could no longer thus go on ? ”
 “ No,” Hopeful said, “ I was not willing quite
 To know the evil of mere sin alone,
 Nor that damnation which doth follow it,
 Whenever guilty men iniquity commit.

IX.

“ But when my mind at first began to be
 Convicted by the law, I sought in vain
 To shut my eyes against its light, you see.”
 “ But what,” said Christian, “ may the cause have been
 Of your behaving in such manner, when
 God’s blessed spirit first upon you wrought ? ”
 “ The causes were,” said Hopeful, “ first, I then
 Was very ignorant, and never thought
 This was the work of God, which thus on me was brought.

x.

“ I never thought that God doth first begin
 The sinner's true conversion to complete
 By any such awakenings for sin ;
 And, second, to my flesh so very sweet
 Was sin, that I was loath to leave it yet ;
 Nor, thirdly, could I tell, nor did I see,
 How from my old companions to retreat,
 And part from them whose very company,
 And actions, too, were so desirable to me.

xi.

“ And, fourth, the hours of my conviction were
 So heart-affrighting and so sad to me,
 I could not on my heart their memory bear.”
 Said Christian, “ Then you sometimes got to be
 Rid of your trouble ? ” “ Yes, I did,” said he,
 “ But it would come into my mind again,
 When I should be as bad, nay, possibly,
 Worse than I was before.” Said Christian then,
 “ What was it brought to mind your sins with so much
 pain ? ”

xii.

Said Hopeful, “ Many things ; as, if indeed
 I did but meet a good man in the way ;
 Or heard a person in the Bible read ;
 Or if mine head ached, or I heard one say
 Some of my neighbors taken sick were ; nay,
 E'en if I heard the death-bell toll for some ;
 Or if I thought that I must die some day ;
 Or heard of others hurried to the tomb ;
 But chiefly when I thought I must to judgment come.”

xiii.

“And could you,” Christian said, “get off with ease
 The guilt of sin, at any moment when
 It came upon you in such ways as these?”
 Said Hopeful, “No, not latterly; for then
 A firmer hold on conscience it did gain;
 And — though my mind was turned against it — still,
 If I the bare thought did but entertain
 Of going back to sin against my will,
 It would my very heart with double torment fill.”

xiv.

Christian inquired, “And how did you then do?”
 “I thought,” said Hopeful, “I at least must try
 To mend my life; for, otherwise, 'twas true
 I must undoubtedly be damned, thought I.”
 “Did you,” said Christian, “try to mend hereby?”
 Said Hopeful, “Yes; and I did then forsake
 Both all my sins, and sinful company,
 And did to pious acts myself betake;
 Prayed, wept for sin, and truth unto my neighbors spake.

xv.

“These things I did, and others, I may add,
 More than I easily can here relate.”
 Then, in a brief inquiry, Christian said,
 “And did you then think well of your own state?”
 “Yes,” Hopeful said, “for then my joy was great;
 But at the last my trouble came anew,
 Tumbling upon me at a fearful rate,
 Over the neck of my reformings too.”
 Said Christian, “How came that, since now reformed
 were you?”

xvi.

Said Hopeful, “ Several different things there were
 Which brought it on me ; and especially
 Such truths as in these declarations are :
 That ‘ all our righteousnesses,’ certainly,
 ‘ As filthy rags are ;’ and ‘ no flesh can be
 By any of the law’s deeds justified ;’
 And, ‘ When ye all these things have done, say we
 Unprofitable are ;’ and more beside,
 Akin to these, wherein our merit is denied.

xvii.

“ Whence I to reason with myself began :
 If all the righteous actions done by me
 Are filthy rags, and by the law no man
 Can e’er be justified ; and if, when we
 Have done all, we unprofitable be, —
 It is but folly, as I plainly saw,
 To think of reaching heaven’s felicity
 By any deeds obedient to the law ;
 No other inference could I from reason draw.

xviii.

“ I further reasoned thus : Suppose a man
 Doth run himself a hundred pounds in debt
 Unto the grocer, and thenceforward can
 And shall pay cash for all he there doth get ;
 The old debt which against his name is set,
 Still on the book uncrossed, he can’t evade ;
 For that the shopkeeper may sue him yet,
 And him imprison till the debt is paid.”
 “ Well, how did this apply to your case ? ” Christian said.

xix.

Said Hopeful, " Why, thus with myself thought I :
 I, by my sins, have run a fearful way
 Into God's book, and that I can't deny ;
 And my reforming now will never pay
 That old score off ; and therefore I would say,
 Or think, although I do somewhat amend,
 How shall I that damnation drive away
 Which o'er my guilty head doth still impend
 For former evil deeds, though now they have an end ? "

xx.

Said Christian, " Well applied ; but pray go on."
 " One more thing," Hopeful said, " hath troubled me,
 E'en since the late amends which I have done :
 If I my deeds examine, sin, — I see, —
 New sin, will mixed with my best actions be ;
 So I conclude I have committed sin
 Enough, in spite of fond self-flattery,
 E'en in a single day, to sink me in
 Deep hell, though all my life before had faultless been."

xxi.

Christian inquired, " And what did you do then ? "
 " Do ? " answered Hopeful, " why, I could not tell
 What to do, till my mind I broke again
 To Faithful, — for acquainted we were well ; —
 He told me that, to save my soul from hell,
 The world's and mine own righteousness were vain ;
 And that, to save me, nothing would avail,
 Unless I could the righteousness obtain
 Of man who ne'er had sinned, and yet had suffered pain."

xxii.

“ And did you think,” said Christian, “ he spake true?”
 Said Hopeful, “ Had he told me so when I
 Was pleased and satisfied, in mine own view,
 With mine amendments, I had, in reply,
 Called him a fool, for all his pains to lie ;
 But since mine own infirmity I see,
 And with my best performance can descry
 Sin intermingled, I am forced to be
 Of his opinion, that no merit is in me.”

xxiii.

“ But when he first suggested it to you,
 Did you,” said Christian, “ think that there could be
 A man found anywhere, of whom 'twas true
 That never in his life committed he
 A single sin?” Said Hopeful, “ Why, to me,
 The words, at first, did very strangely sound ;
 But, after being in his company,
 And talking somewhat more with him, I found
 His words were true, and my convictions did abound.”

xxiv.

“ And did you ask,” said Christian, earnestly,
 “ What man this was, and how by him you must
 Be justified?” Said Hopeful, “ Yes ; and he
 Told me it was the Holy One, and Just,
 Who dwells at God's right hand, whom I must trust ;
 ‘ And thus,’ he said, ‘ you justified must be,
 By trusting what this person, so august,
 Did by himself for sinners such as we,
 And suffered in the flesh when hanging on the tree.’

xxv.

“I asked him, too, how that man’s righteousness
 Could yet of such an efficacy be,
 That it could even justify and bless
 Another before God? And he told me
 He was the mighty God, and whate’er he
 Had done, he did, and also death received
 Not for himself, but me; and, verily,
 His deeds and worthiness to me, reprieved,
 Should be imputed now, if I on him believed.”

xxvi.

Christian inquired, “And what did you do then?”
 “Against belief I did objections ply,
 Thinking,” said Hopeful, “that belief were vain,
 And that he would not me save, should I try.”
 Said Christian, “What said Faithful in reply?”
 “He bade me try him,” Hopeful said, “and see;
 ‘But that would be presumption,’ answered I;
 No, that, he said, would not presumption be,
 For I invited was, and so to come was free.

xxvii.

“T’ encourage me more freely, by its aid,
 To come, a book he gave me for my good,
 Of Jesus’ own inditing; and he said
 That every jot and tittle of it would
 Stand firmer than the heaven and earth e’er stood.
 I asked him what, on coming, there would be
 Of me required. He told me that I should
 And must, with heart and soul, on bended knee,
 Entreat the Father would reveal him unto me.

xxviii.

“I asked him, also, how I must entreat ;
 How make my supplications. ‘Go,’ said he,
 ‘For thou shalt find him on a mercy-seat,
 Sitting the whole year long, with pardons free,
 To give to those who come, likewise to thee.’
 ‘I know not what to say,’ said I. ‘Receive,’
 Said he, ‘my counsel ; say, God be to me,
 A sinner, merciful ; my sins forgive ;
 And make me Christ to know, and in his name believe.

xxix.

“‘For now, O Lord, I see, as plain as day,
 That if his righteousness had never been,
 Or I lack faith, I then am cast away ;
 Lord, I have heard that thou to all our kin
 Art merciful, and hast from guilt and sin
 Ordained that Jesus Christ, thy Son, should be
 The Saviour of the world, with grace to win :
 And that thou wilt bestow that Son on me,
 Poor sinner as I am, now supplicating thee.

xxx.

“‘For I a sinner am, O Lord, indeed ;
 Take, therefore, thou this opportunity
 To magnify thy grace, I humbly plead,
 In saving my poor soul eternally,
 Through Jesus Christ thy Son ; so let it be.’”
 “Did you,” said Christian, “as thus bidden do?”
 “Yes,” Hopeful said, “I did continually ;
 Yea, o'er, and o'er, and o'er.” Said Christian too,
 “And did the Father then reveal the Son to you?”

XXXI.

"Not at the first, nor second time, 'twas plain,
 Nor third, fourth, fifth, nor sixth time," Hopeful said.
 Christian inquired, "And what did you do then?"
 "What?" Hopeful said; "why, when I thus had prayed,
 And answer to my prayer was still delayed,
 I knew not what to do, I must confess."
 Said Christian, "Did no thoughts your breast invade
 Of leaving off your prayers?" Said Hopeful, "Yes;
 A hundred times twice told I thought that I would cease."

XXXII.

"And what," said Christian, "might the reason be
 Why you did not?" Said Hopeful, "I believed
 That that was true which hath been told to me,
 That my salvation could not be achieved
 Without the righteousness of Christ received;
 Nor all the world, without that righteousness,
 Could ever save me. So to that I cleaved.
 Thought I, I perish if from prayer I cease,
 And I can only perish at the throne of grace.

XXXIII.

"And then, withal, this came into my mind:
 'Wait for it if it tarry; for it will
 Come surely, nor will tarry long behind.'
 So I continued praying on, until
 The Father did to me his Son reveal."
 Said Christian, "How was he revealed to thee?"
 Him Hopeful answered thus; "I could not still
 With these my bodily eyes his person see,
 But through my understanding thus revealed was he:—

xxxiv.

“ One day I found myself exceeding sad,
 Sadder, I think, than any other day
 In all my life, through one fresh sight I had
 Of my sins' greatness, and their vile array ;
 I looked for nought but hell — my soul a prey
 To fear of deep damnation. Suddenly
 I thought I saw the Lord, and heard him say,
 As he from heaven looked kindly down on me,
 ‘ Believe on Jesus Christ, and saved thy soul shall be.’

xxxv.

“ ‘ But, Lord, I am a sinner great indeed,’
 Was my reply, and thus he answered me :
 ‘ For thee my grace sufficient is.’ I said,
 ‘ But what, then, is believing, Lord, on thee?’
 Then saw I from that Scripture saying, He
 Who comes to me shall never hunger more,
 He who believes shall never thirsty be,
 That coming unto Jesus as the door,
 And in his name believing, is the same thing o'er.

xxxvi.

“ And that, whoever unto Jesus came,
 Or in his heart's love ran out heartily
 After salvation, by and through his name,
 He must in Christ a true believer be.
 Then in mine eyes stood water plenteously ;
 And then I asked him further : ‘ But, Lord, may
 So great a sinner as thou seest me,
 And as I own I am, in every way,
 Accepted be, indeed, and saved by thee, I pray ? ’

xxxvii.

“I heard him say, too, Him who comes to me
 I will cast out in no wise. Then said I,
 ‘But how must I consider, Lord, of thee,
 The High and Lofty One, in coming nigh,
 That so my faith may sure on thee rely?’
 ‘Into this sinful world Christ Jesus came
 To save lost sinners,’ was his brief reply.
 ‘Him doth the truth the end of law proclaim
 For righteousness, to all believers in his name.

xxxviii.

“‘He, for our sins, on Calvary’s mountain died,
 Alone for us the mighty wine-press trod,
 Then rose, that sinners might be justified
 Through faith in him. He loved us; in his blood
 He washed us from our sins. ’Twixt us and God
 He Mediator is. And still lives he
 To intercede for us.’ I understood
 From this, his righteousness was wrought for me,
 And for my sins his blood must satisfaction be.

xxxix.

“Now, his obedience to his Father’s law,
 And his submission to its penalty,
 Were meant not for himself, but him, I saw,
 Who will accept them, and will thankful be.
 And now my heart did beat most joyfully,
 Mine eyes were full of tears, and, in accord,
 My best affections running o’er were free
 With love unto the people, name, and word,
 And ways of Jesus Christ, my Saviour and my Lord.”

XL.

“ This was a revelation,” Christian said,
 “ Unto your soul, of Christ. Pray now reveal
 Particularly what effect this had
 Upon your spirit.” Hopeful said, “ I will.
 It made me see that sin the world doth fill ;
 Spite of its righteousness, it all doth lie
 Under the deepest condemnation still ;
 And more, that God the Father, just and high,
 Can yet the coming sinner justly justify.

XLI.

“ It made me much ashamed to see how vile
 My former life had been, confounding me
 With sense of mine own ignorance the while.
 Never till now could I Christ’s beauty see ;
 But now I longed to live more holily,
 And something for his glory undertake —
 Something whereby his name might honored be ;
 Yea, were my body’s blood one boundless lake,
 I thought that I could spill the whole for Jesus’ sake.”

XLII.

Then saw I Hopeful looking back, where he
 Saw Ignorance pursuing, who declined
 Their company. Said he to Christian, “ See
 How far yon youngster loitereth behind.”
 “ Ay, ay, I see him,” Christian said, “ and find
 He careth not for either me or you.”
 Hopeful replied, “ But, had he so inclined,
 It would not much have hurt him, in my view,
 Had he kept pace with us in walking hitherto.”

XLIII.

“True,” Christian said ; “but yet I'll warrant you
 He thinketh otherwise.” Hopeful replied,
 “Yes, that he doth ; but e'en though that be true,
 Let us for him now tarry.” So they did.
 Then him did Christian somewhat sharply chide :
 “Man, come away ! Why stay you so behind ?”
 Said Ignorance, “To walk alone I tried
 From choice ; and much more pleasure thus I find
 Than e'en in company, unless I like the kind.”

XLIV.

“Did not I tell you for our company,”
 Said Christian softly unto Hopeful then,
 “He did not care at all ? Howe'er,” said he,
 “Come up and let us undertake again
 To talk away the time, if so we can,
 In this lone place.” Then Christian turned his face
 To Ignorance, and spake in language plain :
 “Come, how are you ? How standeth now the case
 Between your soul and God, in point of righteousness ?”

XLV.

“Why, well, I hope,” said Ignorance ; “for I
 Am full of good emotions every day,
 Which come into my mind quite pleasantly,
 To comfort me while walking by the way.”
 Said Christian, “Tell us what emotions, pray.”
 Said Ignorance, “I think of God and heaven.”
 Said Christian, “So do devils, cast away,
 And damnéd souls, who ne'er can be forgiven,
 Whose peace of mind by pain forevermore is riven.”

XLVI.

“But when I think of them,” said Ignorance,
 “I them desire.” “And so do many, too,”
 Said Christian, “who still stand but little chance
 Of coming there. ‘The sluggard’s soul, ’tis true,
 Desireth and hath nothing.’ So may you.”
 “But I for them leave all,” said Ignorance then.
 Said Christian, “That I doubt; for so to do
 Hard matter is, e’en heaven itself to gain;
 Yea, harder matter far than deemed by many men.

XLVII.

“What though thou hast a pilgrim pathway trod;
 Yet why or how canst thou persuaded be
 That thou hast left thine all for heaven and God?”
 Said Ignorance, “My heart so telleth me.”
 Christian replied, “The wise man saith that he
 That trusts in his own heart a fool is known.”
 “Ay, that,” said Ignorance, “undoubtedly
 Is spoken of an evil heart alone;
 But this of mine is sure a good and honest one.”

XLVIII.

“But how,” said Christian, “dost thou prove it so?”
 Said Ignorance, “It greatly comforts me
 In hopes of heaven.” “But that, for aught I know,”
 Said Christian, “through deceitfulness may be;
 For man’s heart may to him a ministry
 Of comfort render, in the hope to gain
 That thing of which no ground for hope has he.”
 “My heart and life,” said Ignorance, “in main
 Agree; and so my hope well grounded is, ’tis plain.”

XLIX.

Said Christian, "But who told thee they agree?"
 "My heart," said Ignorance, "doth tell me so."
 Said Christian, "Ask my fellow if I be
 A thief, and doubtless he will answer, No.
 Thy heart so tells thee? I would have thee know,
 Except the word of God, in this affair,
 Doth witness bear, the world can nought bestow,
 Nor any other testimony bear,
 That is of any value here or anywhere."

L.

"But is not that heart good which good thoughts hath?
 And is not that a good life which agrees
 With God's commandments?" Ignorance then saith.
 "Yes," Christian said; "but truly having these
 Is one thing; merely thinking so, to ease
 Ourselves, is quite another thing indeed."
 "Tell me, what count you good thoughts, if you please,
 And what," said Ignorance, "in your own creed,
 Should be a life which is with God's commands agreed?"

* LI.

"Of good thoughts, doubtless, there are divers kinds,"
 Said Christian; "some respect ourselves; some, God;
 Some, Christ; some, other things in other minds."
 "What are good thoughts upon ourselves bestowed?"
 Said Ignorance, as on their way they plod.
 Said Christian, "Such as with God's word agree."
 Said Ignorance, now in inquiring mode,
 "When, of ourselves, are our thoughts said to be
 Completely with the word of God in harmony?"

LII.

Said Christian, “When the judgment which we pass
 Upon ourselves agrees with that the word
 Upon us passes. To explain the case
 Of persons never yet by grace restored,
 Thus saith the written volume of the Lord :
 ‘There’s none that doeth good, none righteous be.’
 And of man’s heart it doth this truth record :
 ‘Every imagination God doth see
 Is evil ; only so, and that continually.’

LIII.

“‘Th’ imagination of man’s heart,’ again
 It saith, ‘is evil from his youth.’ When we
 Think of ourselves in such a manner, then,—
 Having a sense thereof,—our thoughts, you see,
 Are good ones, for they perfectly agree
 With God’s own word.” “That my heart is thus bad,”
 Said Ignorance, “finds no belief in me.”
 “As it concerns thyself, then,” Christian said,
 “Thou never in thy life one proper thought hast had.

LIV.

“Let me go on still further,” Christian says :
 “As on our hearts the word doth judgment pass,
 So passeth it a judgment on our ways ;
 And when our thoughts and ways keep equal pace
 With such a judgment as the word of grace
 Hath given to both, then both, of course, are good,
 For both agree the sinner to abase.”
 Said Ignorance, “I wish not to intrude,
 But will you make for me your meaning understood?”

LV.

Said Christian, " Why, the word of God doth say,
 Man's ways are evil, crooked, and perverse ;
 By nature are estranged from the good way,
 And that they have not known that way, of course ;
 Now, when a man his own ways doth asperse,
 When he hath sensibly himself abhorred,
 And heart-humiliation learned to nurse,
 We good thoughts of his ways to him accord,
 Because they now agree in judgment with God's word."

LVI.

" What are good thoughts concerning God ? " he said.
 Christian replied, " Just such as you from me
 Have heard concerning our own selves, indeed ;
 That when our thoughts of God do well agree
 With what the word saith of him, or when we
 Think of his Being as the word hath taught,
 What lofty, glorious attributes has he,
 We then think of Jehovah as we ought ;
 But to discourse of these at large I now cannot.

LVII.

" To speak of him with reference to us :
 We then have right thoughts of the Lord when we
 Think of his wondrous knowledge of us, thus :
 That he knows better what our state may be
 Than we ourselves do, and in us can see
 Sin, when and where we in ourselves see none ;
 And when we think, our inmost thoughts knows he,
 And that our hearts, to every evil prone,
 Are open to his eyes, and all their depths are known.

LVIII.

“ And also when we think our righteousness
 A stench is in his nostrils, and that he
 Cannot abide that we before his face
 Should stand as if some confidence have we
 In our best deeds, however good they be.”
 Said Ignorance, “ And do you think that I
 Am such a fool as thinks that God can see
 No farther than can my dim mortal eye,
 Or would with my best deeds approach the King Most
 High?”

LIX.

“ Why,” Christian said, “ how dost thou think in this?”
 “ Why, to be short, then,” Ignorance replied,
 “ I think that faith in Christ my duty is,
 Of course, in order to be justified.”
 “ How ! thinkest that thou must in Christ confide,
 When thou,” said Christian, “ dost not feel nor see
 Thy need of Him who for thy ransom died !
 Thou dost not see there is infirmity,
 Either original or actual, found in thee.

LX.

“ But such opinion of thyself hast thou,
 And of thy doings, whatsoe'er they be,
 As doth to my mind very plainly show
 That thou art one who never yet didst see
 Of Christ's obedience the necessity,
 In order that thou mightst be justified
 Before God's holy law. How, then,” said he,
 “ Dost thou say, I believe in Christ, who died ? ”
 “ My faith is well enough, for all that,” he replied.

LXI.

“ But how dost thou believe, then ? ” Christian said.
 “ Christ died for sinners,” Ignorance replied ;
 “ Now from the curse impending o'er my head
 I shall before the Lord be justified
 Through his acceptance graciously applied
 To my obedience ; or thus : Christ doth make
 My duties, done upon religion's side,
 The virtue of his merits so partake,
 That I shall be of God accepted, for his sake.”

LXII.

“ Let me,” said Christian, “ now an answer give
 To this confession of thy faith. Thou dost,
 First, with a faith fantastical believe ;
 For this same faith, which is thy trust and boast,
 Is nowhere in the word described, thou know'st.
 And, second, with a faith which false is known
 Dost thou believe, because the debt thou ow'st
 It pays not by Christ's righteousness alone,
 But somehow by his virtue patching up thine own.

LXIII.

“ Third, this doth Christ the Justifier make
 Not of thy person, but of thine own acts ;
 And of thy person for thine actions' sake,
 Which evidently falsifies the facts ;
 And, therefore, fourth, this faith, so very lax,
 Thy precious soul will cruelly deceive ;
 And when the day of wrath shall fervent wax
 Of God Almighty, thee it then will leave
 Beneath that wrath, shouldst thou in such faith still believe.

LXIV.

“ True justifying faith the soul doth send—
 When made aware, by anguish and distress,
 Of its lost state— to Christ, the sinner’s Friend,
 To seek a refuge in his righteousness,
 Which righteousness is not an act of grace,
 Whereby he doth, to justify thee, make
 Thine own obedience stand before the face
 Of God approved; but, rather, for our sake,
 What law required of us he on himself did take.

LXV.

“ This righteousness of his, true faith, I say,
 Accepts, and so the soul beneath its skirt
 Is shrouded, and as spotless every way.
 Presented is to God, and thus, unhurt,
 Accepted is, and from its just desert
 And condemnation is acquitted free.”
 “ Would you,” said Ignorance, “ have us divert
 Our thoughts from our own deeds, whate’er they be,
 And trust what Christ has done, without us, personally?

LXVI.

“ Sure, this conceit would loosen all the reins
 Of all our lusts, and suffer us to live
 Just as we list; for why need we take pains?
 What matters how we live when we believe,
 If we are justified, and so receive
 Acquittal for our sins and every blame?”
 Said Christian, Ignorance to undeceive,
 “ Thy name is Ignorance. As is thy name,
 So, too, art thou. Thine answer demonstrates the same.

LXVII.

“ What is the righteousness which justifies,
And how, through faith of it, thou mayst secure
From God's great wrath thy precious soul, which lies
In ruins, thou art ignorant, I'm sure ;
And of the true effects which would inure
From saving faith in Christ ; which is, to bow
And win the heart to God in Christ, with pure
Love to his name, word, ways, and not as thou
Dost ignorantly fancy, and with zeal avow.”

LXVIII.

“ Ask him,” said Hopeful, “ if he ever had
Revealed to him the Saviour from on high.”
“ What ! you a man are,” Ignorance then said,
“ For revelations. Be it known that I
Believe that what you both say in reply,
And all the rest of you may have to say
About that matter, is insanity —
The fruit of your distracted brains, which may
To you, perhaps, seem right, and e'en as plain as day.”

LXIX.

“ Why, man,” said Hopeful, “ from the fleshly eye
And natural apprehension, Christ is so
Hidden in God, he cannot savingly
By us be known ; no mortal him can know,
Till God the Father Him to him doth show.”
“ That is your faith,” said Ignorance, “ not mine ;
Yet mine, I doubt not, is as good, although
I have not in my head, as I opine,
So many whimseys as thou cherishest in thine.”

LXXX.

“ One thing,” said Christian, “ suffer me to say :
 You should not here so slightly speak a word ;
 For this I boldly will affirm, and may,
 As my companion hath,— for we accord,—
 That no man can know Jesus Christ the Lord
 But by the Father’s revelation ; yea,
 And that faith, too, by which the soul restored
 Its hold — if it be right — on Christ doth lay,
 Is wrought by his great power, and in no other way.

LXXI.

“ Th’ exceeding greatness of his mighty power
 Doth work that faith whose working, I perceive,
 Thou art, poor Ignorance, until this hour,
 Entirely ignorant of. O, undeceive
 Thy precious soul ; the word of truth receive ;
 To thine own lost estate awakened be ;
 Behold thy wretchedness ; repent ; believe ;
 Fly, fly to Jesus, who on Calvary’s tree
 Hath suffered in the flesh, and meekly died for thee.

LXXII.

“ And by the righteousness which he hath wrought,
 Which is the righteousness of God,— for He
 Himself is God who hath thy pardon bought,—
 Thou shalt delivered from destruction be.”
 Said Ignorance, “ You go too fast for me ;
 I cannot quite keep pace with you, I find.
 Do you go on before ; I plainly see
 That I must linger yet a while behind.”
 So then the pilgrims spake, and uttered thus their mind :

“ Well, Ignorance, wilt thou yet foolish be,
To slight good counsel, ten times given thee?
And if thou yet refuse it, thou shalt know
Ere long, the evil of thy doing so.
Remember, man, in time ; stoop, do not fear ;
Good counsel, taken well, saves ; therefore hear.
But if thou yet shalt slight it, thou wilt be
The loser, Ignorance, I'll warrant thee.”





CANTO XII.

They pass the Ground Enchanted;
To Beulah's land they come;
Then cross the rolling river,
And reach their heavenly home.

I.

CHRISTIAN addressed himself to Hopeful then :
“ Well, come, good Hopeful, thou and I alone,
As I perceive, must journey on again.” —
So, in my dream, I noticed they went on
Apace before, and Ignorance anon
Came hobbling after. Christian then began
To say to Hopeful, ere they far had gone,
“ I do sincerely pity this poor man,
For he must fall at last beneath the gospel ban.”

II.

“Alas! there are abundance in our town
In his condition,” Hopeful said, “’tis true;
Whole families there are of some renown—
Yea, streets entire, and that of pilgrims too;
And if so many we in our parts view,
How many, think you, there must surely be
In that place where he dwelt when life was new?”
Christian replied, “Indeed, the word saith, ‘He
Their eyes hath blinded, lest at any time they see.’”

III.

“But since we now are by ourselves alone,
Of such men what, my brother, is your view?
Think you of true convictions they have none,
And of their dangerous state no fears ensue?”
“That question,” Hopeful said, “I leave for you;
You are the elder.” Christian said, “My friend,
I say, then,—as I think,—’tis sometimes true
They may; because they do not comprehend
How such convictions can to their best welfare tend.

IV.

“And therefore, in their ignorance, they do
To stifle them most desperately try;
Continuing, presumptuously too,
To cheer their hearts with rank self-flattery.”
Said Hopeful, “As you say, so, too, think I:
That fear tends much to do men good, and so,
Lest at the outset they should go awry,
Doth make them right, in spite of every foe,
At their beginning on a pilgrimage to go.”

v.

“ If it be right,” said Christian, “ I affirm
 It doubtless doth ; for it is very clear,
 From God’s own word, that wisdom’s primal germ
 Doth in the true fear of the Lord appear.”
 Said Hopeful, “ How will you describe right fear ? ”
 “ True or right fear in man discovered is
 By three things,” Christian said, “ as thou shalt hear.
 And, first, it is discovered by its rise ;
 Its cause in sin’s conviction, deep and saving, lies.

vi.

“ And, second, for salvation it doth drive
 The soul to lay fast hold of Christ the Lord.
 Third, it begetteth and doth keep alive
 Great reverence for God and for his word
 And ways, within the soul by grace restored ;
 Doth keep it tender, and afraid doth make
 From them to turn to right or left hand toward
 Aught that may God dishonor, its peace break,
 The Spirit grieve, or cause the foe reproach to speak.”

vii.

Hopeful replied, “ Well said ; and I doubt not
 That what you now have said will true be found ;
 But one thing I would ask you : are we got
 By this time almost past th’ enchanted ground ? ”
 “ Why, brother, are you weary of the sound
 Of this discourse ? ” said Christian. “ No, not I, ”
 Said Hopeful, “ but would know the region round,
 And where we are.” Then Christian made reply :
 “ ’Tis not above two miles ere we shall pass it by.

VIII.

“ But let us to our matter now return.
The ignorant, as said I, do not know
That deep convictions, such as make them mourn,
And which their inward fears awaken so,
To their good tend ; and, therefore, as they grow,
They seek to stifle them.” Said Hopeful, “ What !
How seek to stifle them ? ” Said Christian, “ O,
They think those fears are by the devil wrought,
And though they are indeed of God, they know it not ; —

IX.

“ And therefore they resist them, thinking so,
As things which tend directly, in their view,
To work for them a dreadful overthrow.
Second, they also think these fears tend, too,
To spoil their faith ; when they — alas ! 'tis true —
Have none, poor men, to spoil, — no faith at all ;
So they their hearts against them harden do.
Third, they presume no fears should them befall,
And so, in spite of them, wax confident withal.

X.

“ And, fourth, their fears would from them take away
Their pitiful old self-holiness outright ;
All this they plainly see, and therefore they
Those wholesome fears resist with all their might.”
“ I, too,” said Hopeful, “ have on this some light ;
Before I knew myself, 'twas so with me.”
Said Christian, “ Well, at present we will quite
Leave neighbor Ignorance alone ; and we
Will take a theme which may as profitable be.”

xi.

Hopeful replied, "With all my heart; but still
You shall begin." Said Christian, "Be it so;
If that will be agreeable, I will.

Well, then, did you one Temporary know,
Who dwelt in your parts, say, ten years ago,
And forward in religion seemed to be?"

"Know him?" said Hopeful, "yes, I did and do.
The next door to one Turnback then dwelt he,
In Graceless town, about two miles from Honesty."

xii.

"Right," Christian said; "his dwelling-place he had
Beneath the self-same roof with Turnback, too.
Well, much awakened once seemed he, and sad;
I think he of his sins then had some view,
And of the wages which thereto were due."

"I am," said Hopeful, "and have been for years,
Quite of your mind; for—my house, it is true,
Is scarce three miles from his—he, in his fears,
Came oftentimes to me, and that with many tears.

xiii.

"Great pity had I for the sorrowing man;
Nor without hope was I, upon my word,
Concerning him; and yet see this, one can,
Not every one it is who cries, 'Lord, Lord!'
Whose heart doth with his utterance accord."

"Once on a pilgrimage, as now go we,"
Said Christian, "he resolved, as I have heard;
But with one Save-self suddenly grew he
Acquainted, and he then became estranged from me."

xiv.

“ Since we of him are talking, let us now
 Inquire into the reason,” Hopeful said,
 “ Which has both him and other people, too,
 To sudden and to sad backsliding led.”
 “ Such converse may be profitable made,”
 Said Christian ; “ but as I began before,
 Now you begin, and light on this point shed.”
 “ Well, then,” said Hopeful, “ not to mention more,
 The reasons for it are, in my opinion, four.

xv.

“ First, though the consciences of such men are
 Awakened, yet their minds unchanged remain ;
 So when the power of guilt away doth wear,
 That ceaseth which made them religious men ;
 Wherefore to their old course they turn again
 As naturally as we sometimes see
 The dog grown sick of something eaten ; then,
 While lasts his sickness, he, whate'er it be,
 Vomits and casts up all, so sick a dog is he.

xvi.

“ Not that the dog with free mind doeth this,—
 If we may say a dog has any mind,—
 But just because his stomach troubled is ;
 Yet when — his sickness over — he doth find
 His stomach is at all to ease inclined,—
 His vomit by his stomach now unspurned,—
 He turns and licks up all he left behind ;
 So is that saying true from Scripture learned,—
 The dog to his own vomit now again is turned.

XVII.

“Thus, then, I say, they who for heaven are hot
 By virtue only of their sense of ill,
 The fear of hell, damnation, and what not,
 Whene'er their fears of torment suffer chill,
 And cools their sense of hell, for heaven, too, will
 In their desires grow cool. It happens then,
 When guilt and fear their breasts no longer fill,
 No longer they their fond desires retain
 For bliss and heaven, but seek the same old course again.

XVIII.

“The second reason is, I think 'tis plain,
 Their slavish fears o'er them the mastery bear ; —
 I now speak of the fears they have of men ; —
 Because the fear of man doth bring a snare ;
 So then, although they seem with zealous care
 So hot for heaven, while flames of hell do break
 About their ears, yet when their dreadful fear
 And terror are abated, they forsake
 Their first thoughts, and themselves to second thoughts
 betake.

XIX.

“They think, for instance, — 'tis a natural thought, —
 That it is good so wise henceforth to be,
 As not to hazard, for, they know not what,
 The losing of their all, presumptuously ;
 Or, at the least, they would not knowingly
 Run any risk of suffering — poor men —
 From any troubles unavoidably
 Brought on themselves, or any needless pain ;
 And so they quickly fall in with the world again.

xx.

“ And, third, a block that lieth in their way
Is shame, which waits on true religion here ;
For very proud, and haughty, too, are they ;
And, in their eye, religion, though sincere,
Doth still contemptible and low appear ;
When, therefore, they have lost their sense of hell,
And of the wrath to come have no more fear,
They quick return, if I the truth must tell,
Unto their former course, which still they love too well.

xxi.

“ And, fourth, their guilt, and e'en to meditate
On terror, grievous are to them ; for they
Like not to see what miseries them await,
Before they come to them ; and yet, I say,
Perhaps, at first, the sight of such display,
If 'twere a sight they loved, might make them fly
Whither the righteous fly and safely stay ;
But, just because they do, as hinted I,
Shun thoughts of guilt, and seem of terror ever shy,—

xxii.

“ When, therefore, once from their awakenings free
About the terrors and the wrath of God,
Their foolish hearts they harden joyfully,
And choose such ways as wicked men have trod,
Which more and more will harden, I forebode.”
Said Christian, “ Well, you now are pretty near
The business ; for, as you have clearly showed,
The bottom of it all, I think 'tis clear,
Is want of change of mind and will, as doth appear.

XXIII.

“They, therefore, only like the felon are
 Who stands arraigned before the judge ; for he
 Trembles and quakes, and seems repentant there,
 When but the halter's fear the cause may be ;
 Not that he doth detest th' offence, we see,
 As is most evident through all disguise,
 For, let this man but have his liberty,
 And he new theft and roguery will devise ;
 Whereas, if changed his mind, he would be otherwise.”

XXIV.

Said Hopeful, “Of their going back have I
 Showed you the reason ; now do you show me
 The manner of it.” Christian made reply,
 “And so indeed I will most willingly.
 First, they draw off their thoughts and memory
 From God, and death, and judgment, all they may.
 Second, they also cast off, gradually,
 Their private duties ; for they cease to pray,
 Watch not, nor mourn for sin, but let their lusts have sway.

XXV.

“Third, they of warm and lively Christians shun
 The company. Fourth, after that grow they
 To public duties cold — hearing, for one,
 Reading, and godly conference, day by day.
 Fifth, they begin to pick holes, as we say,
 In garments of the godly, devilishly,
 That pretext they may have to throw away
 Religion, for some slight infirmity
 They have in them espied who should most godly be.

xxvi.

“ Sixth, they begin to cleave to carnal men,
And with the loose and wanton go astray.
And, seventh, to carnal conversation, then,
And vile discourse in secret, they give way ;
And, furthermore, exceeding glad are they
If such things they in any others see
Who are accounted honest, that they may
To do so, through the inconsistency
Of their example sad, the more emboldened be.

xxvii.

“ Eighth : after this they somewhat farther go,
And play with little sins more openly.
Ninth, being hardened, they themselves do show
Just as they are. Thus, being launched, you see,
Into the gulf again of misery,
Unless a miracle of grace prevent,
At length they perish everlastinglly,
Because at first a willing ear they lent
To their deceitful hearts, on sinful pleasures bent.” —

xxviii.

Now in my dream I saw the pilgrims were
By this time fairly past th' enchanted ground,
And entering the land of Beulah, where
The air was very sweet and pleasant found.
Their way now lying through this land renowned,
Themselves they solaced for a season here,
Where singing birds amid the groves abound,
And fresh flowers daily on the earth appear,
And where the turtle's voice is heard the livelong year.

xxix.

In this fair land the sun shines night and day ;
 And hence beyond Death's shadowy vale of night
 That beautiful and blooming country lay ;
 Beyond Despair the Giant's reach and might,
 Where Doubting Castle was not e'en in sight.
 Here of the City they a view command ;
 Here met them some from out that City bright ;
 Here walked the Shining Ones, — a glorious band, —
 For this was on the borders of the heavenly land.

xxx.

In this land, too, the contract which allied
 The Bride and Bridegroom was confirmed anew ;
 Here, " as the Groom rejoiceth o'er the Bride,
 So over them their God rejoiceth too."
 No want of corn and wine the men here knew ;
 Of all their hearts desired they lacked for nought ;
 For this fair place, so charming to the view,
 They found to be with great abundance fraught
 Of whate'er they in all their pilgrimage had sought.

xxxI.

Here, too, from out the Holy City they
 Heard voices, yea, loud voices, mingling cry,
 Saying, " Say ye, to Zion's daughter say,
 ' Behold now thy salvation draweth nigh.' "
 Then with a joyful voice they rend the sky :
 " Behold, with him is his reward," they shout.
 Here all who dwell in that bright land on high
 Called them the holy people ; without doubt
 The Lord's redeemed ; " a city " he himself " sought out."

XXXII.

Now, as they walked in this bright land, they found
Delights surpassing all they ever knew
Far from the kingdom whither they were bound ;
And as they nearer to the City drew,
They had thereof a far more perfect view.
'Twas built of pearls and many a precious stone ;
The streets thereof had golden pavements, too ;
Its natural glory, burnished by the sun,
Made Christian with desire fall sick to look thereon.

XXXIII.

Hopeful had also of the same disease
A fit or two ; so here a while they lay,
And in their pangs cried out in words like these :
" If you see my Belovéd One to-day,
Tell him that I am sick, of love," said they.
But, being somewhat strengthened, and to bear
Their sickness better able, on their way
They walked, and near and nearer came to where
Were orchards, vineyards, yea, and gardens rich and rare.

XXXIV.

Their gates here opened to the highway were ;
Now, as they came up to these places, lo !
Right in the way there stood the Gardener,
To whom the pilgrims said, " Sir, we would know
Who owns these vineyards ; and these gardens, who."
" Unto the King they all belong," said he,
" And they are planted here, in many a row,
For his delight who loves their fruits to see,
And for the solace, too, of such as pilgrims be."

xxxv.

So then the Gardener took the pilgrims in
 To see the vineyards ; and he bade them there
 Refresh them with the dainties they had seen ;
 He also showed them walks and arbors where
 The King ofttimes delighted to repair.
 Here tarried they, and unto sleep gave o'er. —
 Now, in my dream, I noticed this as rare :
 That in their present sleep they talked far more
 Than they in all their journey ever did before.

xxxvi.

To me, who mused at this, the Gardener said,
 “ Why musest thou at talk these sleepers make ?
 The nature of this fruit is such, indeed,
 That all who of these vineyards’ grapes partake
 Converse in slumber e’en as when awake ;
 It goes so sweetly down, it makes at least
 ‘ The lips of them that are asleep to speak.’ ”
 So saw I, when the pilgrims woke from rest,
 To go up to the City they themselves addressed.

xxxvii.

But, as I said, the sun’s reflection on
 The City — for the City was pure gold —
 Was so extremely glorious, that none
 With open face its glory could behold,
 But through an instrument prepared of old
 For that same purpose. Then, before their sight,
 As on they went, two men of heavenly mould,
 I noticed, met them, clad in raiment bright ;
 Also their faces shone as doth the morning light.

xxxviii.

These men then asked the pilgrims whence came they ;
 The pilgrims told them. Also asked they them
 Where they had found a lodging on the way ;
 Asked them the difficulties, too, to name,
 And dangers they encountered as they came ;
 What pleasures and what comforts they did gain.
 The pilgrims told them all, with truthful aim.
 " You have but two more difficulties, then,
 To meet, ere you are in the City," said the men.

xxxix.

Then Christian and his fellow asked the men
 With them to go. They told them that they would.
 " But you," said they, " that City must obtain
 By your own faith, as every pilgrim should." —
 So saw I in my dream this brotherhood
 Together went, in sweet companionship,
 Until the City gate before them stood ;
 Then just before I saw a river sweep ;
 No bridge the river had, and it was very deep.

xl.

Now, at the sight of this deep river's tide
 The pilgrims were astounded ; but the men
 Who walked in company with them replied,
 " You must go through this river, it is plain,
 Or to the gate you never can attain."
 The pilgrims then inquired of those who knew,
 " Is there no other way the gate to gain ?"
 " Yes," they replied ; " there is one way, 'tis true ;
 But none of mortal men ere found that way, save two.

XL.I.

“ Since the foundation of the world was laid,
Two, Enoch and Elijah, they alone,
Have been permitted that rare path to tread,
Nor shall be till the last loud trump is blown.”
The pilgrims then—but he as Christian known,
Especially—gave way to deep despond;
This way and that they looked, but no light shone;
For them no bright way round the river dawned,
By which they might escape to reach the gate beyond.

XL.II.

They asked the men, then, if the waters were
All of a depth. The men said promptly, No;
Yet they in that case could no help confer;
“ For deep or shallow,” said they, “ as you show
Your faith in Zion’s King, the stream will flow.”
Then entering the water, half afraid,
Christian began to sink; and crying, “ O,
I sink in waters deep ! ” to Hopeful said,
“ His billows o’er me roll, his waves go o’er my head.”

XL.III.

Then said the other, who near by him stood,
“ My brother, be of good cheer; onward wade;
I feel the bottom here, and it is good.”
“ But, ah, my friend,” desponding Christian said,
“ Death’s sorrows me have compassed round with dread.
I ne’er shall see that land whose fountains swell
With milk and honey.” And with that, dismayed,
Great darkness and strange horrors on him fell,
Till Christian could not see a thing before him well.

XLIV.

He, in a measure, lost his senses here,
 Nor could remember, nor in order say,
 Aught of the sweet refreshments, once so dear,
 Which cheered his heart along his pilgrim way ;
 Yet all the words he spake, with mind astray,
 Still tended to reveal his woful state,
 As one oppressed with heart-fears and dismay,
 Lest in that river lie should meet his fate,
 And entrance ne'er obtain at glory's blissful gate.

XLV.

Here, also, they who stood by him perceived
 His mind with troublous thoughts now overran
 Of sins committed, and of wrongs achieved,
 Before and since his pilgrimage began ;
 Also it was observed that now the man
 With apparitions troubled seemed to be ;
 Hobgoblins, too, and an infernal clan
 Of evil spirits which he seemed to see ;
 For so much, by his words, at times discovered he.

XLVI.

A great ado had Hopeful here to keep
 Above the waves his sinking brother's head ;
 He sometimes would be gone quite down the deep,
 And ere a while would rise again, half dead.
 Then Hopeful tried to comfort him, and said,
 "Brother, I see men standing by the gate,
 Who wait to greet us." Christian answer made,
 "'Tis you, my brother, you for whom they wait ;
 For you have hopeful been ere since I knew your state."

XLVII.

Hopeful to Christian said, " And so have you." " Ah, brother," Christian said, " if I were right, He surely now would rise and help me through ; But, for my sins committed in his sight, He now hath me insnared, and left me quite." Said Hopeful, " Brother, you have quite forgot The text where this is of the wicked writ : ' No bands are in their death ; firm strength their lot ; And plagued and troubled they like other men are not.' "

XLVIII.

" These troubles and distresses you go through Amid these waters, are no certain sign That therefore God hath now forsaken you ; But they are sent to try you, and, in fine, Determine whether you henceforth incline To call to mind, reflect, and ponder o'er The aid, the goodness, and the love divine You have from him experienced heretofore, And in each new distress live on him evermore." — .

XLIX.

Then saw I, in the vision of my dream, A musing mood o'er Christian's spirit stole. Hopeful, observing this, encouraged him, And these words added, to support his soul : " Be of good cheer ; Christ Jesus makes thee whole." Then Christian brake out with a loud voice, " O, I see him now, and me his words console : ' When through the deeps thou goest, I will go, And through the rivers, thee they shall not overflow.' "

L.

Christian and Hopeful both took courage then,
And after that the enemy was still—
Still as a stone, nor troubled them again,
Till they had passed beyond the river's chill,
Unto that side that lieth next the hill.
Now, therefore, Christian very shortly found
A ground to stand on, safe and suitable ;
The river now with shallows did abound,
And so it followed they got over safe and sound.

LI.

Now, on the river's bank, on th' other shore,
They saw those two bright Shining Ones again,
Who waited for them there till they came o'er.
When they had crossed the river, these two men
Saluted them with kindness, saying then,
“ Two ministering spirits, friends, are we,
Sent forth to minister, and not in vain,
For all those who salvation's heirs shall be.”
Thus towards the City's gate they went in company.

LII.

Now you must note, the golden City stood
Upon a mighty hill ; but up that hill
The pilgrims went with ease, as well they could ;
For these two men, with all their strength and skill,
To lead them up attended on them still.
Their mortal garments likewise they had thrown
Behind them in the river, dark and chill ;
For though the pilgrims went in with them on,
They came out thence bereft, their mortal garments gone.

LIII.

Therefore, with much agility and speed,
 They went up here, and uttered no complaint,
 Although the City's base was high indeed —
 Yea, higher than the clouds. Up this ascent,
 Up through the region of the air, they went,
 And as they went, conversing sweetly — nay,
 Much comforted that nought did them prevent
 Crossing the river safely, and that they
 Such good companions had to help them on their way.

LIV.

The talk they with the Shining Ones now had
 Was all about the glory of the place ;
 Its beauty and its glory were, they said,
 Such as no tongue could tell, no words express.
 “ There,” said they, “ is Mount Zion, full of grace ;
 Jerusalem, in heavenly light arrayed,
 Whose golden streets, in health and happiness,
 A company innumerable tread,
 And spirits of just men whom grace hath perfect made.

LV.

“ Now to God's paradise,” said they, “ your feet
 Draw near, wherein you shall behold Life's tree,
 And of its never-fading fruits shall eat ;
 When there you come, white robes shall given you be ;
 Your walk and talk there, to eternity,
 Shall be with Zion's King, from day to day ;
 Earth's ills you saw, your eyes no more shall see ;
 No more affliction, grief, or death's decay ;
 For, lo ! the former things henceforth are passed away.

LVI.

“ You now to Abraham are going home,
 To Isaac, Jacob, and the prophets — men
 Whom God hath taken from the ill to come,
 Now resting on their beds, each, not in vain,
 Walking in his uprightness.” Asked they then,
 “ And what must we do in the holy place?”
 The bright ones answered, “ You must there obtain
 Comfort for all your trouble and distress,
 And have your sorrows changed to peace and joyfulness.

LVII.

“ There you must reap whatever you have sown —
 The fruit of all your tears and every prayer,
 And sufferings for the King, which you have known
 Along your way. In that place you must wear
 Bright crowns of gold ; and when you once are there,
 You must enjoy the sweet, perpetual sight
 And vision of the Holy One most fair ;
 For there shall you behold, unveiled and bright,
 Him as he is, pure Love on throne of spotless white.

LVIII.

“ There, also, you shall serve him evermore,
 With shouting, with thanksgiving, and with praise,
 Whom you so much desired to serve of yore,
 While in the world, amid your pilgrim ways,
 Though oft the flesh would difficulties raise ;
 There shall your ravished eyes delighted see ;
 Your ears be charmed, through everlasting days,
 Hearing the pleasant voice continually
 Of Him, the Mighty One, to whom all glory be.

LIX.

“ There, too, shall you enjoy your friends again,
 Already gone before you. And there, too,
 Shall you receive with joy all holy men
 Who to that blessed place come after you ;
 There, also, you shall both be clothed anew
 With glory utterly beyond compare,
 With majesty transcending human view,
 And put into an equipage most rare,
 All fit to ride out with the King of Glory there.

LX.

“ And when on clouds with sound of trumpet blown,
 As on the fleet wings of the wind comes he,
 You shall come with him. When he on his throne
 Of judgment sits, shall you sit by him ; yea,
 When all the workers of iniquity
 His word shall sentence, casting them away, —
 Angels or men, whichever they may be, —
 Your voice, too, shall be heard that judgment day ;
 For enemies alike to him and you were they.

LXI.

“ And also when he shall return again
 Unto the City, you with him that day
 Shall go ; with sound of trumpet join his train,
 And ever with him be.” Now, while thus they
 Drew near the gate, to meet them on their way
 Came of the heavenly host a company,
 To whom the first two Shining Ones did say,
 “ These loved our Lord on earth, and his would be,
 Who for his holy name their all left joyfully.

LXII.

“ Yea, for his holy name have they left all,
 Whom he hath sent us forth to fetch apace ;
 And we, lest in their journey they should fall,
 Have brought them thus far, that, with joy and peace,
 They might go in and look upon the face
 Of their Redeemer, Christ, the great I AM.”
 Then did the heavenly host, with shouting, bless :
 “ Blessed are they, of every clime and name,
 Who called are to the marriage supper of the Lamb.”

LXIII.

Now came there out to meet them on their way,
 Of the King’s trumpeters, of skill profound,
 Some, clothed in raiment white, and bright array,
 Who with melodious noises did abound,
 Making the heavens e’en echo with the sound ;
 These trumpeters saluted Christian, yea,
 And Hopeful too, and both with welcomes crowned ;
 “ Ten thousand welcomes from the world,” they say ;
 And this with trumpet sound and shouting loud did they.

LXIV.

Them then on every side they compassed round ;
 Some went before, behind some followed nigh ;
 Some on the right, some on the left were found,
 To guard them through the regions of the sky ;
 Sounding continually in notes on high, .
 With most melodious noise their ears they greet ;
 So that the very sight, to standers by,
 Who could behold the retinue complete,
 Was as if heaven itself came down the men to meet.

LXV.

Thus, therefore, all together walked they on ;
 The shining trumpeters, as on they went,
 With joyful sound, would ever and anon
 Their music mingle, as with one consent,
 With looks and gestures which were kindly meant
 To show their guests, by all this fond display
 Of music sweet with looks and gestures blent,
 How welcome to their company were they,
 And with what joy they came to meet them on their way.

LXVI.

Now, as it were, in heaven were these two men,
 Before they reached it, ravished with the bright
 Effulgence of the angel hosts ; and then,
 Hearing their notes melodious, with delight ;
 Here also was the City full in sight ;
 They thought they heard its bells their welcome ring ;
 Then did their thoughts of dwelling in its light
 For aye, with such companions, such joy bring,
 As pen can ne'er express, nor tongue of minstrel sing.

LXVII.

Thus came they to the gate, o'er which, in sight,
 "BLESSED ARE THEY THAT HIS COMMANDMENTS DO,
 THAT TO THE TREE OF LIFE THEY MAY HAVE RIGHT,
 AND MAY INTO THE CITY ENTER THROUGH
 THE GATES," in letters of a golden hue,
 Was written plain. — Then saw I, in my dream,
 Their shining guardsmen at the gate in view
 Now bade them call. They did ; when, it would seem,
 Some from above the gate looked over upon them, —

LXVIII.

Elijah, Enoch, Moses ; yea, and some
 Others looked forth from o'er the gateway there,
 To whom it then was said, " These pilgrims come
 Up from the City of Destruction are,
 All for the love to Zion's King they bear."
 To them each his certificate gave then
 Which he at first received, and kept with care ;
 These both were carried to the King, who, when
 The writings he had read, inquired, " Where are the men?"

LXIX.

To whom it answered was, " Without the gate
 They both are standing." " Let the gate, then, be
 Set open," said the King, " in order that
 The righteous nation that keeps truth," said he,
 " May enter in." — And now I seemed to see,
 In dream, that as the gate did wide unfold,
 These two men entered in, and suddenly
 Became at once transfigured ; and, behold,
 The raiment put upon them shone like glistering gold.

LXX.

There were that met them also, I observed,
 With harps and crowns, who gave them to the men ;
 The harps to praise withal the King they served ;
 The crowns for honor. Dreaming, heard I when
 For joy the City bells all rang again ;
 " INTO THE JOY OF YOUR LORD ENTER YE,"
 To them was said ; I heard the men, too, then,
 With loud voice sing what seemed, in dream, to me
 A soul-enchanting, sweet, and heavenly melody : —

“ TO HIM THAT SITTETH ON THE THRONE,
AND TO THE LAMB, FOR LOVE UNKNOWN,
FOREVER AND FOREVERMORE,
BE BLESSING, GLORY, HONOR, POWER.”

LXXI.

Now, as the City gates were open thrown,
To let the men in, looked I, and, behold,
The City like the sun in glory shone ;
Also its streets, I saw, were paved with gold,
And in them many men who lived of old
Were walking joyful. On their heads they wore
Resplendent crowns, and, too, with joy untold,
Palms in their hands and golden harps they bore,
To sing his praise withal who liveth evermore.

LXXII.

Some, also, there had wings, and they adored,
And each to other did incessant say,
“ O, holy, holy, holy is the Lord ! ”
And after that the City's gates shut they ;
Which when mine eyes had seen, as clear as day,
I wished myself among them. Now, while I
On all these things was gazing by the way,
I turned, and, looking back, I chanced to spy,
Up to the river's side, poor Ignorance draw nigh.

LXXXIII.

But Ignorance got over here with speed,
And less than half the difficulty met
The other two encountered ; for, indeed,
One Vain-hope, ferryman, did there then wait,
Who helped him with his boat across the strait.
So saw I he, as did the others, went
Up the high hill, to reach the lofty gate ;
Only alone climbed he the steep ascent,
For him met no man there with least encouragement.

LXXXIV.

When he the gate had reached, he looked to see
The writing just above it ; then began
To knock, presuming entrance quick should be
Administered, of course, to such a man.
The men above the gate looked o'er again,
And asked, " Whence come you ? What would you
have here ?"
" Why, I have ate and drank," he answered then,
" In presence of the King who reigneth here ;
And he in all our streets hath taught this many a year."

LXXXV.

They asked that his certificate be shown,
That they might take it for the King to see.
He fumbled in his bosom, and found none.
" What ! have you none ?" they said, inquiringly.
He answered not. They told the King ; but he
Would not come down to see him, but did say
To those two sent the pilgrims' guards to be,
" Go out, take Ignorance, without delay,
And bind him hand and foot, and have him hence away."

LXXVI.

The Shining Ones then took up Ignorance,
And bore him on their pinions through the air,
To that dark door of which I caught a glance
In the hill's side, and him they put in there.
Then saw I that which almost made me stare :
That e'en from heaven's high gateway, it would seem,
There was a way to hell and black despair,
As well as from Destruction's low extreme.
So I thereat awoke, and lo ! it was a dream.



CONCLUSION.

“ Now, reader, I have told my dream to thee,
See if thou canst interpret it to me,
Or to thyself or neighbor: but take heed
Of misinterpreting; for that, instead
Of doing good, will but thyself abuse:
By misinterpreting, evil ensues.
Take heed, also, that thou be not extreme
In playing with the outside of my dream;
Nor let my figure or similitude
Put thee into a laughter, or a feud.
Leave this for boys and fools; but as for thee,
Do thou the substance of my matter see.
Put by the curtains, look within my veil,
Turn up my metaphors, and do not fail.
There, if thou seekest them, such things thou’lt find
As will be helpful to an honest mind.
What of my dross thou findest there, be bold
To throw away, but yet preserve the gold.
What if my gold be wrappéd up in ore?
None throws away the apple for the core:
But if thou shalt cast all away as vain,
I know not but ’twill make me dream again.”



Rouelle
Le Cognac

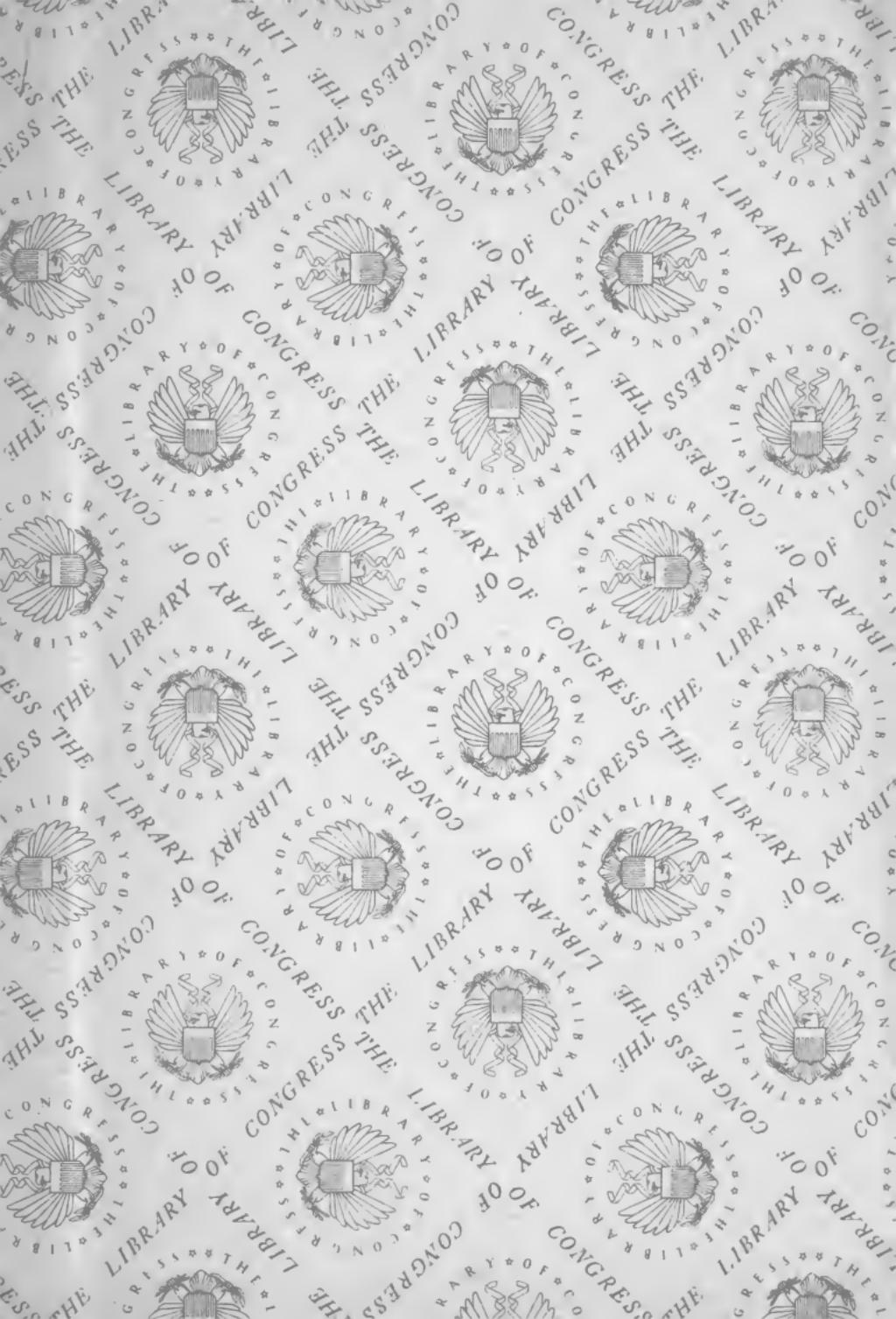


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